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A ROMAN HOLIDAY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

II.

THE next day (Tuesday) we were all up at an early hour, ready to set off, but as the weather was still lowering we waited till nine o'clock, and then, there being a promise of good weather, we ordered our carriages. But now came a new difficulty. The rains had so swollen the stream that it was unfordable. We could not go to Atina. Nothing was left but to go to San Germano, where there was a good road with a bridge. The vetturino was again called up, and after a long discussion we canceled our former contract, and agreed to pay him four and a half piasters to take us in a single covered carriage to San Germano; for we were now determined, rain or shine, to get away from Sora, having come to the conclusion that it always rained there.

No sooner were we off than the rain held up, and after a few miles the sun began to struggle through the clouds. Looking back, we saw, however, that it still rained at Sora, a great gray cloud having, as it were, fastened itself to the overhanging cliff, with the intention to rain itself out there to its heart's content. The valley through which our road lay was exquisite, and the mountains behind us towered grandly into the air. After skirting along the Liris for three miles we approached Isola, where there are extensive manufactories of paper, cotton, and woolen. The influence of this industry was at once visible. Everything had a thrifty, spruce, neat look. Scattered about were nice, pretentious little *case di Campagna*, and houses for the operatives, and gardens; and on the summit of a hill, where once would have been a feudal castle, rose the Carteria del Fibreno, a large paper manufactory owned by Monsieur Lefebvre. The country all around is very charming; its broad slopes are covered with vineyards; grand mountains hem in the valley, and at their cloven base the Liris, sweeping down the shelving rocks, flings itself in foam over a precipitous cliff. The river was now greatly swollen by the rains, and its turbid yellow rapids roared and flung up their spray, as they plunged along between masses of green overhanging foliage, and tumbled into the gorge below.

About a mile beyond may be seen the old monastery and church of St. Dominico Abate, which are curious to the artist for their combination of various orders of architecture, reverend to Catholics as being the scene of the saint's death, and interesting to scholars particularly as occupying the site of Cicero's Arpinum Villa. Into the walls of the monastery and church are built many

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fragments of bassi-relievi triglyphs and Doric ornaments which once belonged to the villa, as well as several columns of granite and marble which were used in building the church. These are all that now remain of that beautiful villa where Cicero composed his orations for Plaucus and Scaurus, and held his dialogues with Atticus. There is nowhere in this country a vestige of the great Roman orator which does not show his perfect and fastidious taste, but nothing more plainly proves that he inherited it than the fact that his ancestors (for so he himself tells us) selected this place as the site of their villa. He might fairly call the little islands that the two rivers here embrace the μακάρων νῆσοι, the islands of the blessed.

In the second conversation De Legibus he says that whenever he can absent himself from Rome for a few days he delights to come to this villa, because of its amenity and healthiness. There is, however, he adds, another reason which brings to him a pleasure which it cannot bring to Atticus; and when Atticus asks "what that may be," he replies: "Because, to speak the truth, this is the native country of myself and my brother. Here we were born from a very ancient line of ancestors. Here are our sacred relics, here our family, here, the traces of our forefathers. This villa by the care of our father was enlarged and put into its present condition, and here, when he was infirm in health, his age was passed in study. In this very place, while my grandfather still lived and the villa was small and in its original state, like the Villa Curiana in the Sabine hills, I was born. There is some secret influence, I know not what, affecting my very soul and sense which gives this spot a special charm to me, so that I am like that wisest of men who is reported to have said that he would forego immortality so that he again could behold Ithaca."

To this Atticus says: "These, in my judgment, are very good reasons why you should like this place and find pleasure in coming here; and I myself, to speak the truth, also find the villa more delightful for this very reason, that you were here born and brought up. For we are moved, I know not how, by places themselves, in which are the imprints of those whom we love and admire. Thus our Athens itself affects me with delight, not so much on account of its magnificent works and the exquisite art of the ancients, as because the reminiscences of its great men are associated with the places in which they used to live, and to sit, and to discourse. Nay, even their tombs I contemplate with deep interest. And so, in like manner, I love this place the more because it is your birthplace."

And Cicero adds: "I am glad to say I can even show my swaddling-clothes here." Over eighteen centuries have passed by since this conversation was written, and we still find the same charm in this place, because Cicero was here born and lived and wrote and conversed with his friends. The wasting tide of time, which has obliterated so many landmarks, has, as it were, only polished and refined the antique memorials of this remarkable man, and his spirit still haunts the spot like a permanent presence and inspiration. We seem to walk in his footsteps, and almost to hear his voice, as we pace the paths he used to tread. Nature has changed but little since he passed away. Still, as of old, the Fibrenus sweeps along, opening its arms to embrace the whole island, and then, again, uniting them, flings its chill waters with a murmur into the Liris. The very sounds that Cicero and Atticus heard we still may hear, so many a year after their voices have passed away, and Quintus's description of it reads as if it were written yesterday: —

"We have now come," he says, "to the island, and nothing truly could be more delightful. Here as with a prow it divides the Fibrenus into two equal streams, that, after sweeping along its banks, again unite in one and inclose a space sufficiently large for an ordinary *palæstra*. This accomplished, as if its true office and duty were to afford us a place for our discourse, it precipitates itself into the Liris, and here, as if it had entered into a patrician family, it loses

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its more obscure name. It also makes the Liris far colder, nor do I know any colder river, though I have tried many. Indeed, I can scarcely bear my foot in it."

The Fibrenus is still as cold as in those ancient days, and in its ordinarily transparent waters we were told that trout abounded. Mr. Blewitt also gives us his authority as to this fact in his excellent guide-book.

The narrow valley, after leaving Isola, widens out like a fan into a broad table-land of meadow, which constantly enlarges as the mountains recede, until it grows into a vast, richly cultivated plain of some twenty miles in diameter, surrounded by mountains of from two thousand to three thousand feet in height. These meadows, when we passed them, were covered with the light springing of young grain which was carefully planted in exact drills. Tall elms stood here and there, and at intervals large groves of trees clustered together. Everywhere were vineyards in which the vines were trained on lopped trees, after the manner of the Neapolitans, and from which they hung in rich festoons; and then there were fields blue with pale, delicate flax-flowers, or glowing with rich, red clover blossoms. The cultivation was perfect, not an inch of ground was wasted, and the fertile soil gratefully repaid the laborer with the promise of ample harvests. The scene was enchanting: the skyey roof of gray had broken; clouds floating off from the valley trailed along the mountains, clinging to their breasts, and letting through bursts of sunshine; and above us, on the slopes and peaks, were the little mountain towns of Arce, Rocca, Secca, Palazzuolo, Piedemonte, and Ponte Corvo, — all rich in history.

Now came the *ciociare* costume. The busto had gone, and rich-colored cloths of red, blue, and scarlet tied closely round the body took their place. At Arce we were stopped before a little dirty way-side house, where women were washing at a fountain and plaiting straw, to have our passports examined, and we took the occasion to transfer one or two of these figures to our sketch-books while we waited.

At last, after about six hours' driving, we arrived at San Germano, built on the ruins of the Volscian city of Casinum. There, frowning from its steep and lofty cliff, was the old feudal castle, with its towers, turrets, and walls still standing, where Charles of Anjou cut to pieces the Saracens and Germans of Manfred. Opposite, on a high hill, rose the square walls of the famous monastery of Monte Cassino, which still preserves the ancient name of the place, looking across the gap of valley at its rival castle; and crouching at the foot of both lay, far below, the little town itself. It was a significant emblem of the court, church, and people.

Just before reaching the town, the road passes within a stone's-throw of the ancient amphitheatre built by Umidia Quadratilla, and mentioned by Pliny. Here we ordered the carriage to stop, and running through the furrows of a plowed field ascended the slope of the hill upon which it stands. Although ruined in parts, it is a noble structure. The exterior walls of reticulated work are yet in good condition, and its main front is tolerably perfect. Time has tinged its marble facings with a rich yellow hue, but has failed to eat out the cement or to shake the solid courses of its stones. Here and there shrubs, flowers, and one or two fig-trees had found a footing and graced its walls. Climbing through one of the round arches of entrance, which was partially choked with rubbish, we found ourselves within the inclosure. The interior is far more ruined than the exterior; the seats are all crumbled away and obliterated, and indian corn, beans, and potatoes were growing in the arena. As we stood looking in silence upon this sad decay, we heard in the distance the pipe and *zampogna* of some shepherds, playing a melancholy pastoral tune. Nothing could be more charming, nor more perfectly in harmony with the mountains and the ruins. I could scarcely have believed such tones could come from a bagpipe. Softened by distance they lost their nasal drawl, and stole sweetly to our ears, with that special charm

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which the rudest native music has when heard in its native place. As we looked through the archway over the distant valley and mountains, we listened to them, enchanted.

Returning to our vettura, we made our entrance into the town, and rattling *quite through it passed out at the* opposite gate, to make our headquarters at the locanda La Villa Rapida, which is charmingly situated on the plain, about an eighth of a mile beyond the Neapolitan gate, with a grand view of the mountains before it. We found the inn good and clean, and the landlord civil and attentive. Our rooms, which commanded a magnificent prospect, were tidy and well furnished, with iron beds and a general appearance of care and cleanliness. After ordering our dinner, we prepared for battle with our vetturino, it being necessary to make a new contract for to-morrow's journey. Accordingly we called in a new San Germano vetturino, who was the proprietor of a curious two-wheeled vehicle with a linen cover, in which he offered to convey us to Atina. But scenting afar the discourse, our old vetturino, Carluccio's brother, burst into the room, and in a voice of feigned wonder and indignation inquired if we did not intend to secure his services, and whether he had not treated us well, and whether his magnificent vehicle were to be set aside for that wretched thing that they might call a vettura at San Germano but not at Sora. We at once pitted the two vetturini against each other, and at it they went like two fighting cocks. We stood by, laughing and enjoying the sport, now and then urging on Carluccio's brother to observe that matters were different from what they had been at Sora, where he and his brother had it all their own way. But whereas they pulled both together like a capital double team at our expense there, here they were pulling against each other. The discourse was very loud, but good-natured; all was settled and unsettled again, and leaving the question in suspense we set off to the town. Gradually, as we proceeded, a crowd of boys and men attached itself to us as a suite, and thus attended we went through the place. It is a small town of about five thousand inhabitants, not particularly picturesque or interesting in itself, despite its historical associations and fragments of ancient and mediæval times. The people were decidedly good-looking, and among them was one of the most beautiful children I ever saw. She was about thirteen years of age, and was sitting in the street selling vegetables, — her sad, refined, delicate face entirely out of keeping with her occupation, and looking like that of a little angel in the dirty market-place.

Determined to have another string to our bow in our future arrangements for the carriage, we sought out a third vetturino, who with great pride exhibited to us a tall yellow vettura, painted over with grotesque faces and figures of men, women, flowers, and unknown birds, which, to his complete astonishment, instead of exciting our admiration provoked a very decided smile. "What do you ask to carry us to Atina and thence, returning, to Colle Noce?" "Sixteen piasters," he replied, after carefully examining us. We shrugged our shoulders and gave him a loud laugh for answer. Somewhat sad and crest-fallen at this reception of his price, he added the usual "Quanto vuol dare?" The half, we said. "Dice bene" (he 's right), cried out at once an approving by-stander, "dice bene, alla napolitana." And all good-humoredly joined with him except the vetturino, who rather demurred, and said, "Époco" (it is little), by which we understood that we could have it at our price.

On rising the next morning (Wednesday) we found, to our great disappointment, that the weather was still lowering; but after a debate we decided to go to Atina, and having arranged with our vetturino that he should carry us there and back, and to-morrow take us on to Colle Noce, for eight piasters, off we set as soon as we had taken breakfast. It was rainy and very cold, and we shivered in our vettura. We all felt assured that we were too early in the season for our expedition. But no one said, "I

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told you so." After safely fording a wild, swollen torrent, which was more than hub-deep and threatened to overturn us, we commenced our ascent to Atina. The road would have been charming had it not been for the rain and icy wind that blew through our wretched vehicle, and whenever the rain ceased, as it did at intervals, we enjoyed the magnificent panorama of mountain and plain which we saw constantly before us. At last, after a drive of about three and a half hours, we arrived at a little locanda or tavern just on the skirts of Atina. Nothing could be more picturesque than the room into which we were now ushered. Groups of contadini were gathered about, some around a huge chimney surmounted by a black, smoke-begrimed roof, and some around little tables, where they were talking, smoking, and drinking; and the light coming through a small yellow-stained window, and faintly illumining the dark interior and figures, made a picture worthy of Rembrandt. Here we warmed ourselves thoroughly, and then set off for the town, giving out that we were in search of panni and tappeti such as are worn by the people, which we had been given to understand were manufactured here. In this we were misinformed; there is no manufacture of these articles here. But as soon as it was known that we wished to purchase some, the whole town issued from their houses to bring us their old panni. Wherever we went we were escorted by crowds. Doors and windows were thronged, as on a festa day, by contadini, who screamed to us and offered us their carpets and panni. From garret and cellar curious old faces peered out to stare at us. All industry was suspended. The streets echoed with "Ecco uno bello! bello! Signore lo vuole?" The women looked savagely Indian, with swarthy complexions, deep black eyes, and straight raven hair. They are by no means as handsome as the people of Alatri; in fact, we did not find them handsome at all. Their faces were not bad in character, but animal-like. The costume they wear consists of the close cloth skirts of the ciociari, with worked woolen aprons and no busto. On their heads are little flat panni of white, sometimes alternated with chocolate-colored stripes. Sometimes, also, a colored handkerchief is bound round the forehead and knotted behind, which has an admirable effect. In their ears are large round gold rings. All the dress is picturesque except that of the feet, on which they wear common shoes instead of the laced skin sandals or *cioci*, which are everywhere else seen.

The town itself, which stands on one of the highest peaks of the Apennines, was a thousand years ago a celebrated city, and the remnants of its old civilization may still be seen in fragments of Cyclopean walls, a Roman gate-way called the Porta Aurea, portions of the ancient pavement, and the ruins of some old temples. But the time of its glory has utterly gone by, and it is now desolate, tumble-down, gray, windowless, and shabby. Yet what a prospect it commands, looking over the lovely valley of the Melfa below, and girdled by a lofty chain of mountain peaks, dotted here and there with gray old towns that seem to have grown there! Standing on its outer rampart, we saw Peccenesca opposite us, and still further Albito, from which so many models come every winter to Rome; and behind us rose Monte Cairo, whose summit looks all the way from Rome to Naples.

As we passed along the streets we were plucked by the sleeve, in a confidential way, and informed that if we were really in search of beautiful stuffs our informant could carry us where we would find them. "Andiamo," said we; and then we were conveyed along to a large house, into which we entered, followed by the crowd, whose curiosity got completely the better of their manners. An old gentleman now made his appearance, very shabbily dressed in slippers and *beretta*, who, shuffling along, led us into an interior room, shutting out the mob, who rebelled a little at such aristocracy, and made several incursions into the room, to see what treason we were hatching there. The old gentleman now

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produced with an air of mystery a piece of antique brocade worked in gold, and a gray satin coat embroidered in silver. They had been splendid in their day, but were now worn and defaced, — relics of wealth and pride, like the Aurea Porta, where all else was decay and poverty. It was a piteous sight to see this poor, broken-down descendant of an ancient house, standing in his shuffling slippers and seedy frock coat, all white in the seams and polished and patched into decency, as he turned over the rich embroidered coat of his ancestor and the brocade that may have moved to stately music in ancestral halls, and haggled about selling it, unwilling to set a price on these memorials of his ancient glory, but longing for the money. "Ah," he said as he unfolded it and spread it on the bed, lovingly, "è bello, — magnifico; ma il prezzo dovrebbe essere un prezzo d'affezione. Il prezzo — il prezzo" — (*It is beautiful, — magnificent; but the* price must be a fancy price.) And here he sighed deeply, as if he could not make up his mind, and added, "Faccia lei," as much as to say, "You must fix the price. I cannot; it is priceless." We declined to fix a price, and he could not bring his mind to do so, hoping, perhaps, that we might name some enormous sum, and we left the faded old gentleman whose ancestors had "walked in silk attire and siller had to spend." Once fairly in the street, Cignale, who wanted the brocade to paint from, — it could serve no other purpose, — determined to do the liberal thing, and to offer the old gentleman five scudi for it. It was more than it was worth, but we had all been a little touched with the scene, and considered the offer in the light of a charity. With these glowing sentiments he therefore returned, and again saw the old proprietor of the brocade, and said if he would like to part with it for five scudi the money was at his service. "Five scudi! Cinque scudi," exclaimed the representative of the fallen house. "Cinque scudi! Why I had at least expected a hundred scudi for it. Nothing less than sixty-five would induce me to part with so wonderful a thing. There was a Russian here five years ago who gave two hundred scudi for a piece not so beautiful as this. Cinque scudi! Just look at it! è magnifico! Cinque scudi!" And so, rather crest-fallen, Cignale said adieu, while the old gentleman folded up his coat and brocade, saying, "Cinque scudi! Cinque scudi! O Dio! Cinque scudi!"

After making purchases of some panni and tappeti we returned to the osteria, still surrounded by a herd of men and boys, who pursued us quite into the room. Every now and then the host made a rush at them, and with pushes and oaths drove them all out; but back they came, swarming in like locusts, to be swept away again and again by the Balaclava charges of our host. Here we ordered our carriage, and while it was getting ready watched the company, who were busily engaged in eating roasted snails, which were considered by all the frequenters of the place as a rare delicacy.

The weather now began to clear up, and our drive back was very pleasant. When we arrived at San Germano it was two o'clock, but the sun was shining, the clouds were all disappearing, and there was every promise of a beautiful afternoon. We ordered dinner at once, and donkeys afterwards to carry us to the Benedictine monastery on Monte Cassino; and our dinner over we mounted and were off.

The donkey boys yelled and screamed, stoutly whacking the poor brutes, who only "squirmed" half round under the heaviest blow; and accompanied by a poor deaf and dumb fellow, who, by turning somersaults and gesticulating like a madman, endeavored to amuse us, the cavalcade in great spirits ascended the steep road to the monastery. The ride was exquisite. The sun shone out clearly over the valley with its cultivated meadows and its massive chestnuts and oaks, and at every turn we caught new and beautiful views. The cool, delicious air tempered the heat of the sun; the trees shook their last drops of rain on our faces as we passed beneath them. Birds were everywhere singing, and the

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songs of the contadini in the valley came to us refined by distance.

In about an hour we began to approach the square gray monastery. On arriving at the great door, we found it closed. We rapped with the great iron knocker, and after a moment's delay it was cautiously opened, and in the crack we saw the figure of a little dirty priest who had evidently spilled his soup daily down the front of his black *sottana* for many a month, and wiped it off with his sleeve. He looked dubiously at the cavalcade, and still holding the door half open called out in a snuffy voice, "Chi volete?" (What do you want?) We were so completely taken aback by this salutation that nobody spoke; seeing our blank look of dismay he added, "Avete lettere?" (Have you letters?) We could only say, "No;" on which he turned upon his heel, and left us to a shabby little scrub of an attendant, who inquired if we wished to see the monastery. "Yes," we meekly answered, and he then let us in. First we went to see the church which Murray affirms to "far surpass in elegance, in taste, and in costliness of decoration every other in Italy, not excepting St. Peter's itself." It was certainly decorated in the most costly manner, with all the splendor which the rich marbles in which it was completely sheathed could bestow. But to me it appeared as ugly, inelegant, and tasteless as it was costly. It was of the very worst style of *barocco* architecture, and the superfluity of ill-conceived ornament and wretched pictures only made it more tawdry and repulsive. It was like a fat, vulgar, ugly old woman covered with diamonds and rubies. The carvings of the choir, however, were beautiful.

Our guide then conducted us round the interior arcade, past the dormitories (where we were not to sleep), showed us the famous library through a grating which he would not open, and then issued with us on to a grand open loggia commanding a magnificent view over the country. The variegated valley, rich in the evening light, lay far below, covered with vineyards, grain fields, and lofty chestnuts and oaks. Above us a lofty mountain reared its crest white with snow, and beneath us were the ruins of an ancient wall with square courses of rock. What pleasant hours one might have lingered and chatted here, if one only had brought letters!

From the terrace we were conducted to the four old rooms once inhabited by St. Benedict. The walls were covered with such execrable pictures that we got away from them as soon as possible. The attendant then gravely conducted us to the gate, pouched six carlini which we gave him, and shut the door of the monastery. We looked in each other's faces, and did what the ancient augurs did when they met in private.

We now retraced our steps to the belvedere, where taking out Murray we lighted on these words: "Though the high and palmy days of Monte Cassino have passed away, the hospitality of the brethren continues to be extended to strangers with unaffected kindness and courtesy. Several large and comfortable rooms are set apart for the accommodation of visitors, and a cordial welcome is never wanting." To which statement we added, "With a letter and for a consideration."

I was somewhat disappointed in not seeing the library on the inside of the grating, well knowing what treasures it contains of old manuscripts. I should have liked to peep into the MS. Dante of the thirteenth century; and the Virgil of the fourteenth, copied from a MS. of the tenth century in Lombard characters; and the translation of Origen's Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; and the famous vision of Alberic us; and also to look at a few of the old ducal and imperial charters and diplomas and papal bulls, with their curious seals and portraits, and the MS. letters, all of which I know are there; but I had not a letter to one of the twenty brethren, and one does not see much through a grating.

This old monastery has claims on our gratitude, too, for here were preserved during the darkest of the Middle Ages many a valuable manuscript, which the

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monks, in the intervals of praying, copied and illuminated. But when the light had come upon the outer world, the shadows began to creep over the monasteries, and they were as reckless in destruction as they had before been in salvation. In the early days it was the occupation of the monks to copy the rarest classical manuscripts, in which work the Abbot Didier, who was the head of the monastery in the eleventh century, zealously encouraged them. To him we are said to be indebted for the preservation of the Fasti of Ovid and the Idyls of Theocritus. But at the time of Boccaccio everything was going to rack and ruin in the library. Benevenuto da Imola, his friend and pupil, tells us that "when Messer Giovanni went to the monastery of Monte Cassino, celebrated for the number of manuscripts which lay there unknown, he begged to be introduced into the library; a monk answered him, simply, 'Go in; it is open,' pointing him to a tall ladder. Mounting this Boccaccio found all the books so mutilated and lacerated (*mutilati e laceri*) that, groaning and weeping over the sad spectacle, he departed. In descending the ladder he met a monk, whom he asked how it happened that the books were in such a state; to which the monk answered, 'We make covers for prayer-books out of all the manuscripts written upon parchments, and sell them for two, three, and sometimes even for five sous.'" [1] Who can imagine what precious writings, which now can never be replaced, were thus destroyed by these barbarous monks!

When Mabillon was sent over from France, in the year 1685, to collect rare books and manuscripts in Italy, under commission of the king, he found the convents and libraries which were the repositories of these treasures in a terrible condition. No regard was paid to the conservation of them by the monks, who were as stupid and reckless as they were ignorant. But he makes an exception to his general condemnation in favor of the Benedictines of Monte Cassino, of whom Michel Germain, his friend, says, "They are worthy to keep the ashes and the spirit of the great Benedict;" [2] and Mabillon adds, in reference to their library, "L'observance est en assez bon état pour l'Italie; elle y peut passer pour une reforme." [3] But the codices and manuscripts had already greatly suffered. Many were lost, many burned, and many cut up into covers of prayer-books; so that out of twelve hundred only five hundred existed at the time of Mabillon. Of these many were then taken and carried to Rome by the cardinals, writes Germain, and at the present day there are but few remaining in the library of the monastery.

The abbey itself was founded by St. Benedict in 529, on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo, the ruins of which are still visible. It has gone through many changes since then, having been destroyed by the Lombards, rebuilt by the Abbot Patronates, burnt by the Saracens under Manfred, again rebuilt by the Abbot Desiderius, utterly destroyed by an earthquake in 1349, and restored by Urban V. immediately afterwards. In 1649 its walls fell down during some repairs, and were again rebuilt and reconsecrated for the last time by Benedict XII., on the 19th of May, 1727; since which time it has managed to escape all accidents. It was admired by Dante, who mentions it in a passage in his *Paradiso* (xxii.), and on his return from Naples to Rome, just before his death, Tasso went there to venerate the body of St. Benedict, and spent several days with the monks.

But to return, after this digression, to the belvedere. As we sat there looking upon the lovely scene below and around us, one of the monks came up and joined us. We found him very agreeable, enlightened, and liberal in his views. He sighed over the restrictions of the press in Italy, and told us that before '48 the monks had projected an Italian period-

[1] B. da Imola in Muratori Antiq. Ital. Med. Aev. Tom. I. See also the Paradise of Dante, canto xii. 47, and note by B. da Imola.

[2] See Rassegna dei Libri. Archivio storico Italiano Appendice No. 26, p. 505. Correspondenze di Michel Germain.

[3] Correspondenze, i. 153.

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ical somewhat on the plan of the English Athenæum; but, he added, "the sad experiences of '48" had broken up the project. Some of the brothers, he said, were contributors to the new review of San Giovan-Battista Vico, and had written some clever papers; but he shook his head over the degeneracy and bigotry of the times, and hoped that the church might be induced to give a little more freedom to literature in Italy, to which I said Amen. On discovering that we were Americans he expressed great astonishment and pleasure, saying frankly that as for himself he had a terrible fear of the sea, and could not imagine how we had the courage to brave it. When we arose to go he accompanied us for a mile on our way, and I was really sorry that, not having letters, we could not continue our conversation under his hospitable roof.

When we approached the town the shadows of twilight were lengthening across the plain, and we seated ourselves to enjoy the beauty of the scenery in the sunset light, while the nightingales bubbled into song in the trees, and a zampogna played sweetly in the distance. We were now glad enough not to have stayed with the monks. We were really carrying out our original intention, and we had all the fun of the joke without the meagre fare of the convent and an hour's longer ride to-morrow; and saving the pleasure of saying we had slept at the monastery we were all far better off at the inn.

The next morning, on ordering the vetturino to uncover the vettura, according to his agreement, he declared it to be impossible. Thereupon Campo towered in magnificent and half-simulated anger, and became so grand and *imponente* that the vetturino gave in, and professed his willingness to do anything in the world.

While he was preparing the vehicle we strolled on through the town to spend a half hour at the amphitheatre. As we passed through the gate we saw at the corner of the street the dead body of a little child lying in its cradle. It was dressed in white, precisely as if it were still living; a little cap with colored ribbons was on its head, and round its neck and over its little hands, which were clasped upon its breast in the attitude of prayer, were strings of large beads. It looked so simple and life-like as it lay there in the open square that one could scarcely believe it dead. The contadini and towns-people as they went by paused, gazed at it respectfully, said "Poverina," and recommended it to the Madonna. It had been brought in from the Campagna, cradle and all, just as it lay, on the head of the peasant woman who sat beside it. She was to carry it to its little grave after it had lain, as in state, in the public square for all the people to see.

Passing on, we then went to the amphitheatre, and thence on to an antique tomb, which has been converted into a modern chapel, chiefly by the addition of an altar. It is built in massive blocks of limestone, and is in as perfect condition as if the stones were laid yesterday.

After we had spent a half hour or so here the carriage came up, and we went on. The day was cloudless and the air delightful. After driving a few miles, we turned off the main road to visit the village of Aquino, which still retains its ancient name, and was the birthplace of Juvenal and the "angelic doctor," St. Thomas Aquinas. Of the old city there remain only fragments and ruins scattered about on the plain, but they are all eminently picturesque. On the site of the antique temple of Hercules stands an interesting old church, called by the peasants La Chiesa della Madonna Libera, now utterly deserted and going to decay. Weeds choke up its nave and aisles, the roof has fallen in, and the tower has partially crumbled away. It is ruin upon ruin. The very floor of the church has become a cemetery, where you may stumble over old stone sarcophagi, modern grave-stones, and whitening human bones. The old steps which once led to the ancient temple still remain in tolerable preservation, and over them you ascend to the church. Over the door is a curious mosaic of the Ma-

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donna and child, with a figure of a woman lying in a coffin beside them; and worked everywhere into the façade are fragments and cornices and ornaments taken from the old temple, out of the ruins of which it was built.

Close by is the antique arch of triumph, with its ornate Corinthian capitals, through which went the great processions of its glorious days; now it is half choked up with débris and weeds, and forms the sluice-way and dam over which flows the mill stream that turns the wheels of a factory a few paces beyond. Tall reeds and flowers bend and nod over the clear water that rises nearly to the capitals from which the arch springs, and the whole scene forms a singular and interesting picture. What a change since Juvenal walked here, composing his Satires, perhaps as he paced the old pavement under this very arch, through which only the trout now dart!

Several other massive ruins of temples still remain standing at intervals on the plain, and one well-preserved old gate-way; and scattered here and there are triglyphs, fragments of cornices and columns, and huge blocks of stone, which attest the magnificence of the ancient city. Nothing can be imagined more peaceful and beautiful than the scene. Lofty hills encircle it, and directly over it rises a great gray peak, which, when we were there, was fringed with snow. At the foot of this stretched the sunny and sheltered plain, with here and there the ruins of a temple rising out of the green grain; and the old Via Latina leads through it, with the antique slabs of its pavement still fresh and passable by carriages. Over this we walked along, — our vettura following us for a mile, — listening to the larks that filled the air with their music, and thinking over the old "days that are no more."

Our road thence led through a beautiful country, all in good cultivation, with occasionally meadows covered with the blue flax flowers that showed in the distance like little lakes with the sky reflected in them. At Colle Noce we took a new vettura, which we had already ordered to be there to meet us, and drove on through a rolling country of hill and valley, highly cultivated, and covered with vineyards trained in the Neapolitan fashion on trees; wherever we stopped we heard scores of nightingales singing in the groves and bushes, and larks making musical the high air. And all along the road at the side of the streams and rivers of water we saw the yellow iris growing luxuriantly.

All day long, and indeed during the greater part of our journey, we have constantly met swine-herds seated on the side of the road and tending their droves of pigs. It seems to be the fashion for everybody in these towns to keep a little black pig, which is not penned up at home in a sty, but trots about after his owner wherever he goes, like a dog. They seem always to be on the most friendly terms with each other, the pigs having the freedom of the house and making themselves quite at home in all the rooms. Sometimes they are tied to the peasant by a long string; and one I saw attached to the tail of the donkey on which his master was mounted.

A light shower overtook us towards night-fall, but it soon went by, and the sunset sheathed everything with gold as we came up to Ferentino. Here we found a civil landlady, and a landlord who had taken so much wine that he tumbled very drolly about among his words. His wife excused him by stating to us that he had been over to Frosinone to purchase wine for the fair which was to take place on the morrow, and that he had been obliged to taste too much, poor fellow. Here we made ourselves very comfortable; we had a good supper and clean beds, and were in every way well treated.

The next day we were off from Ferentino for Rome at seven o'clock. A more exquisite morning never dawned; the grass was spangled with diamonds dropped from the clouds, and all nature was bathed in freshness. The mountain of Ascurgola (as our vetturino called it) rose constantly at our side: grand, delicate, dreamy, opaline, as the Mount Abora, of which the Abyssinian maid sang when on a dulcimer she played

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to Kubla Khan. The light shooting athwart it, as it lay in its misty veil of purple, brought out the minute details of its structure and organization, yet so refined and harmonized by distance that it looked almost visionary. On one of its ridges lay blocked out in shadow, with squares of dark, the little town of Ascurgola, from which it takes its name. From the valley white fleecy mists, gathering into long clouds, rose gradually and hung around its neck, and then trooped off into the upper air. Larks were everywhere singing; the road was thronged by figures in scarlet who were coming to the fair at Ferentino, some of them accompanying wains drawn by great gray, wide-horned oxen. The grain dazzled the eyes with its wet, brilliant green. White and blue jessamine peeped out of the bush hedges, over which the convolvulus and wild honeysuckle trailed, and the brown, broken ground, wet with yesterday's rain, made a rich background to the light green. Now and then we passed some of our old acquaintances of Sora, with baskets on their heads covered with brilliant striped panni, on their way to Rome.

As we went on the vines began to be trained on yellow canes; old towers, the remnants of feudal times, the ruins of ancient tombs, showed themselves here and there; the broken vertebræ of gigantic aqueducts stretched before us; the dome of St. Peter's bulged up in the distance. We were on the Campagna of Rome; our little excursion was over.

W. W. Story.

THE BALLAD OF CHRISTOPHER ASKE.

(CATHOLIC REBELLION OF 1536.)

COME gentle sweet ladies, with kerchief and fan;
Come lily-fair maidens, who love a brave man;
Come all ye gay gallants from wine-cup and flask,
To hear my good ballad of Christopher Aske.

There was fighting in Lincoln and firing in Trent,
The bells were all ringing, the bows were all bent;
The commons had risen at Catholic call,
And the Askes left their hunting at Ellerkar Hall.

There was Robert the rebel, one brother of three;
They nursed at one bosom, and prayed at one knee;
But true men and loyal stood two against one, —
Jolly brave Christopher, sober-sides John.

Lord Clifford in Skipton lay all but alone,
For Cumberland's vassals to Robert had gone;
And all the West Riding was up and away,
While there with a handful Earl Cumberland lay.

"They may hew us in gobbets," said Christopher then,
"They 'll make no curst rebels of Harry's true men!
Come saddle and bridle, to Skipton with speed,
To help our good cousin in time of his need!"

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Full glad was Lord Clifford to welcome the pair,
Though dark was his look as they mounted the stair.
"Good gentles and cousins, ye come at our need,
For Skipton's old castle is empty indeed!

"My wife and my babies to Bolton have fled;
Would God they had tarried by board and by bed!
And Rosamond Temple, and Mary Kildare,
And Isabel Darcy are all with them there.

"With murder and outrage the rebels have sworn
To visit my darlings ere Friday at morn,
If we hold the gates fast to their rascally crew.
And the Abbot 's a coward. Friends, what shall I do?

"A traitor I must be to king or to wife;
My heart 's like to burst in the terrible strife, —
For Clifford and traitor were never at one.
Yet if Nell and the babies — my life were well done!"

Up sprung gallant Christopher, red to the brow,
He had sworn to proud Rosamond many a vow:
"Bide here in your castle, and Robert defy;
I 'll bring back the women and children, or die!"

The darkness of midnight hid forest and fell,
But loud through the tree-tops whirled roaring and yell,
For a storm was abroad, like the morning of doom,
When out of the postern, and into the gloom,

With soft-pacing horses and armor of black,
By many a by-path and intricate track,
Rode the vicar of Skipton, Earl Cumberland's squire,
And Christopher Aske, with his eyes like a fire.

Proud Rosamond sat by the casement awake;
She longed and she sighed for the daylight to break;
When clear in the darkness a signal she heard, —
A cry that came never from beast or from bird.

It was Christopher's call; to the wicket she crept.
Full soundly the Abbot that midnight had slept;
For long ere the dawning came, stormy and red,
Far over the moorland his guests had all fled!

They muffled the horse-hoofs with wrappings of silk,
They blackened the palfrey, whose coat was like milk;
The babies were Clifford's, they uttered no cry,
And scorned the brave women to tremble or sigh.

They crept in the heather and slid through the trees,
They stalked the wild rebels like deer on their knees;

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Like a vision of spirits, so silent and fleet,
Save the throb of the hearts in their bosoms that beat.

In stillness and darkness sped maidens and men,
But the dark was as daylight to Christopher's ken;
As sure as an arrow, as true as a hound,
Through the host of the rebels a pathway he found.

At the dawning of day, on the battlement high,
Those women and children the rebels did spy;
They raged like the ocean along a lee shore,
But Clifford laughed softly to hear the wild roar.

"We 're safe from your mercy, good rascals!" quoth he,
"But a shaft might still find us, so high as we be.
Go down, my sweet ladies, and rest you to-day;
I think our brave gallant comes hither away!"

And there on the dais, in midst of them all,
The Rose of the Tempests stood stately and tall;
And Christopher, stooping, or ever she wist,
Before all the maidens her red lips he kissed.

"Fie!" rustled the ladies; but Rosamond laughed:
"I give thee good-will to the cup thou hast quaffed.
Thou hast done thy devoir like a courteous knight,
And becomes a true lady to give thee thy right."

Then Christopher louted full low at her feet:
"I could go to the death for a guerdon so sweet;
But the poor ride to Bolton, — the guiding thee back, —
'T were no hazardous deed for a friar, good lack!

"'T was the trick of a coward to steal through the moor;
Yet we were but three men, you women were four.
It was terrible odds from those devils to ask,
And behooved to be careful!" quoth Christopher Aske.

Yet again and again ere the rebels had fled,
On errand as valiant had Christopher sped;
Till summer came smiling with blossoms and sun,
And England had rest, for the wars were all done.

But Nicholas Tempest hung high on the tree, —
And kin to proud Rosamond's father was he;
And Robert the rebel, that villainous Aske,
On a gallows still higher had ended his task.

Yet for all that was dead and for all that was gone,
The living and loyal made never a moan;
At the bravest of weddings did Rosamond ride,
With Christopher Aske on his charger beside.

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A mighty carousal saw Skipton that day,
With lords and with ladies in goodly array.
Their souls are in heaven to-day, we do trust,
For Christopher Aske and his comrades are dust.

Give a smile to his memory, sweethearts, I pray;
Come fill him a bumper, my gallants so gay!
Full loath do I finish my excellent task,
Such a jolly brave fellow was Christopher Aske!

Rose Terry Cooke.

GHOST STORIES.

More than thirty-five years ago, when my husband left the army till again summoned to military duty by the fatal Crimean war, it was agreed that we should live for at least a year with my father and mother, as some compensation to us all for the enforced and painful separation occasioned by our wandering army life. My father, Colonel D——, had just taken on lease an old-fashioned, picturesque-looking house on the banks of the Medway, close to Maidstone. Before the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII. this building had been a branch establishment of the great nunnery in Maidstone, and was called the New Wark of Prestehelle, now corrupted into the more modern appellation of Newark House. The mansion and the estate belonging to it had been for more than two hundred years in the possession of an old Kentish family of the name of Browne, whose portraits, collected from generation to generation, were still in the house, but, to clear the place for the new tenant, had been ignominiously consigned to one of the large attics. Just before my father took the place a very beautiful chapel, part of the old property, into which we had a private door from our grounds, had been opened for divine service as a chapel of ease. It had been for years in the possession of a farmer to whom the lands of the estate were leased, and who used it as a barn, when the admiration of a wandering tourist was attracted to its groined roof and the delicate tracery here and there perceptible through desecrating piles of hay and straw. This tourist having drawn public attention to its beauty, a subscription was opened, and very soon the ancient building was cleansed, restored, and rededicated to its original purpose. Tradition averred that from our wine cellar to the friary at Aylesford, a distance of eight miles, there was a subterranean passage which had served in the olden time as a means of communication between the monks and the nuns. Be this as it may, there certainly was a very large opening in the cellar which the workmen employed in repairs seemed most reluctant to enter, and which my dear father, very insensible to romantic adventures, but tenderly concerned for the safety of his valuable wines, had most securely bricked up before any of his property was removed into the house. When we did take possession, it was found that large as was the house there was barely sufficient sleeping-room, my nursery establishment being added to the family staff of servants. Under these circumstances my mother was compelled to assign one of the attics as a bedroom for her own cook and housemaid, to which they made no objection, for the room was large, and though rather gloomy, from the small, old-fashioned casement windows, it had a de-

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lightful view of the river and the town beyond. I believe that the first night passed off quietly enough, but in the morning, when Mrs. Harris, the cook, went as usual to my mother's dressing-room for orders, she requested permission to turn the old portraits which had been ranged round the room with their faces to the wall, it being dreadful, as she phrased it, "for them horrid Brownes to be a-watching everything she did, and a-following her with their eyes to every corner of the room." Permission for this change was easily granted, but it would appear that the buried originals of the portraits, indignant at being so unceremoniously displaced, resolved to avenge themselves, and very soon mysterious whispers of what took place nightly in the attic reached me through my nurse, whose face looked as pale as if she had shared in the terrors of her fellow-servants. The cook and housemaid both declared that as soon as they were in bed and the light put out, a trampling as of many feet began all over the room; in the calmest night the old casements rattled violently; an indistinct murmur of angry voices was heard, apparently muttering threats; however closely they drew the bed-curtains they were withdrawn by unseen hands; angry faces looked in upon them if they ventured their heads from under the clothes; and the bedclothes themselves were often forcibly pulled away, in spite of their frantic efforts to hold them fast. And all this went on during the whole night, only ceasing with the dawn of day, when they mostly fell into a troubled, uneasy sleep which was far from refreshing them. Of course this state of affairs could not go on. The cook, a hard-featured, strong-minded woman, determined to give warning, and Lucy, the housemaid, a young woman of very delicate health, became alarmingly ill. I had to represent to my dear mother the absolute necessity of yielding to their fears, and although at *that time* we both utterly repudiated the *possibility* of ghostly visitations, yet it was thought better to give up to the terrified women a spare bedroom, kept for visitors, on the floor with ourselves. Peace and tranquillity were again restored to the family, and as far as I know no member of it ever went near the haunted attic. I have often deeply regretted that I did not myself take some pains to investigate these mysterious occurrences.

A stout Yorkshire farmer of the name of James Wreggit, having emigrated to Canada, settled himself and family on a good farm which he rented in one of the townships. He was considered fair-dealing and honorable in all transactions with his neighbors, and in every respect bore a most excellent character. In the farmer's house was a first-floor sitting-room with a large fire-place. In this room the children slept, but from the first night evinced the greatest dislike to going to bed there, screaming with terror, and saying that a man was in the room with them. For a long time the parents paid no attention to their complaints. During harvest time a change was made, and the farmer himself slept in this room, as it was cooler and more convenient. The first night he slept there he was about to rise almost before the break of day, when, glancing towards the fire-place, he saw standing there a stranger of a dissipated, drunken appearance. "Hallo! What 's thee doing there?" was his very natural exclamation. Receiving no reply, "Won't thee speak? I'll make thee speak!" and picking up one of his heavy boots from the bedside he was preparing to throw it at the intruder, when the man, suddenly raising his arm as if to ward off the blow, vanished in a moment from before his eyes. Wreggit, unable to get this matter out of his head, brooded over it till the next day, when about noon he entered into conversation with a neighbor who was working with him, and asked him to describe the former tenant of the farm, who had died from excessive drinking. The description so entirely resembled the man he had seen in the room that he at once exclaimed, "I saw him last night!" Wreggit recounted this to some old friends near whom he had lived before taking the farm,

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and it is from the dictation of one of his auditors that I have written down this remarkable circumstance. At the time neither Wreggit nor his friends had the slightest belief in apparitions.

An English family, who lived for years in the Rue Neuve at Calais, were constantly annoyed by ghostly visitations, mostly from a little withered-looking old woman, who obtained in the family the *sobriquet* of "the old woman of the pear-tree," from her so often disappearing at a pear-tree which stood close to the spot where an old stone staircase had been discovered leading down to a large subterranean vault. The house and garden stood upon part of the old site of the great Capuchin convent, and though the vault was at this time closed all round, with no visible mode of egress, yet tradition whispered that there were passages leading from it in all directions, one in particular extending as far as Fort Neuilly, a considerable distance off. The old pear-tree had been blighted while in full bloom, or, as the French curiously phrased it, "moonstruck." Soon after the family took possession of their apartments, the visits of the old woman began. They saw her in the bedrooms, they met her on the staircase, and often, when the four young ladies of the family stood talking at twilight in the garden, they would find one more than their number standing with them; but if they ventured even to whisper a remark about her presence she would glide away, turning an angry look upon the young party, and vanish by the pear-tree. At first they were much alarmed, and the eldest daughter mentioned the circumstance to the lady from whom they hired the house. She minutely described the quaint, old-fashioned dress of their unwelcome visitor, and even the bunch of keys at her girdle. Her auditor turned pale, and begged the young lady not to talk to any one of the old woman's visits, as they had already been the cause of her apartments remaining long unlet; that she was said to have been a former proprietress of the house, who had been a dreadful miser, and had passed a long life in prowling about the premises day and night in search of buried treasure. Her most disagreeable visitation was to the bedroom of the mother of the family, who for a long time could not be persuaded that the younger children had not been lying on her bed, as every evening the marks of its having been lain on were distinctly visible. She was also much disturbed in the night by the bedclothes being forcibly pulled away; and whenever the father of the family (a lawyer in England) came over for a little recreation from his labors, he complained that he could not get a night's rest, so incessant was the jerking of the bedclothes, while strange noises filled the room. In this room the old woman's husband had died, and she seemed still to frequent it. One evening the third daughter ran gayly up the stairs, exclaiming that she "did not care for the old woman, and was not a bit afraid of her!" Just as she was passing her mother's room, the door of which was open, the old woman appeared at it, struck the young girl a violent blow on the shoulder, and disappeared into the room, slamming the door violently in her face. An hour after this two of the other sisters saw her passing up the stairs before them, turning into another door. This particular night the mother of the young ladies heard all through the night some one moving about her room.

But the old woman of the pear-tree was not the only one who lingered in the precincts of the old monkish domain. The second daughter gave me an account of what befell her in one of the rooms, which account I give in her own words:—

"It was in the winter of 1852 that I was sent up-stairs by mamma to get her a pocket-handkerchief from the drawers in the room opposite to hers. It was about six o'clock on a winter's evening, and as the passages up-stairs were but imperfectly lit by the hall lamp, I went with considerable fear and reluctance. On entering the room I took a good look all round to make sure that none of the children were hiding there to

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frighten me. Having got the handkerchief from the drawers, I once more looked round before quitting the room, and, to my great astonishment, saw a lady kneeling in the attitude of prayer by the bedside; she turned her head as I approached, and I saw that her face was very beautiful, her hair most luxuriant, her dress long, falling in elegant folds around her. My fright was great, but I did not scream, and indeed was so certain that it must be a living person that I softly approached and laid my hand upon her head. What was my surprise when my hand fell completely through her head, meeting with no obstruction of solid flesh, but passing, as it were, through air. Turning round she looked at me in a severe and reproachful manner, as if for disturbing her at her devotions. I saw no more. I fled from the room, and only remember finding myself at the foot of the staircase; how I got there I was never able to tell."

Mrs. G——, with her two little girls of the respective ages of eight and nine years, had been staying in the country on a visit to her sister-in-law; but having taken a house near London, she sent the two children with their nurse off by an early train, following herself by one a few hours later. Towards the evening of the same day, one of the little girls walked into a room of the house which they had quitted in the morning, where a cousin, to whom she was much attached, was sitting at his studies, and said to him, "I am come to say good-by, Walter; I shall never see you again." Then kissing him, she vanished from the room. The young man was greatly startled and astonished, as he had himself seen both the little girls and their nurse off by the morning train. At this very time of the evening both the children in London were taken suddenly ill, while playing in their new home, a few hours after they had arrived. The doctor called in pronounced their complaint to be small-pox of the most malignant kind. They both died within the week, but the youngest died first. The day after she was buried, the poor bereaved mother was anxiously watching the last hours of the one still left, for whom she well knew no chance of life remained. Suddenly the sick child woke up from a kind of stupor, and exclaimed, "Oh, look, mamma! look at the beautiful angels!" pointing to the foot of the bed. Mrs. G—— saw nothing, but heard soft, sweet music, which seemed to float in the air. Again the child exclaimed, "Oh, dear mamma, there is Minnie! She has come for me!" She smiled, and appeared greatly pleased. At this moment Mrs. G—— distinctly heard a voice say, "Come, dear Ada; I am waiting for you!" The sick child smiled once again, and died without a struggle. Long did the poor mother remember overhearing a childish conversation between the two little ones, in which the youngest said to the other that she felt sure she should die first, and would be certain to come and fetch her.

If it appear strange to us mortals, and even awful, that the disembodied spirit can, under certain conditions unknown to us, revisit the scenes of its previous existence, how much more awful and difficult of belief is it that spirits which have quitted their earthly life in the unrestrained indulgence of angry and malevolent passions can yet exercise such an influence over the corrupting clay which they apparently left behind them as to violate the sacred repose of the tomb, and terrify and appal the living! Such a circumstance certainly occurred at H——k Hall in Lincolnshire, and was long the theme of conversation in that county. H——k Hall had been in the possession of the H—— family for hundreds of years; at the time of which I am writing the ancient line had dwindled down to two individuals, — the old squire in present possession, and his only brother and destined successor, who was unmarried, and very little younger than himself. The hall, which had once been so full of life and gayety, had become the abode of sorrow and gloom, in consequence of the early death of the squire's young daughter, his only child, and the heiress of all his possessions.

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This death followed in less than a year by that of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, had quite broken down the old squire's health and happiness. The lady and her daughter were deposited in the family vault amid the tears and regrets of the villagers, by whom they were much and deservedly beloved. For years the squire had had no intercourse whatever with his brother, between whom and the lady of the hall there had been a life-long feud: the hatred on her part having been quite of a passive nature, as she was never heard to mention his name; but on his, of the most abusive and virulent kind, which made his exclusion from the hall an absolute necessity. The cause of this hatred could only be guessed at even by the most curious, as none was ever assigned by either party. When the old squire, after his double bereavement, became almost heart-broken, the good pastor of the village, whose friendship with the family had existed for fifty years, effected a meeting and a thorough reconciliation between the long-estranged brothers, and the younger one took up his abode once more in the home of his ancestors. One only condition was made, — that the name of his deceased sister-in-law should never pass his lips. A year passed away. The old squire, soothed and comforted by the companionship of his early playfellow, began to recover both his health and spirits; but at this time a malignant fever broke out in the village. Among its victims was the squire's brother, who during his whole life had known neither sickness nor disease. He was prostrated at once, and never rallied. The good minister before mentioned, who well knew the family history, unmoved by that fear of infection which made him a solitary watcher, took his stand by the bed of the dying man and vainly endeavored to draw his thoughts to the eternity which was fast opening before him. His pious words fell upon a dull, unlistening ear, but as he touched upon the duty of forgiveness, and cautiously alluded to his well-known hatred of the deceased Mrs. H——, the effect was appalling; all apathy vanished, and though a few minutes before apparently past the power of speech, yet now the sick man broke out into fierce imprecations, and by a last supreme effort raising himself upright in the bed exclaimed, "I know that I am dying; but mark my last words: if, when I am dead, you dare to bury me in the same vault with that accursed woman, the living as well as the dead shall hear of me!" He fell back with a frightful oath on his lips, and expired. The horror-struck minister kept close in his own breast this dreadful death of one he had known so long, and thought it more kind, as well as more prudent, to keep the poor squire in ignorance of his brother's last hours. As was the invariable custom in the H—— family, the body, after lying in state for a time, was consigned with much pomp and ceremony to the family vault, and was placed next to the coffins of the squire's wife and daughter. That very night the villagers living near the church-yard were disturbed by doleful shrieks and cries proceeding from the vault, — a noise of strife and struggling and blows, as if of enemies engaged in close fight. The next morning at daylight the strange tale was carried to the rectory, and the good clergyman thought it best, under the circumstances, to disclose to the squire his brother's last fearful words and threats, and to suggest the opening of the vault. To this the squire, greatly shocked, consented, and the vault was unlocked and entered by a party sent to examine into the cause of the strange noises heard the night before. A scene perfectly inexplicable met their eyes. The coffins of the squire's lady and daughter were lying in a far corner of the vault, the young girl's coffin across her mother's, as if to protect it. Close to them, standing erect and menacing, was the coffin of the squire's brother, so recently and decorously placed upon black trestles. Amazement seized the by-standers, but under the superintendence of proper people the coffins were restored to their original places, and the vault was again closed up. At night the noises began again; the sound of blows, shrieks of

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pain, and a frightful contention of struggling enemies appalled the party of villagers set to watch the place, in order to prevent the possibility of deception. The tale was whispered far beyond the precincts of the village, and *savans* from the neighboring city, who laughed at the idea of anything supernatural, suggested that an explosion of gas from the foul air of the vault might have occasioned the displacement of the coffins. The squire was induced to have large ventilators placed in the vault; but this did not in the least abate the nuisance, which to the terror of the village rather increased than diminished. At length the squire himself resolved that a strong brick wall should be built up in the vault, so as to separate effectually the coffins of those who even in the solitude of the tomb seemed to keep up their antagonism. This had the desired effect; from that moment all was quiet in the vault, and the noises were never heard again; but for long afterwards the strange story was current in Lincolnshire.

More than forty years ago some circumstances occurred at Port Royal, in Jamaica, which at the time made a great noise in the civil as well as the military circles of the place, and which ended tragically for some of the parties concerned. It was only recently that I became acquainted with the full details of the affair from the recital of one who was at the time an inhabitant of the island, although not mixed up in what took place, and who had the story from written documents carefully preserved in the family. Many years before the date of the present story, an insurrection and massacre in the island afforded, as is too often the case, full scope for the indulgence of personal hatred and revenge, cloaked under the specious pretense of patriotism and public zeal. One of the most opulent merchants of Port Royal, retired from business, but occupying a situation of great public importance, had made himself obnoxious to the popular party by his strict adherence to his duties as a citizen and a magistrate. He had one deadly enemy, a neighbor as wealthy as himself, but whose infamous and licentious character had caused him to be entirely rejected by the family, not only as a suitor for the hand of one of Mr. M——'s lovely daughters, but even as a common acquaintance. Mr. M——'s house was in the outskirts of the town, in the midst of lovely gardens, and was furnished with a taste and splendor which only tropical luxury could suggest. The house, securely shut up and well defended, was considered so impregnable that Mr. M——, his large family, and his numerous dependents believed themselves in perfect safety when the insurrection broke out, and never thought of seeking safety by flight to a more distant spot. Their cruel enemy, however, found means to corrupt one of the inferior servants, and by the aid of this traitor obtained entrance at midnight for himself and a well-organized band of miscreants, to whom the certainty of rich plunder would have been a sufficient inducement even without the specious plea that Mr. M—— had been the adviser of some harsh measures deemed necessary by the government to restore public order. The work of murder speedily began, and in spite of the resistance offered by the whole household, who nobly seconded their master, the family were driven from story to story, till they could go no further, having reached a large room at the top of the house, which, having no outlet, left them no chance of escape. No mercy was shown either to infancy, beauty, or helpless old age; every individual of the doomed family was massacred, and after securing a rich booty of jewels and plate the murderers would have set fire to the princely mansion, but that a body of troops came down upon them, too late to save their victims, but in time to save the house and much of its valuable contents from spoliation. The prime mover in this fiendish deed was killed in the conflict with the military while trying to escape; the house and grounds became utterly desolate, and were shunned by all. Passers-by after night-fall averred that shrieks of murder and cries for help were invariably heard proceeding up-

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wards from the bottom to the very top of the house.

Such was its condition at the opening of the year 18—, when, the barracks at Port Royal being full to overflowing, and at this inopportune moment fresh troops arriving, it was found expedient to quarter some of them in the town. The haunted house, from its great size and close vicinity to the town, was mentioned to the general commanding as a suitable place, and it was settled that a large party of the newly arrived regiment, with their officers, should be quartered in the long-deserted mansion. All seemed to go well; the soldiers, glad to be again safe on land, roamed about at pleasure, and viewed with astonishment the spacious rooms, the rich carvings, the marble staircases, and the half-decaying but still magnificent furniture profusely scattered about. The officers of the garrison, always hospitably inclined, had got ready a pleasant entertainment for the new-comers in one of the splendid saloons, and towards midnight all was glee and conviviality. About this time a loud noise was heard at the outer gates, which seemed as it were to fly open for the entrance of numbers, then a battering sound and confused demand for admittance at the great door of the hall, which opened in like manner of its own accord; then piercing shrieks as of people ascending the great staircase, and the cries of women and children flying madly from a pursuing enemy. The amazed officers, hastily snatching up their swords, rushed in a body into the entrance hall, where numbers of their men, attracted by the fearful noise, were also looking wildly about them. They saw nothing, and only felt a chill current of outer air which at once extinguished all the lights. The shrieks and noise of people pursuing others up the stairs still continued, but high up in the house; and we must now leave the tenants of the lower apartments in a state of alarmed bewilderment, and follow the shadowy "rabble rout" to a large room at the top of the mansion, which had been assigned as a sleeping place for twelve of the young soldiers who could not find accommodation below. They were all preparing for rest when the tumultuous cries of people ascending the stairs, and of others in hot pursuit, made them fear that an insurrection had broken out in the town, and though a few of the bravest proposed their making a rush down-stairs to the assistance of their officers and comrades, they were overruled, and the door of the room was hastily barricaded with heavy articles of furniture dragged from their places for the purpose. The noise advanced, the door was assaulted, every obstacle gave way, and the astonished occupants of the room felt themselves seized with a strange, cold horror as a rush of air extinguished the light, and all who stood in the way received heavy blows from invisible hands, which left some of them senseless and the rest in a state of idiotic bewilderment. One only of the number retained full and clear possession of his senses, and seems to have had a perception of the ghostly nature of what was passing. When the door was burst open he was standing in the middle of the room, and so escaped the blows showered on his comrades. With great presence of mind he relit the lamp, but it went out again directly; still he described being able to see by a kind of shadowy twilight which pervaded the room. He distinctly remarked a throng of spectral figures, which appeared like bluish vapors, with dim and indistinct outlines, passing swiftly to the top of the room. When they reached it the noise was deafening; he heard the wailing cries of little children, the shrieks and prayers for mercy of women, the bitter oaths and imprecations of men, the clashing of weapons, the deadly stabs, and the dull thud of falling bodies as each victim was in turn dispatched; in short, the bloody drama of long years before was reënacted on that fearful night. At length an appalling silence settled upon the horrors of the scene, and the hitherto spell-bound spectator knew and felt no more till he awoke to life in a ward of the regimental hospital, having been brought with difficulty through the dangers of a brain fever.

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Three of his companions were dead of the same complaint, and two more were in a state of hopeless idiocy. The strictest inquiries were made, and a searching examination took place in the endeavor to detect any fraud or deception, but nothing was elicited in the way of reasonable explanation, and the matter was hushed up by the authorities. Soon afterwards the government purchased the estate, and razed every building on it to the ground.

Captain W——, a friend of mine, was telling me, while we were on the subject of ghosts, of a circumstance which had occurred while he was in India, and which had entirely removed his disbelief in the possibility of apparitions. He was the nephew of the general commanding the troops in cantonments near Delhi, in the north of India, in the year 18—. Attached to his regiment was a young ensign, Arthur G——, quite a lad in years, being only seventeen. He was an orphan with no near relations, and his guardians had yielded to his enthusiastic love for a military life. He had been a year with Captain W——'s regiment, when he began to droop and to feel an increasing languor and sense of illness, very depressing to his buoyant spirit. This alarmed his friends, by whom he was greatly beloved; in fact, he was the general pet of the regiment, being a warm-hearted and genial comrade, often enlivening the dull routine of regimental life by his merry humor and boyish pranks. After some weeks of total prostration, the fatal verdict of "decline" was given by his medical attendant, and, anxious to give a last chance of recovery to one so young and so amiable, the general in command sent him a sick certificate to Calcutta, from thence to embark for England after due examination by a medical board. That no care or attention might be wanting on his journey, a regimental surgeon, a very dear friend, was sent with him. In due time this officer rejoined the regiment, reporting that his young patient had borne the fatigue of the journey better than could have been expected, that he had himself seen him on board of a homeward-bound vessel, and that every possible comfort had been provided for his passage, the surgeon of the ship having taken the especial charge of him. This was satisfactory, and after a time his comrades almost ceased to talk of him and of his chances of recovery. A few weeks after the doctor's return, the officers of Arthur G——'s regiment were sitting over their wine after the mess dinner, the mess-room being a long, large tent with an opening at each end. Captain W—— said afterwards that he was just thinking of poor Arthur G——, and wondering if he should ever see him again, when Arthur himself came in at one door of the tent, and passing down the whole length of the dinner table went out at the opposite door. He was dressed as they had last seen him; he was deadly pale, but smiled and nodded to several of his friends as he had been wont to do, and gave a long and earnest look towards Captain W——, who had been his most intimate friend.

The mess broke up at once, some going to look for their old comrade in the mess-room of the regiment in cantonments with them, and Captain W—— to the tent of his uncle the general, whom, however, he found alone writing some dispatches, and who, looking up with astonishment, declared that he had seen nothing of the young officer. When on inquiry it was found that he had also passed through the mess-room of the other regiment, and had been recognized by many of the officers, and also by the servants in attendance, and yet could nowhere be found, his sudden appearance and disappearance seemed equally mysterious. Eventually letters arrived from Calcutta bringing the sad intelligence that Arthur G—— had died at sea on the very day and at the very hour that he was seen in the camp before Delhi.

People who can look back to Calais as it was twenty years ago may remember a small shop kept by a tobacconist, which stood at the corner of the Rue de Guise, nearest to the Place. The house belonged to a maiden lady, who, like

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most French shop-keepers, lived on the ground-floor, and was glad to let the first and second floors, comprising some elegant apartments, to English families, who swarm over to Calais in the summer season for sea-bathing. French people carefully abstained from renting these apartments, as the mysterious disappearance of the last occupant three years before had caused rumors of all kinds to circulate in the town. The tenant in question was a military man, a captain in the regiment then on garrison duty, was unmarried, and lived by himself, passing most of his time in one of the numerous cafés which are the invariable resort of French officers. He seldom had any visitors, but a sergeant of the same regiment came morning and evening to receive his orders and to attend to his personal requirements. One morning this man walked into the shop below, where the mistress of the house was serving her customers, and asked if she had seen his master, for he had found the private door open, and on going as usual up-stairs had seen that the bed had not been slept in, and that all in the room was as he had left it the night before. The lady replied that she had heard no sound whatever in the apartment above since the sounding of the *retraite* the night before at half past eight, when she certainly heard the hall door shut, and supposed it was the captain coming in, as was his wont, at that hour. The whole town was searched; the police were applied to; the sergeant, on whom suspicion at first fell, was subjected to a searching examination; but no result followed, except that upon looking over the things in his room one large sheet was missing from the newly made bed. In short, his fate remained shrouded in the deepest mystery.

Three years after this event, the apartments, newly and elegantly furnished, were let for the summer to the family of Judge D——r, consisting of his wife and some young people, mostly grown up. Having settled themselves comfortably, they were at tea one evening in a sitting-room which opened immediately on the stairs going down to the private entrance, and which reached to within a few feet of the hall door, which space formed a very narrow, dark passage, a common mode of saving room in old French houses. As the family sat at tea the drums on the Place began to beat the retraite, and just as they finished three loud knocks were given on the door of the sitting-room. Having in vain given the usual response, "Entrez!" one of the family opened the door and looked down the staircase. No one was there, and as was natural they thought their unknown visitor had left the house. As this knocking occurred two or three evenings in succession with the same result, the family determined to lock the house door at the foot of the stairs, and to watch for the mysterious knocker. The knocks came as usual when the retraite sounded, but before the third knock was given the watchers inside suddenly threw open the door, and confronted a tall figure, closely wrapped in a large white sheet, which immediately vanished down the stairs, and sank out of their sight at the bottom. The next night the same thing happened, and Judge D——r found it necessary to remove his family, who were much alarmed and agitated by what had occurred.

Soon after this the owner of the house, finding it impossible to let her rooms, had the whole building taken down, and an entirely new house and shop built on the old site. When the workmen removed the staircase and took up the flooring of the narrow passage at its foot, they found the decaying body of a military man wrapped round and round in a large white sheet. There could be no doubt that this was the unfortunate captain, who had been foully murdered and buried in the silence of the night, but by whom could never be found out, as the sergeant, who was always under deep suspicion, had died in hospital of dissipation and *absinthe* more than a year before the discovery.

Soon after we went to France we were fortunate enough to obtain a very excellent servant. Fanny was a speci-

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men of the best of her class. She was active and intelligent, made nothing of the entire work of our large family, was always bright, cheerful, and good-tempered, and soon became a great favorite with us all. She had been in our service for about three years, when she received a letter urgently requiring her to go without delay to the death-bed of a sister-in-law to whom she was much attached, and who lived with her husband and one little boy in a small village near Gravelines. Fanny went at once, and was in time to nurse her sister-in-law for a few days before her death. She returned after an absence of some weeks, but we soon noticed that she was quite altered both in manner and appearance. All her French vivacity had vanished; she went about her work in a languid, listless manner, seemed always preoccupied, and even had from the first morning a worn and fatigued look upon her face which greatly distressed us. She acknowledged that she had lain awake the greater part of the night, and indeed my sister, who slept in the room underneath Fanny's, told us that whenever she happened to wake up she heard Fanny talking, as she supposed, in her sleep. Some months went by, at the end of which Fanny appeared seriously ill, and wished to go home to her mother, who lived in Calais. Before she left, she confided to my eldest sister the reason of her altered looks and sleepless nights. She said that from the time of her sister-in-law's funeral she had come to her bedside every night, and remained some hours, talking of the events of her past life, and making many inquiries after her husband and child, about whose welfare she manifested the greatest anxiety. Fanny invariably locked her door when she went to bed, and always found it open in the morning. Her sister-in-law, just as midnight struck, used to glide noiselessly in, dressed in her peasant's cloak and hood, sit down by the bed, and enter into conversation, after throwing back her hood so as to leave her face exposed. Sometimes there were long intervals of silence, but as soon as the day dawned she would rise, draw her hood over her face, and simply saying, "I must go now," vanish from sight. At first Fanny was dreadfully frightened, but became at last so habituated to the nightly visit of the apparition that she used to sit up in her bed as a matter of course, and remain sitting up till her visitor departed. Fanny was by no means a rigid Roman Catholic, but her sister-in-law had been very punctual in all the duties of her religion, and on her death-bed besought Fanny to have masses said for her soul. Not attaching equal importance to these prayers for the dead, she had quite omitted to fulfill her promise; but when she went home her mother advised her to go to the priest, who strongly recommended her to repair the omission. This she did, and she told us afterwards that after the masses were duly said the nightly visits of her sister-in-law entirely ceased.

H. B. K.

THE GREAT REVOLUTION IN PITCAIRN.

Let me refresh the reader's memory a little. Nearly a hundred years ago the crew of the British ship Bounty mutinied, set the captain and his officers adrift upon the open sea, took possession of the ship, and sailed southward. They procured wives for themselves among the natives of Tahiti, then proceeded to a lonely little rock in mid-Pacific, called Pitcairn's Island, wrecked the vessel, stripped her of everything that might be useful to a new colony, and established themselves on shore.

Pitcairn's is so far removed from the

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track of commerce that it was many years before another vessel touched there. It had always been considered an uninhabited island; so when a ship did at last drop its anchor there, in 1808, the captain was greatly surprised to find the place peopled. Although the mutineers had fought among themselves, and gradually killed each other off until only two or three of the original stock remained, these tragedies had not occurred before a number of children had been born; so in 1808 the island had a population of twenty-seven persons. John Adams, the chief mutineer, still survived, and was to live many years yet, as governor and patriarch of the flock. From being mutineer and homicide, he had turned Christian and teacher, and his nation of twenty-seven persons was now the purest and devoutest in Christendom. Adams had long ago hoisted the British flag and constituted his island an appanage of the British crown.

To-day the population numbers ninety persons, — sixteen men, nineteen women, twenty-five boys, and thirty girls, — all descendants of the mutineers, all bearing the family names of those mutineers, and all speaking English, and English only. The island stands high up out of the sea, and has precipitous walls. It is about three quarters of a mile long, and in places is as much as half a mile wide. Such arable land as it affords is held by the several families, according to a division made many years ago. There is some live stock, — goats, pigs, chickens, and cats; but no dogs, and no large animals. There is one church building, — used also as a capitol, a school-house, and a public library. The title of the governor has been, for a generation or two, "Magistrate and Chief Ruler, in subordination to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain." It was his province to *make* the laws, as well as execute them. His office was elective; everybody over seventeen years old had a vote, — no matter about the sex.

The sole occupations of the people were farming and fishing; their sole recreation, religious services. There has never been a shop in the island, nor any money. The habits and dress of the people have always been primitive, and their laws simple to puerility. They have lived in a deep Sabbath tranquillity, far from the world and its ambitions and vexations, and neither knowing nor caring what was going on in the mighty empires that lie beyond their limitless ocean solitudes. Once in three or four years a ship touched there, moved them with aged news of bloody battles, devastating epidemics, fallen thrones, and ruined dynasties, then traded them some soap and flannnel for some yams and bread-fruit, and sailed away, leaving them to retire into their peaceful dreams and pious dissipations once more.

On the 8th of last September, Admiral de Horsey, commander-in-chief of the British fleet in the Pacific, visited Pitcairn's Island, and speaks as follows in his official report to the admiralty: —

"They have beans, carrots, turnips, cabbages, and a little maize; pineapples, fig-trees, custard apples, and oranges; lemons and cocoa-nuts. Clothing is obtained alone from passing ships, in barter for refreshments. There are no springs on the island, but as it rains generally once a month they have plenty of water, although at times, in former years, they have suffered from drought. No alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal purposes, are used, and a drunkard is unknown. . . .

"The necessary articles required by the islanders are best shown by those we furnished in barter for refreshments: namely, flannel, serge, drill, half-boots, combs, tobacco, and soap. They also stand much in need of maps and slates for their school, and tools of any kind are most acceptable. I caused them to be supplied from the public stores with a union-jack for display on the arrival of ships, and a pit saw, of which they were greatly in need. This, I trust, will meet the approval of their lordships. If the munificent people of England were only aware of the wants of this most deserving little colony, they would not long go unsupplied. . . .

"Divine service is held every Sunday

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at 10.30 A. M. and at 3 P. M., in the house built and used by John Adams for that purpose until he died in 1829. It is conducted strictly in accordance with the liturgy of the Church of England, by Mr. Simon Young, their selected pastor, who is much respected. A Bible class is held every Wednesday, when all who conveniently can attend. There is also a general meeting for prayer on the first Friday in every month. Family prayers are said in every house the first thing in the morning and the last thing in the evening, and no food is partaken of without asking God's blessing before and afterwards. Of these islanders' religious attributes no one can speak without deep respect. A people whose greatest pleasure and privilege is to commune in prayer with their God, and to join in hymns of praise, and who are, moreover, cheerful, diligent, and probably freer from vice than any other community, need no priest among them."

Now I come to a sentence in the admiral's report which he dropped carelessly from his pen, no doubt, and never gave the matter a second thought. He little imagined what a freight of tragic prophecy it bore! This is the sentence:

"One stranger, an American, has settled on the island, — *a doubtful acquisition.*"

A doubtful acquisition indeed! Captain Ormsby, in the American ship Hornet, touched at Pitcairn's nearly four months after the admiral's visit, and from the facts which he gathered there we now know all about that American. Let us put these facts together, in historical form. The American's name was Butterworth Stavely. As soon as he had become well acquainted with all the people, — and this took but a few days, of course, — he began to ingratiate himself with them by all the arts he could command. He became exceedingly popular, and much looked up to; for one of the first things he did was to forsake his worldly way of life, and throw all his energies into religion. He was always reading his Bible, or praying, or singing hymns, or asking blessings. In prayer, no one had such "liberty" as he, no one could pray so long or so well.

At last, when he considered the time to be ripe, he began secretly to sow the seeds of discontent among the people. It was his deliberate purpose, from the beginning, to subvert the government, but of course he kept that to himself for a time. He used different arts with different individuals. He awakened dissatisfaction in one quarter by calling attention to the shortness of the Sunday services; he argued that there should be three three-hour services on Sunday instead of only two. Many had secretly held this opinion before; they now privately banded themselves into a party to work for it. He showed certain of the women that they were not allowed sufficient voice in the prayer-meetings; thus another party was formed. No weapon was beneath his notice; he even descended to the children, and awoke discontent in their breasts because — as *he* discovered for them — they had not enough Sunday-school. This created a third party.

Now, as the chief of these parties, he found himself the strongest power in the community. So he proceeded to his next move, — a no less important one than the impeachment of the chief magistrate, James Russell Nickoy; a man of character and ability, and possessed of great wealth, he being the owner of a house with a parlor to it, three acres and a half of yam land, and the only boat in Pitcairn's, a whale-boat; and, most unfortunately, a pretext for this impeachment offered itself at just the right time. One of the earliest and most precious laws of the island was the law against trespass. It was held in great reverence, and was regarded as the palladium of the people's liberties. About thirty years ago an important case came before the courts under this law, in this wise: a chicken belonging to Elizabeth Young (aged, at that time, fifty-eight, a daughter of John Mills, one of the mutineers of the Bounty) trespassed upon the grounds of Thursday October Christian (aged twenty-nine, a grandson of Fletcher Christian,

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one of the mutineers). Christian killed the chicken. According to the law, Christian could keep the chicken; or, if he preferred, he could restore its remains to the owner, and receive damages in "produce" to an amount equivalent to the waste and injury wrought by the trespasser. The court records set forth that "the said Christian aforesaid did deliver the aforesaid remains to the said Elizabeth Young, and did demand one bushel of yams in satisfaction of the damage done." But Elizabeth Young considered the demand exorbitant; the parties could not agree; therefore Christian brought suit in the courts. He lost his case in the justice's court; at least, he was awarded only a half peck of yams, which he considered insufficient, and in the nature of a defeat. He appealed. The case lingered several years in an ascending grade of courts, and always resulted in decrees sustaining the original verdict; and finally the thing got into the supreme court, and there it stuck for twenty years. But last summer, even the supreme court managed to arrive at a decision at last. Once more the original verdict was sustained. Christian then said he was satisfied; but Stavely was present, and whispered to him and to his lawyer, suggesting, "as a mere form," that the original law be exhibited, in order to make sure that it still existed. It seemed an odd idea, but an ingenious one. So the demand was made. A messenger was sent to the magistrate's house; he presently returned with the tidings that it had disappeared from among the state archives.

The court now pronounced its late decision void, since it had been made under a law which had no actual existence.

Great excitement ensued, immediately. The news swept abroad over the whole island that the palladium of the public liberties was lost, — may be treasonably destroyed. Within thirty minutes almost the entire nation were in the court-room, — that is to say, the church. The impeachment of the chief magistrate followed, upon Stavely's motion. The accused met his misfortune with the dignity which became his great office. He did not plead, or even argue: he offered the simple defense that he had not meddled with the missing law; that he had kept the state archives in the same candle-box that had been used as their depository from the beginning; and that he was innocent of the removal or destruction of the lost document.

But nothing could save him; he was found guilty of misprision of treason, and degraded from his office, and all his property was confiscated.

The lamest part of the whole shameful matter was the *reason* suggested by his enemies for his destruction of the law, to wit: that he did it to favor Christian, because Christian was his cousin! Whereas Stavely was the only individual in the entire nation who was *not* his cousin. The reader must remember that all of these people are the descendants of half a dozen men; that the first children intermarried together and bore grandchildren to the mutineers; that these grandchildren intermarried; after them, great and great-great-grandchildren intermarried: so that to-day everybody is blood-kin to everybody. Moreover, the relationships are wonderfully, even astoundingly, mixed up and complicated. A stranger, for instance, says to an islander, —

"You speak of that young woman as your cousin; a while ago you called her your aunt."

"Well, she *is* my aunt, and my cousin too. And also my step-sister, my niece, my fourth cousin, my thirty-third cousin, my forty-second cousin, my great-aunt, my grandmother, my widowed sister-in-law, — and next week she will be my wife."

So the charge of nepotism against the chief magistrate was weak. But no matter; weak or strong, it suited Stavely. Stavely was immediately elected to the vacant magistracy; and, oozing reform from every pore, he went vigorously to work. In no long time religious services raged everywhere and unceasingly. By command, the second prayer of the Sunday, morning service, which had customarily endured some thirty-five or forty

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minutes, and had pleaded for the world, first by continent and then by national and tribal detail, was extended to an hour and a half, and made to include supplications in behalf of the possible peoples in the several planets. Everybody was pleased with this; everybody said, "Now *this* is something *like*." By command, the usual three-hour sermons were doubled in length. The nation came in a body to testify their gratitude to the new magistrate. The old law forbidding cooking on the Sabbath was extended to the prohibition of eating, also. By command, Sunday-school was privileged to spread over into the week. The joy of all classes was complete. In one short month the new magistrate was become the people's idol!

The time was ripe for this man's next move. He began, cautiously at first, to poison the public mind against England. He took the chief citizens aside, one by one, and conversed with them on this topic. Presently he grew bolder, and spoke out. He said the nation owed it to itself, to its honor, to its great traditions, to rise in its might and throw off "this galling English yoke."

But the simple islanders answered, —

"We had not noticed that it galled. How does it gall? England sends a ship once in three or four years to give us soap and clothing, and things which we sorely need and gratefully receive; but she never troubles us; she lets us go our own way."

"She lets you go your own way! So slaves have felt and spoken in all the ages! This speech shows how fallen you are, how base, how brutalized, you have become, under this grinding tyranny! What! has all manly pride forsaken you? Is liberty nothing? Are you content to be a mere appendage to a foreign and hateful sovereignty, when you might rise up and take your rightful place in the august family of nations, great, free, enlightened, independent, the minion of no sceptred master, but the arbiter of your own destiny, and a voice and a power in decreeing the destinies of your sister-sovereignties of the world?"

Speeches like this produced an effect by and by. Citizens began to feel the English yoke; they did not know exactly how or whereabouts they felt it, but they were perfectly certain they did feel it. They got to grumbling a good deal, and chafing under their chains, and longing for relief and release. They presently fell to hating the English flag, that sign and symbol of their nation's degradation; they ceased to glance up at it as they passed the capitol, but averted their eyes and grated their teeth; and one morning, when it was found trampled into the mud at the foot of the staff, they left it there, and no man put his hand to it to hoist it again. A certain thing which was sure to happen sooner or later happened now. Some of the chief citizens went to the magistrate by night, and said, —

"We can endure this hated tyranny no longer. How can we cast it off?"

"By a *coup d'état*."

"How?"

"A coup d'état. It is like this: Everything is got ready, and at the appointed moment I, as the official head of the nation, publicly and solemnly proclaim its independence, and absolve it from allegiance to any and all other powers whatsoever."

"That sounds simple and easy. We can do that right away. Then what will be the next thing to do?"

"Seize all the defenses and public properties of all kinds, establish martial law, put the army and navy on a war footing, and proclaim the empire!"

This fine programme dazzled these innocents. They said, —

"This is grand, — this is splendid; but will not England resist?"

"Let her. This rock is a Gibraltar."

"True. But about the empire? Do we *need* an empire, and an emperor?"

"What you *need*, my friends, is unification. Look at Germany; look at Italy. They are unified. Unification is the thing. It makes living dear. That constitutes progress. We must have a standing army, and a navy. Taxes follow, as a matter of course. All these things summed up make grandeur. With unification and grandeur, what more can

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you want? Very well, — only the empire can confer these boons."

So on the 8th day of December Pitcairn's Island was proclaimed a free and independent nation; and on the same day the solemn coronation of Butterworth I., emperor of Pitcairn's Island, took place, amid great rejoicings and festivities. The entire nation, with the exception of fourteen persons, mainly little children, marched past the throne in single file, with banners and music, the procession being upwards of ninety feet long; and some said it was as much as three quarters of a minute passing a given point. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the history of the island before. Public enthusiasm was measureless.

Now straightway imperial reforms began. Orders of nobility were instituted. A minister of the navy was appointed, and the whale-boat put in commission. A minister of war was created, and ordered to proceed at once with the formation of a standing army. A first lord of the treasury was named, and commanded to get up a taxation scheme, and also open negotiations for treaties, offensive, defensive, and commercial, with foreign powers. Some generals and admirals were appointed; also some chamberlains, some equerries in waiting, and some lords of the bed-chamber.

At this point all the material was used up. The Grand Duke of Galilee, minister of war, complained that all the sixteen grown men in the empire had been given great offices, and consequently would not consent to serve in the ranks; wherefore his standing army was at a stand-still. The Marquis of Ararat, minister of the navy, made a similar complaint. He said he was willing to steer the whale-boat himself, but he *must* have somebody to man her.

The emperor did the best he could in the circumstances: he took all the boys above the age of ten years away from their mothers, and pressed them into the army, thus constructing a corps of seventeen privates, officered by one lieutenant-general and two major-generals. This pleased the minister of war, but procured the enmity of all the mothers in the land; for they said their precious ones must now find bloody graves in the fields of war, and he would be answerable for it. Some of the more heart-broken and inappeasable among them lay constantly in wait for the emperor and threw yams at him, unmindful of the body-guard.

On account of the extreme scarcity of material, it was found necessary to require the Duke of Bethany, postmaster-general, to pull stroke-oar in the navy, and thus sit in the rear of a noble of lower degree, namely, Viscount Canaan, lord-justice of the common pleas. This turned the Duke of Bethany into a tolerably open malcontent and a secret conspirator, — a thing which the emperor foresaw, but could not help.

Things went from bad to worse. The emperor raised Nancy Peters to the peerage on one day, and married her the next, notwithstanding, for reasons of state, the cabinet had strenuously advised him to marry Emmeline, eldest daughter of the Archbishop of Bethlehem. This caused trouble in a powerful quarter, — the church. The new empress secured the support and friendship of two thirds of the thirty-six grown women in the nation by absorbing them into her court as maids of honor; but this made deadly enemies of the remaining twelve. The families of the maids of honor soon began to rebel, because there was now nobody at home to keep house. The twelve snubbed women refused to enter the imperial kitchen as servants; so the empress had to require the Countess of Jericho and other great court dames to fetch water, sweep the palace, and perform other menial and equally distasteful services. This made bad blood in that department.

Everybody fell to complaining that the taxes levied for the support of the army, the navy, and the rest of the imperial establishment were intolerably burdensome, and were reducing the nation to beggary. The emperor's reply — "Look at Germany; look at Italy. Are you better than they? and have n't you

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unification ? " — did not satisfy them. They said, " People can't *eat* unification, and we are starving. Agriculture has ceased. Everybody is in the army, everybody is in the navy, everybody is in the public service, standing around in a uniform, with nothing whatever to do, nothing to eat, and nobody to till the fields " —

" Look at Germany; look at Italy. It is the same there. Such is unification, and there 's no other way to get it, — no other way to keep it after you 've got it," said the poor emperor always.

But the grumblers only replied, " We can't *stand* the taxes, — we can't *stand* them."

Now right on top of this the cabinet reported a national debt amounting to upwards of forty-five dollars, — half a dollar to every individual in the nation. And they proposed to fund something. They had heard that this was always done in such emergencies. They proposed duties on exports; also on imports. And they wanted to issue bonds; also paper money, redeemable in yams and cabbages in fifty years. They said the pay of the army and of the navy and of the whole governmental machine was far in arrears, and unless something was done, and done immediately, national bankruptcy must ensue, and possibly insurrection and revolution. The emperor at once resolved upon a high-handed measure, and one of a nature never before heard of in Pitcairn's Island. He went in state to the church on Sunday morning, with the army at his back, and commanded the minister of the treasury to take up a collection.

That was the feather that broke the camel's back. First one citizen, and then another, rose and refused to submit to this unheard-of outrage, — and each refusal was followed by the immediate confiscation of the malcontent's property. This vigor soon stopped the refusals, and the collection proceeded amid a sullen and ominous silence. As the emperor withdrew with the troops, he said, " I will teach you who is master here." Several persons shouted, " Down with unification ! " They were at once arrested and torn from the arms of their weeping friends by the soldiery.

But in the mean time, as any prophet might have foreseen, a Social Democrat had been developed. As the emperor stepped into the gilded imperial wheelbarrow at the church door, the social democrat stabbed at him fifteen or sixteen times with a harpoon, but fortunately with such a peculiarly social democratic unprecision of aim as to do no damage.

That very night the convulsion came. The nation rose as one man, — though forty-nine of the revolutionists were of the other sex. The infantry threw down their pitchforks; the artillery cast aside their cocoa-nuts; the navy revolted; the emperor was seized, and bound hand and foot in his palace. He was very much depressed. He said, —

" I freed you from a grinding tyranny; I lifted you up out of your degradation, and made you a nation among nations; I gave you a strong, compact, centralized government; and, more than all, I gave you the blessing of blessings, — unification. I have done all this, and my reward is hatred, insult, and these bonds. Take me; do with me as ye will. I here resign my crown and all my dignities, and gladly do I release myself from their too heavy burden. For your sake, I took them up; for your sake I lay them down. The imperial jewel is no more; now bruise and defile as ye will the useless setting."

By a unanimous voice the people condemned the ex-emperor and the social democrat to perpetual banishment from church services, or to perpetual labor as galley-slaves in the whale-boat, — whichever they might prefer. The next day the nation assembled again, and rehoisted the British flag, reinstated the British tyranny, reduced the nobility to the condition of commoners again, and then straightway turned their diligent attention to the weeding of the ruined and neglected yam patches, and the rehabilitation of the old useful industries and the old healing and solacing pieties. The ex-emperor restored the lost trespass law, and explained that he had stolen it, —

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not to injure any one, but to further his *political projects.* Therefore *the nation* gave the late chief magistrate his office again, and also his alienated property.

Upon reflection, the ex-emperor and the social democrat chose perpetual banishment from religious services, in preference to perpetual labor as galley-slaves "*with* perpetual religious services," as *they* phrased *it*; *wherefore the people* believed that the poor fellows' troubles had unseated their reason, and so they judged it best to confine them for the present. Which they did.

Such is the history of Pitcairn's "*doubtful acquisition.*"

Mark Twain.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF POLITICS.

It was long ago noticed — first, I believe, by Louis Agassiz — that the life on the different continents exhibited different rates of advance in gradation of structure. He called attention to the fact that the existing forests of North America were essentially like the fossil forests of Switzerland, which flourished during the middle tertiaries; that the mammalian life of South America found many representatives among the earlier tertiaries of Europe; and that the existing flora and fauna of Australia can best be compared with the Jurassic life of the European seas and shores. This last-named feature has been frequently dwelt upon, and is one of the most striking facts in the distribution of organic life. Carrying farther the observations made by Agassiz, I have endeavored to attain a more precise result by taking the organic life of Europe as a standard, and then seeking in each continent the forms which had been represented in the past life of Europe, but which had been overridden in the rapid on-going of the organic life of that continent. Placing against the name of each continent the forms still existing there which could be regarded as obsolete European forms, I found that the series so obtained showed North America to be next to Europe in the advance of its organic life, Asia and Africa next, South America below these, and Australia the lowest in the series. That is to say, Europe has fewest ancient types; North America has a rather fuller share of antique forms; Asia and Africa more than the North Atlantic continents; South America is still more archaic in its life; and Australia is thicker peopled with archaic organic forms than any of the other before-mentioned areas. If now we could find that there was a corresponding series in the variety of physical conditions in these several continents, we should have an important confirmation of the hypothesis. Here again we must have recourse to indirect methods. It is not possible to measure with accuracy the variations of environment on the surface of the several continents. Generations, possibly centuries, will pass away before these conditions are known well enough for detailed comparison. An observation of Ritter, however, makes it possible for us to attain our end: he noticed that the extent of shore line compared with the square-mile area of the several continents varied greatly, — Europe having far more shore line than any other continent. If we desire to institute this comparison between shore line and internal area of the continents complete, we must reduce them to the same area, preserving their form, and then compare their shore lines with their internal areas. This I have approximately done, and find that the succession of continents in this series is essentially the same as in the series given us by the number of ancient forms retained on the several areas, — Europe coming first, North America next, Asia

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and Africa next, and near each other, then South America, and last Australia. It will be evident to the reader that the ratio between the length of shore line and the internal surface will be a fair measure of the variety of that surface. Nearly every mountain chain in Europe contributes to the diversity of its outline; the sea serving to give one plane of comparison by which we may measure the variety of configuration of the several continents. We may reasonably suppose that the various mountain chains in the other continents are as fairly indicated by the accidents of the shore line. It would be better if we could have all the contour lines of all the continents, but there is every reason to believe that the one given by the sea in its present position fairly represents the average diversity of surface conditions. The general fact may therefore be accepted that the continents have their rate of advance in the organic progress reasonably well measured by the variety of their surface conditions.

This brings us to consider another element in the conditions of the continent, namely, new changes of climate. Out of the many alterations which the climate of the world has undergone, it is that set of changes alone which affect the general aspect that writes a record which is as yet intelligible to us. The effect of these variations on the organic life of the land is demonstrably great, and the regions subjected to them must be expected to exhibit many traces of their results in the condition of the life they bear. Only Europe and North America have taken the full brunt of the last glacial periods, and it is here that we find the most important modifications in organic life. It is far from our purpose to do more than touch upon these great questions; still it is not without value that we see that all these forces, which we know to be effective in producing great diversities of the conditions of organic life, have operated with the most power upon those continents which are the farthest in their advance towards the highest level of life, and that the continent which has had the least of these diversifying accidents remains singularly backward in all its types of life.

It is impossible to do more than suggest the reasons why we are driven to the conclusion that variety of conditions is most intimately connected with the progress of organic life from its lower to its higher stages. It may, however, be assumed that the following propositions have a firm basis of support: —

(1.) That other things being equal the rate of advance of organic life in any region will be proportionate to the number of variations of the species produced therein.

(2) That the number of these organic variations on which selection works will be proportionate to the variety of conditions afforded by the several areas.

(3.) That a diversified surface, geological accidents, such as elevation and depression, and changes of temperature, forcing migration and change of habits, all tend to multiply variations and to accelerate the change of species. Through this, directly or indirectly, comes the evolution of life.

When the student has satisfied himself that the diversity of local conditions is a most important element in the advance of the organization of animals, the important question at once arises, How far is this law common to man and to the lower animals; how far does human progress depend upon this capacity of a region to develop local peculiarities connected with intellectual and social development? Is there, in a word, any reason for concluding that the march of development among men is closely related to this production of variations arising from local peculiarities? In the first place, we may notice that the organic life of Europe has been recognized as having what has been termed a *prepotency* over other life. The forms are not only higher, but they have, what is a necessary consequence, a stronger nervous system, and greater vigor in every way, as is proven by the fact that they extirpate the native species on continents of less advanced life where they may become naturalized. It is beyond question that the European species of animals have something of the

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same superiority over the animals of other districts that the European man has shown over the man of other continents. What part of this superiority is mental and what part physical, supposing we can make any such distinction, is not determinable. It is more reasonable to conclude that it is in a general advantage shared by brain as well as limbs. It is reasonable to conclude that the superiority of European life, including plants as well as animals, is in some way connected with the more vigorous struggle that has gone on there, and this greater activity of the contest that brings advance is doubtless in large part due to the greater variety of conditions afforded by that continent.

There can be no doubt that the view suggested by Mr. Wallace, that man has by his civilization in a great measure emancipated himself from the action of natural selection, is essentially true. As I shall hereafter try to show, it is almost equally clear that his greatest present or future dangers arise from his liberation from the old selective forces which have lifted him to his lofty estate, and that the first duty of the statesman is to fight against the dangers which have arisen from this emancipation of man from the ancient law; to see to it that the destruction of the old beneficent slavery of the selective forces shall not leave him a prey to accumulating ills. It is not yet time for us to weigh these questions. We ought first to consider the extent to which localization of conditions has affected the history of man in the earliest stages of society.

Sir John Lubbock, Mr. E. B. Tylor, and others have already devoted attention to the fact that the action of natural selection must have remained strong among the disconnected tribes out of which our states have been built. Small tribes sufficiently localized to take an impress from their surroundings, and sufficiently coherent to permit the development of individualities which can strengthen or weaken the incipient states, give us a basis on which natural selection can operate. The tribe having mental or physical peculiarities which are decidedly advantageous will hold its ground, or gain in power; the tribes weakened by any cause will be destroyed. There is every reason to believe that natural selection goes on in this condition of society with something of the vigor that it has among contending species in lower groups of animals. Within the tribe it breaks down and removes the weak members; among the tribes it selects the strongest for dominion and increase. In the early history of Europe we can see at every step the effect of those geographical insulations which characterize that continent. The great tides of people poured out from Asia, possibly under the impulse of climatic changes which have been going on since the close of the glacial period, found in the conditions of Europe forces which rapidly divided and subdivided them, giving to each isolated fragment its individual character. After a few centuries these localized peoples, though derived from a common stock, are so separated from each other that the most delicate tests of language are required to prove their original unity. These separated nationalities, more or less developed, contend together as the tribes in an earlier state, and from their interaction has come much of the advance of human life on that continent. Had South America or Australia received the stream, there is little reason to believe that they would have given us the faintest approach to the peculiar differentiation of nationalities which we find in Europe. Although every step in the progress from the tribe to the state has served to limit the struggle for existence in certain ways, it must not be assumed that it at once checked this action. Starvation, or the endless combats of peoples in the lowest stage, would in a measure cease, but intellectual selection would begin with the beginnings of organization, and strengthen with every advance towards its complication. Moreover, the selection as between social organizations brought about by war would remain strong, and did remain strong in Europe until defeat ceased to mean utter destruction to a race. At present this selection as between states

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has been reduced in efficiency with every improvement of the art of war. War had a natural justification as long as overthrow meant destruction. Perhaps unhappily, the progress of civilization, while fostering war, has limited its selective action by preserving the vanquished.

The development of the tribe into the state, and especially the modern advance of the state and of civilization, has limited the action of natural selection in two ways: in the first place, by the intermingling of the people it has tended to average the results of local peculiarities, and so diminish their value in furnishing variations; in the second place, it has caused the survival of many lives which would have been sacrificed in the ruder struggle of the scattered tribes. It is the first of these influences which we should now consider. It may be asked by many persons whether it is necessary to believe that the capacity to develop variations is an essential or even valuable feature in a state; whether it is necessary for nations far emancipated from the domination of natural selection to consider the maintenance of the conditions which gave effect to that force. A little consideration will, however, bring one to the conclusion that, on any reasonable theory of the office of the state and its true greatness, we must hold as of the first value its capacity to produce a varied and contrasted people. Consisting as it does of all possible forms of human activity, requiring the utmost variety of capacities for the accomplishment of its work, the modern state is founded on diversity of character, and is strong in proportion to its power to diversify its people. It is hardly too much to say that no centralization was ever made from a homogeneous people, and much could be said in favor of the theory that states are great in proportion to the variety of character and capacity they may contain within their population. Surely, it is like other mechanisms, as strong and no stronger than its weakest part; and the infinite variety of parts requires an infinite variety of peculiar adaptations to make it all strong alike. Conditions producing the uniform population that continually offers men cast in one mold to the infinite needs of the state are not the ideal conditions of the state as the naturalist conceives it. So then these peculiarities of place, which have served so great a need in offering a choice to the selective forces that have elevated man, are still of invaluable use in giving the variety of characteristics that are required in the endless adaptations necessary in the making and keeping of a nation.

Even a glance at the world's history will show that at every turn we have illustrations of the truth of this view. The two perfect though widely different flowers of all the culture of the world, Greece and Scotland, have both had diversity of composition so eminently connected with their development that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that they are essentially the results of that concentration of variations which their geographical conditions brought together. No likeness of climate or other conditions can be discovered between these twins of the world's life. It may be said that nothing can be more dangerous than the effort to explain a civilization by a reference to a single force; such results are necessarily of infinite complication. This view of the origin of these two remote and exceptional successes in the world's history, which is here suggested, is only seemingly liable to this objection, for it puts the complication of conditions itself as an explanation of the result. While it is these two most diversified states that have given us two remarkable successes in development, it is, on the other hand, in massive, uniform populations, where unity of race and equality of physical conditions have brought men to one level, that we find the eminent failures among states. Wherever we find these uniform surroundings life moves slowly: the living and the dead may be heaped into the earth in countless millions; the soil may be worn out and washed into the sea; and no real advance in the race be effected. He who has gained the proper sense of economy — the sense

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that nature teaches, despite all her seemingly wasteful ways — will be compelled to the belief that it is after all of little moment how many get the doubtful boon of life as it is, but of infinite importance that human life be carried on towards that end where it will receive the precious heritage of the life to come; where all these possibilities of man will be fruitful realities. He will begrudge the waste of every human life that does not count something for this on-going. These accumulations of human beings, where generation after generation follows the same hopeless round that does not lead anywhere, will be even less tolerable than the swift descent that takes states downward into oblivion. And when he sees that it is the absence of variety among the constituents of these states that is the principal cause of their motionlessness, he will come to look upon the diversifying influences as the infinitely precious things of our state.

In the modern society, the success of its social structure must be acknowledged to be dependent upon this element of individuality; the differences of opinion must be concerning the methods of securing and guarding this precious element. To make the most out of the qualities born in a man, for himself, his contemporaries, and his successors, will be freely acknowledged to be the noblest end of our social system. We have to go but one step farther, and to claim that there is yet one higher aim: namely, to secure the birth of those qualities which can give a varied character to a state, and afford in each generation that supply of diverse powers which is necessary to fill the existing and ever-growing demands of its social system. We shall need its statesmen, its soldiers, its men of science, its artisans of every different line of work, its varied range of productions, each calling for particular capacities. It needs different sorts of training, that cannot coexist in the same period; different kinds of natural capacity, which can be produced only under peculiar conditions of environment, each on its own particular soil. In many states, as at present in Great Britain, some of these abundant diversities are brought about by a mixture of diverse races developed in various regions, and long ago intermingled, but never completely blended. This was probably also the case in Greece, though there the peculiarities were largely indigenous, and due to conditions of environment. But the tendency of modern social changes is to make an end of these race individualities, and to bring all the elements of a society to a thorough confusion of blood. This renders it even more necessary to guard the existing power of the great natural diversifiers of organic life, soil, climate, food, and habits related to environment against the uniforming tendencies of our modern life.[1] If the reader is prepared to grant that local peculiarities, as determined by natural diversifying agents, have a great value in the development of life, we may fairly proceed to the consideration of the second branch of our inquiry, namely, How can the organization of society effect this desirable end without endangering any of those elements of structure which are essential to its safety?

This is a great question, — one which in time will demand the consideration of the ablest minds. At present we can do little more than repeat the question itself, and show the direction whence the response will come. At the outset, however, we see that the main point is so to order our governmental system as to leave this natural individualizing power of the earth free to perform its work. We must have that feature of local government, long claimed as a convenience, understood as a sacred right, founded in the supreme equities of nature, as are the rights to the exercise of the faculties of the body or the natural affections. But these governmental protections to the force of locality should be exerted in complete relation with that principle of combination out of which has grown

[1] There is a little danger that this suggestion may be taken in other than the intended sense; of course it is not desired to preserve the old simply because of its age, nor to keep up local differences simply because they are local.

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the organized state. In other words, each government, looked at from this ideal point of view, should represent two elements: the local areas which each for itself evolves special characteristics, and the coöperation or integration of these elements into the consolidated state. At present the consolidating force is that which is most efficiently working. The military need of the strength arising from unification, pride, commercial interests, all incline to give a great prominence to this tendency. The faults of weakness in this age of strength worship are the least tolerable faults; its blessings have not been sufficiently understood. The advantages of complete unification are in their nature conspicuous, and appeal to the strongest prejudices of men, while the advantages of localized institutions are not so readily or immediately appreciable. Numbers are felt by the vulgar to be good in themselves. There is to most people a satisfaction in being a unit in fifty millions that would not be felt were the total but fifty thousand. This greed of numbers is a thing of our day. Among the Greeks, a people who had a keen sense of the interests of government, and had gone well past the tribal stage, there was a longing for that local individuality, that autonomy of cities, which was the most prominent factor in their organization, and though it may have brought about the death of the state in the end, yet it gave them their conditions of vigorous, interactive life. We are on the other track in the social advance: every city hungers to absorb its neighboring villages, and they generally hunger for the consolidation; the scattered units of Germany fly into each other's arms at the first sign of danger, and all the slow grown states of Italy fall down before a vague tradition of an ancient unity and the longing for national power. Fortunately, there is still, at least among that branch of the Teutonic race to which we ourselves belong, a natural appetite for local government, a prejudice of place, that will, under proper management, secure to the English people for centuries to come the best effects of localization. This instinct — for such we may fairly call it, since it is the inheritance of our time from the old conditions of human organization — was never stronger or better manifested than in the early settlement of our country. The original colonies, after they had been a century in their development, acquired a thorough individuality in character and purpose, — an individuality held to with such pride that the gravest dangers of external assault or internal conflict did not in the least overcome it. The result of this great contention among obstinate diversities was to build a government which, though in part, as time has shown, defective in its plan, was still as a whole more satisfactory to the theory of the relations of localization and consolidation in the state than any other governmental experiment. At the time of the origin of the federal government, the several colonies had already acquired a singular individuality, considering the great deficiency in geographical limitations which characterize our continent, or at least the habitable part of it. These States were admirably individualized by their conditions. A considerable variety of surface, a great range of climates, an equally great range of productions, differences of traditions, all combined to make that variety so necessary to the greatness of a state. Although never formulated by them as a fact in the science of statesmanship, those vigorous statesmen, trained in the many local schools of statecraft, the state assemblies, distinctly propounded to themselves the doctrine to which the naturalist gives his fullest assent: that these local peculiarities were the supremely precious thing, and that the federal government found its first duty in securing their perpetuity. They foresaw for that general government these functions: namely, first, to secure the identity of the sphere of action of the separate centres of development, by providing for the commerce between the States; then, to guard these localized commonwealths against the dangers of external violence. All their machinery was devised to secure these ends, and to prevent an assumption of other duties.

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As before noticed, the continent of North America is far less fitted than Europe for the localization of life, — a feature, we may remark in passing, that makes the preservation of its individualizing powers of greater moment; so that when new States came to be made out of the waste to the west of the Alleghenies, there was little basis of a geographical kind to determine their boundaries, and naturally little in the way of local peculiarities of soil surface or natural industries to differentiate these new-made States; but such is the natural capacity of organizations of men to take on a local character that something of individuality is already discernible in these States, and in some of them there is a considerable prospect of important local characteristics being developed. In other cases, the localization has been hindered rather than helped by the ungeographical method of division which was followed in the making of our new States, and endless jarrings result therefrom. Several States have half a dozen distinct interests, each trying to drag the commonwealth their own way. Scarce one has the integrity of interest of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and other original elements of the government. This diversity is, however, productive of no very powerful result, except in so far as it may hinder the growth of a local life. It is likely to be mended by further division of the existing States when the attaining of local life comes to be well accepted as one of the first objects of government.

The relation between local government and the development and retention of local life does not require much discussion, because it is a matter that is tolerably clear in a general way, and is furthermore a matter of such complication that it would require a treatise for its complete discussion. The fact that local government is the fosterer of local life is a truism in the mind of every student of such matters. Government, at least ideal government, is the expression of the average opinion and action of each generation, and the strongest means of transmitting that precious heritage to each successive generation. In no other way can local peculiarities be secured save by some such frame-work as government. Religion can do it, but religion as an institution is rapidly losing the hold upon men that will enable it to unify the work of one generation with another. Practically, we find but one means of securing the full effect of the influence of local conditions upon men: that is, by giving each naturally individualized district its own local government, and allowing that government to regulate all matters of strictly local concern. With this system of control in their hands, there can be no doubt that each district will be in the best possible condition for the development of those peculiarities which their environment may serve to put upon them. Nothing so keeps in mind the great question of the means whereby we may hand down to those who take life from our bodies all the gains we leave behind us as this power to control the law. With its machinery always in their hands, a people must become considerate of the consequences of their action. They must feel that they do not act for a day, but for the time to come. This sense is the first fruit of civilization, and it is of the first importance to keep it alive; nothing will do this so well as localized governments, which accustom the mass to the great underlying possibilities of human control, forethought, and hope.

Constituted as our government is, with a common scheme for all the States, with a population more homogeneous to its education, its occupations, and its theory of life than any other, we have more reason to fear a loss of the individualizing process than any other people of our race. If the African race retains its foothold on our soil, which is very doubtful, it will possibly make a large compensation for the difficulties it has brought upon the land by giving in time the basis of special industries and peculiarities; for it is an eminently tractable, and within certain limits an eminently teachable race.

The limestone district of the Ohio Valley, the mountain district of North Carolina, and the adjoining States, the

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peninsula of New England, the borders of the Great Lakes, Southern Florida, the lowlands of the Gulf, the elevated valley of Virginia, all have considerable definitions of climate and production, and already exhibit corresponding specialization for their men. The Cordilleras of North America and the highly individualized climates of the Pacific border lands abound in regional peculiarities, from which we may expect invaluable contributions to the complicated needs of our civilization of the future. Unfortunately, the population-sustaining capacity of this district is not great, it being doubtful whether the agricultural value of the district west of Denver and within the boundaries of the United States is as great as that of Illinois. North of our northern boundary we have some admirable geographical limitations, each characterized by its special features. Nova Scotia, for instance, is already making a noble gift of vigorous manhood to the life of North America. Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, the old Canadian provinces, are all highly specialized regions, full of promise for the future. South of the United States, in the Antilles and in Mexico, there is the most diversified region of the continent, — one from which we could hope great things, were it not that the land is preoccupied by a race that promises little in the way of the world's work. In the modern relations of states we have no means whereby one population can completely replace another, and the future of man south of the Rio Grande cannot be looked on with much hope without a wide-spread replacement of the populations now in possession of those lands. The future of North America is largely the future of the valley of the Mississippi. There will be the centre of population and of power; beside the far-reaching waters of that wonderful river system will dwell, in the century to come, at least two thirds of the people of this continent. Into its cities will pour the tributary streams of population from the outlying districts. The greatest danger this future life has to fear is the evil of our uniformity. A consolidated government will bring there a uniformity far greater than that which now weighs upon France. It is only by the most complete localization of government, and the resulting utilization of the limited diversifying influences of that region, that this untoward result can be avoided.

We may advantageously conclude our glance at the outlines of this far-reaching question by a brief consideration of one or two conspicuous cases, where the localization and consequent diversification of populations has produced the most important results. I have cursorily alluded to the uniformity of France. No one is better aware than the writer of the essential diversities of that country in all important regards. Peculiarities of race, occupation, climate, etc., have done much to vary its admirable population, but a consolidated government, having uniformity as its first object, or at least its prime result, has crushed out everything like local life, and thrown the active spirits of its population back on the narrower ends of life, the greeds of gain or of personal pleasure; the devotion to others which makes public spirit and develops statesmen or soldiers is as nearly dead as it can be among a people in whom this spirit is deeply implanted. On the other hand, the localization of interests and of action, and the consequent activity of the spirit of emulation and devotedness, may have contributed much to the immeasurable superiority of the armies that crushed them in the campaign of 1870.

During our own civil war the principle of localization in the strengthening of a government was very clearly shown. If the North had been one government, rather than a society of States, it never could have displayed the elasticity of life it showed in that great trial. It was the local governments that saved the nation in the time of its peculiar tribulation, and their strength came from their nearness to the people and the variety of their modes of action. In the South the effects of the individualization were even more striking. Localized conditions which cannot be discussed here,

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and which are in good part beyond the reach of inquiry, made Virginia, as indeed she has been for a century, a marvelous source of good soldiers. That State, from the forty thousand square miles east of the Alleghenies, with not over eight hundred thousand people on its soil, has given more great soldiers than any other equal population in an equal time. Out of two millions and a half of that population in Virginia, Kentucky, and neighboring States came far more than half of the military capacity shown during the war. Scott, Robert E. Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, the Johnstons, George H. Thomas, Farragut, and a host of other names could be cited in support of this assertion. Massachusetts, however, with an equally able population, derived from the same stock, as like in blood as any two counties in England, did not give a soldier to be named with a score of those from the sister commonwealth in the South. On the other hand, if we look at the victories of peace, Virginia has but a name or two to set against the score that have attained eminence in literature, science, or the inventive arts in Massachusetts.

In the combats of the future, perhaps less sanguinary, but surely none the less fateful, this North American civilization will need the soldier and the statesman of Virginia, as well as the man of science, letters, and economics of New England. Its greatness depends on just such associations of diverse capacities in one great national field.

N. S. Shaler.

FAINT HEART.

She stood before him, tall and fair
And gracious, on that summer's day,
With June's first roses in her hair,
And on her cheek the bloom of May.
But rosy cheek, and dimpled chin,
And raven lashes drooping low,
Conceal the answer he would win:
It might be Yes; would it be No?

Ah, if 't were No — his throbbing heart
Stood fairly still with sudden pain;
And if 't were Yes, the world so wide
His deep content could scarce contain.
So wondrous fair! how could she stoop
To favor such a one as he?
Ah, sweet suspense that still leaves hope!
Ah, pain of sad uncertainty!

He held her hand so white and small,
And moved to press it with his lips,
But changed his mind, and let it fall,
With chillest touch of finger tips,
And took the seat she offered him
Upon the sofa by her side,
Nor made the space between them less,
Which seemed so narrow, yet so wide.

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Then gazing on the perfect face,
The dimpled mouth, the serious eyes,
And drinking in with eager ears
The music of her low replies,
He let the bright hours drift away,
Nor told the secret of his heart,
But when the shadows lengthened lay,
Rose, all reluctant, to depart.

And stammered forth, with blushing cheek,
An eager, timorous request
That she, for old acquaintance' sake,
Would grant the rosebud from her breast.
She gave it him, with downcast eyes,
And watched him leave her, with a sigh.
"So good," she said, "so true, so wise;
Ah me, if he were not so shy!"

Lucy Lee Pleasants.

ROSAMOND AND THE CONDUCTOR.

SARAH MERCHANT, Al James, and Rosamond Ware were going to Willet's Ravine. Mr. Ware drove them over to Bethel Plain to take the Towasset railway, but their watches were slow, or else they forgot to look at them, and as they were leisurely driving down Depot Street Rosamond spied the train just leaving the station and moving slowly towards them. Al shouted, and the girls waved their handkerchiefs, to arrest the attention of the engineer, but the train came on with increasing speed. Mr. Ware reined in the horse.

"Jump out!" he cried. "May be you can get on."

Al seized the lunch basket, and they all sprang out and ran over to the track. Rosamond jumped on the forward platform of the baggage car. Sarah and Al were not quite quick enough, and waited for the next platform: Al gained a footing easily, and Sarah made a brave jump, and clung kneeling to the steps till the frightened conductor ran out and pulled her up. Rosamond hurried breathless through the train to see if her friends had succeeded, wondering, as she ran, what she should do if they had n't. She found them receiving a severe and deserved reprimand from the conductor.

"It was a very foolhardy and improper thing to do," said he, turning to include her, as she came up. "I was just about to stop for you. We never take on passengers while the train is moving."

"But you don't put them off after they once get on, do you?" said Rosamond, triumphantly.

"No, we do not," he replied, not exactly discomfited, but as if reproof was thrown away upon such exultant success. So he took their fares, and said no more, but Rosamond watched him curiously whenever he came through the train, feeling a particular antipathy towards him. He was a tall, fine-looking young man, with the appearance and manners of a gentleman, and a certain personal dignity and distance about him that made Rosamond sensitive to his evident disapproval of her and her friends. She felt that he was still gravely disapproving of them whenever he passed by, and could not impress him with the air of

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triumph she wished to maintain. Rosamond had never noticed individual railway officials before; she had a general idea that they were all alike, and all disagreeable, like the steam-escapes on the locomotives, and perhaps she would never have remembered this one if she had not seen him a few weeks later, when she went to Newfield with her little brothers. She amused the boys by telling them how that conductor gave her a scolding once; and the awakened recollection brought with it the old feeling of resentment, as she looked at him. There was no sign of recognition on his calm, impassive face, as he passed quietly through the car, taking the tickets and manifesting no further interest in anything about him. Rosamond soon ceased to notice him, and never thought of him again until Christmas time, when she went to New York to spend the holidays at the house of an older sister. She took the train for Newfield, where it made a close connection with the express for New York. When the conductor came for her ticket, she at once remembered him, but her former feelings of anger and dislike had faded away, and she only wondered a little if he remembered her, and decided that of course he did not. When about half-way to Newfield they stopped a long time at one of the stations, and Rosamond began to feel anxious lest she should lose the New York train, and grew so nervous that she could scarcely control herself. She sat twirling the little check the conductor had given her, and carelessly read the inscription: —

"If you wish to stop over at any way-station, please notify and receive a special check from G. W. Ingleside, conductor."

"Ingleside! That's a pretty name," she thought. "I wonder what he would say if I should call him by it; I want to ask him about the connection. I'll give him a surprise." So the next time he passed by she said softly, —

"Mr. Ingleside!"

He heard her above the roar of the train, and turning quickly bent over her.

"I am going to New York," she said; "am I likely to miss the train at Newfield?"

"We are behind time," he answered, looking at his watch. "We were delayed by a hot box at the last station, but we can make the connection, yet. I have never failed to do so. Do not give yourself any uneasiness. I will see that you get your train."

It was not much that he said, but the grave and gentle courtesy of his manner, some subtle quality of deference and respect that he paid her, made Rosamond follow with her eyes his retreating figure until the door closed behind him, and she muttered to herself, —

"That's the nicest conductor I ever saw; he has such a pleasant manner."

He stopped once or twice afterward to reassure her, when she began to grow anxious; she felt that he had her on his mind, and the comfortable sense of protection and help relieved her of all her trouble. Just before they reached Newfield he came to her again.

"If you will give me your checks," he said, "I will see to the transfer of your trunks. You will not have time to buy a ticket, but cross at once to the other side of the depot, and get on the train which stands there, — you cannot mistake it, — and I will bring your checks. I must run across and speak to the conductor of the New York train. We shall have time enough; don't be at all uneasy."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," began Rosamond, gratefully.

"Get on the forward car, please, and I will find you," said he, interrupting her eager thanks, and was gone before she could renew them. She leisurely crossed the depot, and entered the forward car of the waiting train, with a sense of perfect security and relief, and of devout gratitude to Mr. Ingleside for his courtesy and kindness. Just as they were starting, he entered, dropped the checks in her hand, raised his cap, and dashed out at the door. Rosamond saw him alight from the moving train with the sleight of foot that railroad men acquire, and stretched her neck to catch a glimpse of his figure, as he walked rapidly away.

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A week of holiday gayeties effaced the recollection of the conductor from Rosamond's mind, but after she had been at home again for some weeks she began to notice how frequently the thought of him recurred to her. Once and again during her life she had met some bright and pleasant young man whose handsome face or winning ways had pleased her fancy, and she had thought of him a great deal, looked forward eagerly to another meeting, dreamed of him, woven fancies about him, and cared for him, until perhaps nearer acquaintance had dispelled the illusion, and changed her sentimental liking to indifference or disgust; or perhaps, again, her interest had died for want of further acquaintance to keep it alive. Experience of this sort was by no means uncommon with her, and she never gave it any serious thought. She had a strong, vivid imagination, which she had trained from childhood for her own amusement, and she lived much in an inner world of fancy, to escape the dullness and monotony of her outer world of fact.

In this world of fancy now appeared the handsome conductor, and Rosamond found herself recalling the few incidents of their intercourse, his looks and tones and pleasant manners, and looking forward she imagined their meeting again, and invented situations of interest where they should be brought together

"I wonder when I shall see him again," she often thought; and she laid her plans for the future with reference to her chances of meeting him. "I shan't go to New York again before next fall, but I can make some excuse to go to Newfield next summer, and I 'll get up another excursion to Willet's Ravine, and go on his train; but that won't amount to much. I wish I could see him just often enough to have him remember me from one journey to another as some one he has seen before."

Rosamond did not travel on the railway again that winter, and her fancy nearly starved to death. Wareham had now its own station, two miles distant, and she sometimes drove her father to or from the train, and had then a glimpse of Mr. Ingleside; and she sometimes saw him, too, in Bethel Plain, a town eight miles away, upon whose shops and stores the people of the country round depended. Mr. Ware drove often to Bethel Plain, and Rosamond sometimes went with him, and when she was in town at the hour when Mr. Ingleside's train went through, she had once or twice made some excuse to run over to the railway station, for the sake of seeing him; but of this she was a little ashamed, and it was also very unsatisfactory. But when midsummer came, the city boarders began to appear in the farm-houses of Wareham, and the season of picnics and excursions arrived. Mrs. James, the sister living in New York, came to her father's, with her little ones, and Mr. Ware's hospitable house was opened wide to all the James relations and friends and cousins, to the remotest degree. Life brightened for Rosamond during those pleasant weeks, and was full of joyous excitement. Mr. Ware's was the centre of interest in all that was going on, and Rosamond's active brain and local knowledge made her the recognized leader in the plans for amusement. It was easy for her to turn the current whither she would, and she chose to turn it in the direction of the Towasset railway. Bethel had a mountain, tower, and waterfall, and beyond, along the line of the railway, were Willet's Ravine, Rolling River, and the lakes; so she seemed likely to realize some of her dreams.

The first excursion of the season was planned to Bethel Plain, to go up the mountain and tower, and a party of a dozen started off, one morning, to walk to the station and go down on the cars. Rosamond felt excited and expectant, as they sat in the little depot, waiting for the train. She was proud of the appearance of her friends, and felt sure that Mr. Ingleside must be impressed with the style and distinction of the party, which were unmistakable, even through their plain walking dress. As the train drew near, Rosamond saw her conductor's familiar figure standing on the steps. He glanced rapidly over the group, and his eyes rested an instant on

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her face, but she was not sure he remembered her.

There was a great deal of bustle and confusion after they were on the train. The fare between Wareham and Bethel Plain had been fixed at fifty cents, for a distance of six miles, and this announcement was received with indignant protest. Then the young men insisted on paying for the girls, and there was more confusion.

Mr. Ingleside stood by, grave and dignified, with no appearance of haste or impatience, waiting till the war of words should cease and the fares be forthcoming, and after recording them in his notebook he passed on.

"What a nice conductor!" said Amy James, who sat in the seat beside Rosamond. Amy was a New York girl, with the most fastidious notions, and Rosamond was both amused and gratified that she should have noticed Mr. Ingleside, though she felt that Amy might have remarked in just the same way a nice coachman or colored waiter.

"Yes," was the reply; "is n't he handsome?"

"It is n't so much his fine appearance," continued Amy; "there 's something so nice about his manner, — gentleness, dignity, — I can't quite define it, but you feel it, and it seems so out of place in a conductor."

"Prince in disguise, I guess," was the careless reply, and the subject dropped from the conversation, but not from Rosamond's mind. They saw him again on their return, and other excursions followed, until Rosamond knew he must remember and notice them, though he gave no sign of recognition, and never spoke more than the brief words necessary in taking the fares. Rosamond wanted some excuse for further conversation, and one day mustered up courage and made a bold venture.

"Mr. Ingleside," she said, "are you never going to reduce the fare to Bethel? We shall all be impoverished."

"I 'm afraid not," he replied, smiling, and passed on; but in a few moments he returned, and seated himself on the arm of the opposite seat. "I 'm very sorry," he said, "to ask you so much. I think, myself, twenty cents would be enough, but you know I have no control of the fare, and must ask what others decide."

"Oh, no, I did n't suppose you did," said Rosamond; "but you know we must grumble at somebody."

"The fact is," he resumed, "the company don't want to stop there any way; it is a hard place to stop a train, and it costs" —

"Oh, I 've heard all about that," she interrupted, laughing; "how heavy the grade is, and how it costs seventy-five cents to brake up a train."

"Well, it does, to stop this train here," said he. "However, I would be happy to let you ride up free, if I might."

After a few more pleasant words on both sides, he rose to go as the train drew near the station. As soon as they had alighted and the train moved off, Rosamond was assailed by a chorus from her companions.

"What was that man talking about?" said Al James. "I could n't imagine what you were saying."

"Oh, I shan't tell you," she answered them. "His tender speeches won't bear repeating any more than other people's," looking mischievously at Al. But she enjoyed the teasing, and was happy as a bird all the way home. It seemed to her there would be some change in his demeanor after that, and she was vaguely disappointed next time she met him, when he was grave and distant as ever, and took the fares without a word.

The first of September scattered the gay New Yorkers; there were no more picnics and excursions, and Rosamond sorely missed her journeys on the train. She could feel now that Mr. Ingleside recognized and remembered her as a frequent passenger, but she was not satisfied, and longed to see him more than ever; so she went off to Newfield again, for a visit. On her journey home, when about an hour from Wareham, she was taken with bleeding at the nose. When her handkerchief was soaked with blood, she tried putting her head out at the window, but the strong wind blew the

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fast-dropping blood back in her face. Just as she was in utter despair, she heard her name, and looking up saw Mr. Ingleside regarding her kindly.

"Miss Ware," he said, "if you will come into the baggage car, I can give you some water, and perhaps help you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" she answered, the tears springing to her eyes; and rising, she followed him into the forward car, to a retired corner behind a pile of baggage. Mr. Ingleside brought a basin of water and placed it on a trunk, and Rosamond knelt before it, and gladly washed her blood-stained face.

"If you will allow me, Miss Ware, I think I can stop the bleeding."

"Oh, mercy, yes; do anything you 've a mind to," she replied. So he took both her hands and clasped them above her head. Then he tore a piece from his handkerchief and made a tight little roll, and, kneeling beside her, crowded it up her nostril, and then with his thumb and finger gently clasped her throat, compressing the artery there. His manner was so quiet and matter of fact that she did not feel the slightest embarrassment. After a few minutes she began to laugh. "I feel as if you were going to strangle me."

"It does have rather that look," he replied, smiling, as he dipped the corner of the towel in water, and wiped her face. "Does the blood run down your throat?"

"No; I think you have stopped it entirely."

"Then I must leave you a few moments," he said, as they approached a station. When he came back, he found her sitting on a trunk, and looking white. He brought an arm-chair. "You are faint, I know; sit here."

Rosamond took the seat. He threw his overcoat over the pile of trunks behind her, for her head to rest upon, and having made her comfortable went away.

"Oh, how good and gentle you are!" mused Rosamond, as she leaned back and closed her eyes. "You called me by name, too; I wonder how you found that out."

He did not return for some time, though she saw him near, and felt herself still under his care. Just as they reached Wareham he came to her, asked if she felt quite well again, and quietly turned aside her profuse acknowledgments with a few phrases of courtesy, as he helped her off the car. Mr. Ware was there to meet her, and she rode home almost in silence, absently answering her father's questions, her mind full of happy thoughts and fancies: recalling Mr. Ingleside's kindness and true courtesy, his look and voice and gentle touch; wondering how he came to know her name; and wishing she might soon see him again, to enjoy the nearer acquaintance which chance had brought her. But no opportunity came for several weeks. Home cares and duties claimed her attention, and her life was very busy. Mrs. James came up for Thanksgiving, and insisted on taking Rosamond back to New York for a couple of weeks. Her spirits rose at the thought of again meeting the conductor. She looked forward to it for days; planned how she would begin just where she left off in their acquaintance, — greet him by name with a smile and pleasant salutation, as mere politeness required. But when she was finally on the train, things began to look different, and when she saw him coming through the car, looking distant and impassive, with no appearance of recognizing her, her salutation froze in her throat, and she never said a word, or even looked at him, while her sister arranged for their fares and baggage. Mrs. James then leaned back in the corner and closed her eyes for a nap, while Rosamond devoted herself to looking through the glass doors into the baggage car for glimpses of Mr. Ingleside. After an hour or more Mrs. James roused herself.

"What a serene face that conductor has!" she said. "I 've been watching him as he goes through the car."

"Yes," replied Rosamond; "he always makes me think of those lines from Longfellow's Sandalphon: —

"'But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow.'"

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"Very good," smiled Mrs. James. "Are you acquainted with him?"

"Margaret!" exclaimed Rosamond, in a most expressive tone.

"Well, what?"

"The idea of my being acquainted with the railway conductor!"

"I don't think there 's anything so ridiculous about it," maintained Mrs. James. "You often go on this train and I thought you might have made his acquaintance. I don't see why a conductor is n't perfectly respectable. Besides, in the country, where people eat with their servants, you can't keep up all these distinctions. You expect to know everybody."

"Not brakemen and conductors," suggested Rosamond.

Mrs. James subsided into her corner once more. Newfield was soon reached, and just before the train stopped Rosamond took her note-book from her pocket, and slyly dropped it under the seat. "I 'm going to correspond with him, if he won't speak to me," she thought. And that night, after she had gone to her room, she chose the nicest paper and envelopes she could find, and wrote two or three little notes before she produced one that suited her exactly, in its stylish handwriting and careless but exquisite finish of execution.

MR. INGLESIDE:—

DEAR SIR, — I think I dropped, in your train to Newfield this morning, a little black note-book, containing some memoranda and addresses of considerable value to myself. If by any chance it was picked up and preserved, might I ask you to post it to the address below. I inclose stamps for the postage, and regret that my carelessness should give you trouble. Very truly yours,

ROSAMOND WARE.

She watched for the postman eagerly after that, and one morning at breakfast Mr. James handed her a letter that brought a bright blush to her cheek. She was grateful that he was absorbed in the newspaper, and Mrs. James busy with her own letters, while she read: —

MISS WARE, — Since your note came to hand I have made many inquiries regarding the lost note-book, and regret to say that I have been unable to get any trace of it whatever. Very respectfully, etc.,

GEORGE W. INGLESIDE.

Rosamond hurried off to her room as soon as breakfast was over, happy to possess, at last, some tangible memento of this man who had taken such hold upon her fancy, and sitting down, studied her precious letter until the turn of every pen-stroke was familiar to her eye. The handwriting was bold and handsome, but with a slight flavor of copy-book stiffness in its careful precision, and she decided that he did not write a great deal, and had taken much pains this time.

"Your name is George Washington, you poor unfortunate," she said aloud. "I 've suspected it all along."

When she returned home, she took Mr. Ingleside's train from Newfield; she would have contrived that, if it had involved any amount of inconvenience. When he had been through the train, he came back, and sat down in the vacant seat before her, handing her the envelope she had addressed to himself.

"I return your stamps," he said, "and am very sorry I could not find your book, but I have inquired of everybody on the road; and one day, when I was in Newfield, I went through all the coaches we have, as I was not sure what coach we had on that day."

"Oh, I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," said she.

"It was no trouble," he replied. "I think some one must have seen you drop it, and picked it up and kept it, as we can usually find and return articles left on the train."

He began to sort over a handful of tickets he had taken, and Rosamond sat and eyed him critically, noting every detail of his personal appearance, and detecting, with her quick, keen apprehension, the careful refinement of a thorough-bred gentleman, even to the handsome and nicely-kept finger nails. She

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longed to continue the conversation with some pleasant, general remark, but an uncontrollable shyness held her tongue; and at last he rose and went away, leaving Rosamond to sit and muse upon the strong attraction which drew her toward this man, and the strange reluctance, equally strong, which she felt to making any perceptible advances. "I feel like a little bird," she thought, "that tries to fly out at a plate-glass window, and finds itself held back by something which it can neither see nor understand. I make up my mind beforehand just how I will treat Mr. Ingleside the next time I see him, and what I will say to him, and I perfectly satisfy my pride and dignity, and all that, and they make no objection to what I mean to do. Yet when I sit in the car, and see him coming, it is an actual impossibility for me to carry out my plans, and I am utterly and entirely different from what I had expected. I don't care, — it 's fun to watch myself, and see what I 'll do."

It must not be supposed that Rosamond had lived through all this experience without a great deal of inward remonstrance. There was that in her nature (she could not quite detect whether it was her conscience or her pride) that protested most vigorously against her yielding to such thoughts and fancies. She had peremptorily stifled all these protests, but at last they made her so uncomfortable that she decided to look the matter squarely in the face, hear all these muffled voices, and "have it out with her *alter ego*," as she expressed her idea of self-examination. She set a certain night for the trial, and went to her room determined upon it. During all her preparations for retiring, she was instinctively arranging her plans for both attack and defense, and when all was ready she threw a warm wrapper around her, and sat down before the mirror, leaning both arms on the dressing-table, and looking straight into the honest blue eyes of the grave face before her.

"Now, Alter Ego, what have you got to say?" was her inquiry.

Rosamond was accustomed to pretty distinct mental conversations, and a great part of the thoughts that now passed through her mind were expressed in definite, though unspoken words.

"You are yielding to a feeling or sentiment wholly unworthy of you," began her inward accuser. "It is beneath your dignity as a woman, and lowering your moral tone, to spend your time in fond and tender feelings toward a man you know absolutely nothing about, and who may be the worst scamp that ever walked. How inexpressible would be your shame if any one should know how you have thought and dreamed of this fellow, and how you have schemed and manœuvred and spent money for the sake of seeing him! You are wasting the use of your mental powers in vain and foolish thoughts, when you might be employing them to some noble and worthy purpose. If your common sense can't tell you, your woman's instinct ought to show you the shame of what you are doing. It is not as if you were a silly girl of sixteen. You are a woman now, and ought to know something of the high aims and purposes of life. Besides, you are playing with edged tools; take care lest, before you know it, your heart" —

But the prosecution could get no further, for here the eager and indignant defense began: —

"Heart! My heart has nothing to do with it. It is purely an affair of my imagination, to which I yield free rein, for my own amusement. I know it is pretty poor entertainment, but I should like to know what I have that is better. I am lonely — horribly lonely — and unhappy. I have a bright and active mind. I love excitement, mental stimulus, whatever rouses and interests me. My taste has been carefully cultivated for the society of intelligent and intellectual people. I love the companionship of my superiors, — men and women with thoughts and ideas, and the power to express them. And here I am, shut up in the dullest and most stagnant of all country villages, where, outside my own family, there is not one person that I don't know to be my inferior, or that I ever care to see again. I have no so-

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ciety, no excitement, no pleasant companionship of friends of my own age. Most people of my age, or any age, want excitement, and they take it, and nobody thinks they are wasting their energy, or injuring their minds. And I want excitement, and there is nothing to give it to me; so I must amuse myself as best I can. I am tied to cares and duties I hate, and my mind is worried and fretted and harassed; and I can't read Emerson's essays, and study German, for my sole relaxation. And if I've got a fertile and ingenious imagination, and can find amusement in my own fancies, I ought to be thankful. I don't know what I should do this winter if it was n't for the pleasure I take in thinking of Mr. Ingleside. There is constant, well-bred friction between my step-mother and me, — we can't get on together, and never shall; and my sweet step-sister, Sally Merchant, I have to keep at arm's-length, for if she was n't afraid of me she would impose upon and annoy me; and I am troubled and unhappy. And then you tell me I have no business to be unhappy and that it is wrong; and I am tired to death thinking about myself, and if I had n't something else that was absorbing to turn my mind to, I don't know what would become of me. Mr. Ingleside is just a handsome and convenient figure for me to weave fancies about; I don't love him any more than I love the man in the moon. I dare say if I were to know him, I should n't like him. I presume he is a very common man. I never want to see him off a railway train. I would not meet him socially and know him personally, if I could. I have had such smashes before, and know they don't amount to anything; but they amuse me as society and dressing and dancing and admiration amuse most girls, and would me if I had them. My moral tone is not lowered. I shall do nothing in my acquaintance with Mr. Ingleside to overstep the bounds of the most perfect propriety. I would scorn to flirt with him, and if he ever presumed upon the politeness I show him I would soon teach him his place. And I do not think it any proof that our secret thoughts are unworthy, because we do not want to have them known."

"How about treasuring up his letter so carefully?"

"Well, if you object to that particularly, I own it does n't look quite right, and I 'm perfectly willing to burn it up."

She reached for her desk, and took out the letter, opened and read it slowly and carefully, and then, with a sudden impulse of tenderness, softly laid it against her cheek.

"Don't that look like" — began her alter ego.

"Yes, it does look like — but it is n't," was the quick retort, as Rosamond snatched a match, and, striking it, kindled the corner of the sheet. She put it in the stove, with the envelope, and taking from her drawer the remnant of a handkerchief, laid that in the flame, and watched them burn with the satisfaction of one who yields everything to conscience, and humors its most frivolous demands. She heard a few more arguments on both sides, with the indifference of a judge who has already decided a case, and then rendered a verdict for the defendant without delay, giving herself full leave to amuse herself just as she pleased, wiped the tears from her cheeks, gayly kissed her hand to the mirror, and went to bed.

After that, her alter ego was not allowed to say a word, and she thought of the conductor almost constantly. She reviewed all their past intercourse, recalling its most trivial incidents, and looked forward to their next meeting, imagining it in a thousand different ways, and planning what she would say to him. She imagined him on his train, going through his daily routine, and learned the hours on the time-table, and kept all the clocks by railway time that she might know just where to think of him at any hour of the day; and when the train went by, two miles to the east, she slipped up to her room, and leaned out at the window to listen for the whistle and the rolling of the wheels. The eastern horizon spoke to her of him, and she knew in just what direction to look, at any hour, and think he was there,

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now at one terminus, now at another, or somewhere along the road. She named the cat after him, and lavished all tender epithets upon her "darling George." She even liked the smell of gas, when the coal was put on the stove, because it reminded her of a locomotive. She wondered where he came from, — what were his antecedents, his history, his interests, and his friends. She kept her ears open to hear what she could about him, but never dared to ask, for fear of betraying too much interest. She sometimes heard him mentioned casually, and always with the warmest praise, by those who had traveled on the cars and noticed his courtesy and kindness; but that was all.

"I presume father knows all about him, and could tell me everything I want to know," she thought, "if I only dared to ask."

She did not travel on the railway again that winter, but she had glimpses of Mr. Ingleside occasionally in Bethel Plain, or when she drove to Wareham station to meet the train; so she hoped he would not forget her, but consoled herself by thinking that if he did she would see him often next summer, and renew their acquaintance. She studied the map diligently to discover places of interest along the railway, that she might plan for new excursions, and after her New York friends arrived, in July, she led them off somewhere, on the train, every few days.

So she saw Mr. Ingleside often, and their acquaintance slowly but surely progressed. She came at last to greet him with a smile and a good morning, and though he often just punched her ticket and passed on without speaking, still Rosamond could generally contrive some excellent reason to detain him for a few words. Sometimes she wanted to inquire the time of the trains on a connecting railway; sometimes she asked him to get excursion tickets for her party to some point on the line; sometimes her carelessness helped her, and a book, or umbrella, or lunch-basket was left on the train, and Mr. Ingleside must look it up. She liked him all the better because he never presumed upon the opportunities she gave him, nor lingered after the necessary words were spoken; and yet she wished that he would make some further advances, that her vanity might be gratified, even while she relentlessly snubbed him.

"He knows his place, and keeps it," she thought. "It is n't his business to be making himself agreeable to the ladies on the train; and yet I wish he would n't dash off so, the minute he gets through." The roar and motion of a railway train do not give favorable opportunity for the interchange of casual remarks; graceful little nothings become ridiculous when shouted in a high key, and then repeated because not heard at first. So poor Rosamond had much to contend with; but she found, by standing in the door at the end of the train for the breeze, when heated by walking, that she had a much better opportunity to talk with the conductor as he lingered there to record the fares. So she sometimes ventured on a general remark, to which he responded promptly and pleasantly, going just about as far as she did, but making no further advances. One comfort she had: she was the only one of the party of whom he ever took the least notice. Folly loves company, as well as misery, and Rosamond was pleased and amused to see how the other girls were attracted by her handsome friend, and how they were actually piqued that they could draw from him only the few words their questions required. Even fastidious Amy James must compare her watch with Mr. Ingleside's, to see if it kept its New York time, or ask for a drink of water. They called him "Rosamond's conductor," and Al James vowed "that fellow would stop his train anywhere if he saw Miss Rosamond's hat." All this was delightful to her; yet she sometimes longed for a little variety, and felt an irresistible impulse to say or do something startling. One week there were races at Newfield that attracted a good deal of attention, and extra trains were run, and a few days after they were over Rosamond and her friends were

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going to Bethel on the train. As they stood in the space about the door of the car, Mr. Ingleside among them, she asked, "What do you write in that book?"

"I write the names of all the passengers," he said, looking into her eyes.

"Dear me," she laughed, "what an interesting list you must have!"

"Yes, it is, very," he answered, stepping out on the platform. It seemed to Rosamond that the train always stopped at the station when she was having a good time.

"What is the charm of that conductor's manner?" said Amy James, meditatively, as they walked away from the station. "I've been trying to detect it."

"It 's just because he 's tall, and good lookin', and got broad shoulders," said Al, scornfully. Al was a small man.

"No," continued Amy, not deigning to notice the interruption, "there 's something in his manner; it 's respect without civility, and deference without gallantry. I hate mere gallantry, and it 's the beginning and end of Al's politeness."

Al's face flushed, and he walked quickly away beside Rosamond, who was very gracious to him, as she always took pains to be when Amy snubbed him.

So the summer passed, and Rosamond's feelings swayed her to and fro. She was restless and dissatisfied, but she was excited, and with her anything was better than monotony. She watched Mr. Ingleside like a hawk, and studied his every look and tone, thinking one day that he carefully improved every legitimate opportunity to exchange a few words with her, and was only deterred from further advances by the fear of presumption, and the next day deciding he was utterly indifferent to her.

September came, and Mrs. James went back to the city, taking Rosamond with her for a visit. Rosamond was glad of the change of scene and diversion for her mind. It was a real relief to her to be occupied for a week with new and exciting amusements. But she did not forget the conductor, and when the day of her return came her thoughts turned to him with resistless force, and she laid all her plans for a fresh attack. "Mr. Ingleside has never seen me with my war paint and feathers on," she thought. "I always wear some plain old thing to travel in, and tie myself up in a veil, or else he has seen me in that rough picnic dress. Now, I 'll put my good clothes on, and give him a scare." So she chose the prettiest and most becoming suit she had, and dressed with unusual care. Mrs. James came in while she was thus employed.

"I 'm so sorry to have you go," she said; "and I can't be reconciled that you won't come and spend the winter with me. I had set my heart on it; and Mr. Herbert James being with us will bring us a great deal of that literary and improving society you like so much, and I can't see why you should n't come. It 's all nonsense to stay at home and teach those boys. Why can't they be sent to school?"

"No, Margaret, we can't afford it; and I ought to stay. You can't feel as badly as I do. I am tempted almost beyond my strength, I want so to come." She turned away to hide her tears.

"Rosamond," exclaimed Mrs. James, suddenly, "you are not going to wear that lovely suit to travel in!"

"Yes," replied Rosamond, carelessly. "I shall stop three hours in Newfield, and dine at the Grays', and I want to look nice."

"You shan't wear it; it 's a perfect shame!" said Mrs. James. "It looks vulgar to travel in your best clothes, and you will get it all dust and cinders, and it will never look nice again."

"Oh, Maggie," said Rosamond, a lucky thought striking her, "if you must know, Tom Jennings is going up on the train with me, and I want to look nice."

"Oh, well, that makes a difference," said Mrs. James, relaxing her hold on the trunk straps. "I did n't know you had an escort." She heard the baby cry, and flew to the rescue.

Rosamond nodded significantly at the

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door that closed behind her. "What would you say, Mrs. James, if you knew all this fuss was for an obscure conductor on the Towasset railway, and that I care more for one smile from him than for ten years of Tom Jennings's devotion? I don't care! If he has n't got better manners than Tom Jennings, or any of your New York snobs that ever honored me with two stares and a drawl and a sneer at the country, then I don't know a gentleman when I see him." She turned to the mirror. "Dress does make such a difference," she said, noting how pretty she looked, and, better yet, how stylish.

Rosamond spent the day in a fever of impatience. The ride from New York, Tom Jennings's languid devotion in the intervals he could spare from the smoking-car, the hours in Newfield, the dinner at the Grays', were all over at last, and she felt calm and happy when she was seated in Mr. Ingleside's waiting train. She had what she thought was a good excuse to ask for a conversation with him, but she did not mean to be in any hurry; so she waited until they were half-way to Wareham, and then leaned forward to arrest his attention, as he passed through the car.

"Mr. Ingleside," she said, "by and by, when you have an interval of leisure, I would like a few moments' talk with you."

"I will be back in a moment," he replied, bowing, and she presently saw him coming toward her. She noted his rapid, hesitating glance at the seat beside her, and gathered up her dress to indicate he should take it. She leaned towards him confidentially.

"There is one thing I think I ought to speak to you about, Mr. Ingleside, but I do not want to make any trouble for you with your subordinates, and if you do not think it best to notice it you will let it pass, of course; but I will at least mention it. My sister and I went to Wareham station last week Tuesday, to take your train. Papa was with us, and signaled as usual. I saw the engineer looking at us, as he approached. Just as the locomotive came abreast of the station papa laid down the flag to help us on board, but the train ran by without stopping. It seemed to me rather a serious matter for an engineer to disregard a signal, and I thought perhaps you would like to know of it."

"I was very much mortified by that occurrence," he said, "and I owe you an apology. I was not looking out, for if I had seen you I should have stopped. Your father notified the superintendent, and the matter has been investigated, and the engineer discharged. I did not have my regular engineer on, that day. He was off duty for a day or two. You did right to speak to me of it, and I am much obliged to you, though you had been anticipated."

"You have n't your regular engine on to-day, have you?" she asked.

"No; the Towasset has gone to the shop for repairs."

"I noticed the difference in the whistle," said Rosamond. "The Towasset has a high, shrill whistle; I always know it, and when we are going to the station, and hear a freight train coming, it does n't scare me as it does the rest, for I know it is n't our train."

"Yes, the whistle is different from all the rest," he said, looking pleased.

"Have you been on the railway ever since it was opened?" she went on.

"Yes," he answered. "I took this train the first day it ran over the road."

Then they went on to talk of the railway, the scenery, and the towns along the road, and various other things, till the train reached the next station, and he rose and left.

"What a real nice talk," she mused; "and he enjoyed it too. He is quite ready to improve his opportunities."

She had short time for her happy thoughts before she saw him coming, and he sat down beside her again.

"I should think you would enjoy going to New York sometimes," he began.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I came from there this morning."

"That 's the place to live," he said, emphatically.

"Do you think so?" said she. "I would n't want to live there."

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"Why! why not?" he asked, in surprise.

"Oh, I enjoy visiting there ever so much," she replied, "but I would n't want to make it my home for life. I have a sister who lives there, and she has lost all her individual tastes and opinions. I should just wear what 'they' wore, and think what 'they' thought, and do what 'they' did. The current of life there is too strong for me; I would n't want to drift with it, and yet I never could help myself."

He looked at her, amused. "I like the theatres," he said. "I enjoy going to the theatre so much."

"I never go," she said, smiling. "Ah, how amazed you look! I like to tell people that, especially New York people, and see them stare."

"Why, do you think it wrong?" he asked.

"No, I don't know as I do. I 'll tell you what makes more difference with me than anything else: I have many friends in New York, — good people, far better than I am, — and they urge me to go to the theatre, to see really fine plays; and they take high moral ground, and talk about Shakespeare and the ennobling influence of the drama, and tell about the inspirations they get at the opera, and all that. But I notice that when they once get to going they forget all about the high moral part, and go to all sorts of plays indiscriminately, even to those they acknowledge are bad, just to see what they are, you know, or because the scenery is so magnificent, or something like that."

"Just as soon go to a variety show as anything," he interrupted.

"Yes; and so I think if I once began I should end as they do, for I am no better than they; so I keep out of it."

They talked a little more about the theatre, and then the conversation turned to other things. Rosamond guessed she would make herself most agreeable by leading him to talk about himself; she made him tell her how to run a train, and explain the air brake and the Miller platform, and a good deal about a conductor's life. He told her he had been in the business since he was seventeen years old; she longed to ask him if he began by selling prize candy, but did not quite dare. In all her acquaintance with Mr. Ingleside, she had never forgotten their first interview, when she had incurred his displeasure, and had always liked him better because she was a little afraid of him. He kept his place at her side, only leaving her for a few moments after the train stopped at each station. When they were but a few miles from Wareham the engine suddenly whistled down brakes, and the train stopped with a rude shock. Mr. Ingleside sprang to his feet and hurried forward, and all the men on the train got out to see what was the matter; some of them soon returned to report that a large rock had fallen on the track ahead. It was now after dark, but Rosamond put her head out at the window, and could see the locomotive of the train and the group of men before it. She could distinguish Mr. Ingleside's powerful figure towering above the rest, and admired his activity and energy as he laid hold of the work. An hour passed by before the train at last started, and in a few moments Mr. Ingleside entered, and hurried to Rosamond.

"Miss Ware," he said, "will this detention give you any trouble about getting home?"

"Oh, I never thought!" cried she. "I was going up in the stage, and I shall miss it; but then," she added, "I can easily walk up, so it is no great matter."

"You ought not to walk up alone," he said, "and if you will allow me I will put my train in the care of the baggage-master, and go up with you. I can get back in time to go over to Towasset to-night on the late train."

"Oh, no, Mr. Ingleside!" exclaimed Rosamond. "I could n't think of giving you so much trouble."

"Very well; suit yourself," said he, coldly; "but you ought never to do as you propose;" and he turned and left her.

"Oh, dear," thought she, "now I've offended him; he thinks I don't want to accept his escort. I never thought of

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the thing, and I am horribly afraid to go up alone."

She got off the train at Wareham in great distress, and was just ready to cry, when, hearing a step behind her, she turned and saw Mr. Ingleside. He raised his lantern and it shone full in her face.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you," said he, stiffly, "but your father would never forgive me, if any harm came to you, for letting you go up alone. There were four rough-looking fellows got off the train here this morning, and they may be still lurking about."

"Oh, Mr. Ingleside," said she, earnestly, laying her hand upon his arm, "indeed you mistake me. I am horribly afraid to go up alone, and I shall be grateful and glad beyond measure for your protection and escort; but I hesitated to give you so much trouble, and spoke hastily, without reflection."

"It is no trouble," said he, his face bright with pleasure. "I will put your trunk in the station before we go."

Rosamond tucked up her dress for walking, while he put the trunk and lantern in the depot, and picked up her traveling bag. She noted his slight hesitation, and took his arm as a matter of course, and they started off.

Ah, what a walk that was! The night was mild and clear, the road lay through the woods, and the full September moon shone softly through the branches. The ground was hard and smooth from a recent shower. Mr. Ingleside proved a rapid and vigorous walker, like herself, and kept her step perfectly, and she enjoyed the exercise as a town-bred girl enjoys a dance. They laughed and talked gayly, though in all their conversation they never alluded to their previous acquaintance, but talked as two congenial strangers might who were just introduced to one another. Rosamond was entirely happy, and wished the walk might last forever, till the lights of the village began to twinkle before them, when she felt a sudden embarrassment. What should she do with her conductor when she reached home? she was afraid he would go in if she asked him. He stopped as they drew near the first house.

"Do you live right here in the village street?" he asked.

"Yes," said she, "only a few houses beyond."

"Then I will leave you, for I have but just time to get back to the train."

"Oh, Mr. Ingleside," she began, "I can never thank you enough for your kindness."

"Don't try, then," he said. "It has given me nothing but pleasure, and has been the nicest walk I ever took in my life, to say nothing of the satisfaction of being of service to you. Good night."

She gave him her hand; he held it an instant in a warm, tight clasp, and turned away. Rosamond walked slowly on, her heart beating fast with sudden terror. Did she love this man, whose mere presence gave her such perfect happiness? She turned aside the thought as troublesome. "I'll enjoy my happiness," she thought, "and be glad to get it, without picking it to pieces to see where it comes from."

It lasted her a long time. She did not even care to see him again. The memory of that evening was enough, as she recalled its every incident. But when, a few weeks later, she received a letter from a friend in Bethel Plain, asking her to join positively the last party to the Tower, to enjoy the autumn foliage, she rejoiced in the opportunity it gave her, and wrote her friend she would come down on the train and meet them, if they would send her home at night.

She started off in fine spirits one glorious October morning. She knew how it would be now. There would be no more reserve or distance between them, but Mr. Ingleside would come and sit beside her, and she would have some more pleasant talk. She did not see him when the train stopped, but took her seat and waited, with calm assurance. At last the door opened, and he came in, with a beautiful child upon his arm. He did not notice Rosamond, for his attention was absorbed with the little creature, who clung close to his neck. He passed by, but returned in a moment alone, said good morning pleasantly, took Rosamond's ticket, and went forward in

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the baggage car. Two men sat just behind her, and she listened eagerly to the following conversation: —

"Is that Ingleside's young one?"

"Yes; that 's his woman back there. They 're movin' to-day."

"Ain't goin' away, is he?"

"Yes. I heard him tellin' in the baggage car: he 's goin' to Californy; goin' to start to-morrow. This is his last run on the train."

"What 's the matter? Had a row?"

"No; he says he likes his place first-rate, and likes the folks along the road; but he come here from Californy, and she belongs there, and all her folks are there, and she wants to go back; so he just had a first-rate offer out there, and concluded to go."

"That 's too bad. Ingleside 's a clever fellow."

"Yes; mighty takin' way with the women folks. My gals think everything of him."

Rosamond's first impulse was to look into her own mind, and see what was going on; but there was n't much to see. Her next desire was to look at Mrs. Ingleside, and she hastily arose and went back through the car. She identified her by the child. But Mrs. Ingleside looked at her curiously, so Rosamond could not stare as hard as she wanted to. She saw a slight, frail little woman, wrapped in a long, gray traveling-cloak, with a gray hat and feather. Her face was so concealed by a thick gray veil that Rosamond could get no idea of it. The train now stopped at Bethel Plain, and Rosamond alighted, beginning to be conscious of mental pain. She felt it all the afternoon, though she resolutely forgot it in the gayety of the picnic, and laughed and talked in her jolliest mood. She came home late, and went at once to her room and faced her trouble.

"I suppose this is n't heartache," said she, grimly, "for my 'heart has nothing to do with it;' but I must say that imagination-ache is n't a pleasant sensation. Oh, the long, dreary winter, how shall I ever get through it, if I may not think of him, or look forward to seeing his pleasant face again?" She felt a wild, unreasonable rage, like a passionate child whose toys are rudely snatched away. "Oh, my mother, my own precious mother! Life would n't have been so hard for me if you had only lived!"

She burst into a passion of tears for the mother who had died when she was six years old. She thought of her lonely and isolated lot; of the dear sister of her love, who died a few years before; of every sad and unhappy circumstance she could remember, and worked herself up into a delicious melancholy, sobbing and crying with all the luxury of uncontrolled grief. She threw herself upon the bed, and wept a long time, and at last awoke at an indefinite time in the night, stiff and cold and ashamed, and hastily undressing crept into bed.

The next morning, after breakfast, her father called her aside: —

"Rosamond," he said, "your mother and I have been talking over your sister's invitation to you for this winter. Your mother was much gratified, and so was I, at your cheerful readiness to stay at home and teach the boys. But we know you must want to go, and as I had an unexpected return from a poor investment, your mother has been corresponding with a friend in Andover, who offers to take the boys so advantageously that we have decided to send them to the academy there, and set you free. So pack up your clothes, and be off," he concluded, smiling, and rising to go.

"Oh, father," began Rosamond, "I don't want to leave you."

"No, dear, I know," said he, "that will be hard all round. But you want to go, on the whole, and we want to have you," and he kissed her and went out.

Rosamond stood still a few moments, a great wave of feeling sweeping over her, at the bright prospect so suddenly opened. Long weeks of happiness, excitement, congenial friends, society, intellectual delight, ease, luxury, and pleasure, a new bright life worth the living, — these were realities; where were

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her unreal fancies? The house was too small for her, and she ran out into the yard, where a cold, fresh breeze was blowing, and skipped about like a happy child in the bright October sunshine. She felt like one awakened from a restless dream, and glad to be in the actual world again, or as if she had been walking in a thick, unwholesome mist, which was suddenly dispelled by a clear, fresh wind, and she saw realities once more.

"Good-by, old Ingleside!" she cried aloud. "I knew I never really cared about you. Good-by, dreams and fancies; welcome, happy life. Oh, alter ego, I 'll take you to New York with me, I 'll mind every word you say, and won't we have a good time!"

"Rosamond," called her step-mother from the window, "your breakfast dishes are standing." And she scampered into the house.

Rosamond's winter in New York brought her all the happiness she expected, and she returned the next summer to Wareham, a light-hearted and happy woman. But, somehow, she never goes on that train now, when she can possibly avoid it; she hates with a cordial enmity the new conductor, a burly man with brusque, official manners; and away in an inner recess of her pocket-book there is still a little yellow Towasset railway check, with three holes punched in it, and bearing this inscription: —

"If you wish to stop over at any way-station, please notify and receive a special check from G. W. Ingleside, conductor."

Katharine Carrington.

OUR LAND POLICY.

THROUGH all the vicissitudes of American politics, from the close of the revolutionary conflict to the present time, the land question has ranked among the first in magnitude and absorbing interest. It entered into the formation of the government, and was vitally connected with the success of its early administration. It has been the bone of contention in every dismal phase of our Indian policy from the beginning. It was one of the cardinal issues which divided the whig and democratic parties, till the former ceased to exist. It kindled the jealousy of the South, which found such eloquent expression through Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, in the memorable senate debate of 1830, in which Mr. Webster carried off the honors; and moreover it was complicated with the great question of internal improvements by the general government, which so long agitated the country as a party issue. Our preëmption and homestead laws, our system of land grants to railway companies, our land bounties for military service, our grants of land for various educational purposes, our swamp-land legislation, our laws governing the disposition of mineral lands and the transfer of Indian reservations by treaty, are all so many phases of the great problem. Only a small proportion of agricultural land yet remains to be disposed of by the government; but it has to deal with its vast magazines of mineral wealth, its extensive coal and timber lands, its vast areas of grazing and desert lands, and its swamp lands, aggregating, with the remnant of agricultural lands, more than eleven hundred million acres, exclusive of Alaska. The classification and disposal of these immense interests will call for a new land policy, and a statesmanship quite as comprehensive and far-seeing as that which wrestled with the question in the beginning, and finally found expression in the preëmption and homestead laws, affecting lands fit only for tillage.

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The action of the government in dealing with the public domain forms a curious chapter in the history of politics, and affords an instructive study. The early land policy of the United States had its birth in a great financial exigency, and was cradled in the poverty which a long war had entailed upon the colonies. They emerged from the struggle for independence under the burden of an appalling debt. The system of import duties was not then developed, and was impossible under the articles of confederation. As the only available source of revenue, all eyes were turned to the public lands, which from time to time became the property of the nation by cessions of the several States which claimed them. Their financial value of course depended on emigration and settlement, and these encountered serious obstacles in the imperfect execution of the British treaty, the unfriendly disposition of the Northwestern Indians, and the troubles with Spain concerning the navigation of the Mississippi. It is perfectly obvious that under such circumstances emigration needed a powerful stimulus. If the government had then been out of debt, and had offered the pioneer a home in the West on the simple conditions of occupancy and improvement, instead of imposing upon him a tax of so much per acre for the privilege of subduing the wilderness and making it productive, our land policy would have been established on a far better foundation, and the march of American civilization incalculably advanced.

But the growing need of money rendered this impossible, and the future interests of the nation had to be subordinated to the existing emergency. Several large sales were made by special contract prior to the adoption of the constitution. The first was of a tract on Lake Erie, west of New York, north of Pennsylvania, and east of Ohio, which was included in the cessions made by New York and Massachusetts. It contained 202,187 acres, and sold for $157,640, or about seventy-eight cents per acre. Another sale was that made to the Ohio Company, of a tract on the Ohio and Muskingum rivers, containing 964,285 acres, at two thirds of a dollar per acre. This company was represented by Manassah Cutler and Winthrop Sargent, and it opened the way for the settlement of Ohio, then a wilderness, inhabited only by savages. It was the desire to find a market for these lands, and the apprehension that the introduction of slave labor into the Northwest Territory would seriously hinder this object, that paved the way for the passage of the famous ordinance of 1787, which was secured by the remarkable industry, perseverance, and diplomacy of Mr. Cutler, the real author of that ordinance, as recently shown by authentic facts. Another sale was made, also in Ohio, to John Cleves Symmes, of the territory between the Great and the Little Miami River, containing one million acres, but it was afterwards reduced to 248,540, which also sold for two thirds of a dollar per acre. On this land the first successful attempt was made to settle the country northwest of the Ohio. On the 20th of May, 1785, an ordinance was passed for ascertaining the mode of disposing of the public lands in the Western Territories, being the first general act on the subject, and embodying some of the principal features of the present system. Under this ordinance, sales were made at New York in 1787, and at Pittsburgh and Philadelphia in 1796, aggregating 121,540 acres, for $201,992, or an average of sixty cents per acre. By act of Congress of the 18th of May, 1796, the price of lands northwest of the Ohio was fixed at not less than two dollars per acre; but on the 10th of May, 1800, a general act was passed, more definitely laying the foundations of our land policy, which was modified in 1820 by substituting cash sales for credit, and reducing the price from $2.00 to $1.25 per acre.

So completely was the policy of settlement subordinated to that of revenue that by act of Congress of March 3, 1807, it was provided that settlers on the public lands might be removed by the marshal of the territory, with the aid of any

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required military force, and fined for their illegal occupancy one hundred dollars, and imprisoned for not longer than six months. The harshness of this law was so felt, however, that its enforcement was not generally demanded, while numerous acts of Congress, applicable to particular States and Territories, from time to time provided for preëmption rights in particular cases and on special conditions, notwithstanding the act mentioned. This legislation in the interest of intruding settlers finally proceeded so far that the anomaly was presented of rewarding those whose punishment was provided for by an existing law as trespassers, by giving them the exclusive right to preëmpt the public lands. At length, on the 29th of May, 1830, the first preëmption law was enacted, granting to every settler who was in possession at the date of the law, and had cultivated any portion of the land, a quantity not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres. This was limited to one year, but by various subsequent acts, reaching to June 1, 1840, preëmption privileges were extended to a later date and a larger class of persons. Finally, on the 4th of September, 1841, our general preëmption law was passed, superseding all previous enactments on the subject, which had been retrospective in their bearing, and definitely providing for the right of preëmption as to all future settlers on the public domain. Our land policy was thus completely revolutionized. The settler was no longer a trespasser, who was to be visited with penalties, but acted under the shield of the government. It invited him to make his settlement, and offered him a home on certain prescribed conditions as to occupancy, improvement, notice of intention, and payment; and its faith was understood to be plighted that he should be protected at every stage of the proceedings, and receive a patent for his land upon their completion.

But our land policy was still exceedingly imperfect. The financial necessity which shaped it in the beginning had long ceased to exist, while politicians and parties were wrangling over the proper disposition of the surplus revenue which had resulted from the policy of sale; but the policy still continued. The pioneer, who braved the hardships and privations incident to a home in the wilderness for the *bona fide* purpose of making it a subject of taxation and a source of wealth, was obliged to pay the government a dollar and a quarter per acre for its permission to do so. And this was not his greatest hardship. He was balked and thwarted at every turn by the land speculator, who was licensed by the government to prey upon him and the public domain. While the settler was invited to select a home upon it, and protected in the consummation of his title, the speculator was tempted to cripple and circumvent him by purchasing large bodies of choice lands, which he could hold back from settlement with a view to an advanced price, thus forcing the pioneer still further into the wilderness, and compelling him, by his toils and privations, to augment the wealth of the man who had done nothing to earn it. Every new farm snatched from the frontier added to the wealth and strength of the nation, while the monopoly of millions of acres which were withheld from cultivation was a positive public curse. It has been computed that in the year 1835 alone about 8,000,000 acres of the public domain passed into the hands of non-resident speculators. The money thus invested was withdrawn from praiseworthy enterprises and the ordinary uses of commerce, and sunk in the forests of the West, which were allowed to yield no return. Great stretches of these wild lands thus intervened between settlements which were afterwards made under the preëmption law, since the pioneer could not pay the speculator his price, and was thus debarred from the lands which should have been dedicated to his use, and compelled to accept those inferior in quality. According to an estimate of the commissioner of the general land office, made a few years ago, more than 30,000,000 acres of the aggregate amount sold since the formation of the government had not been reduced to oc-

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cupancy as farms; and this, of course, is only a fraction of the grand aggregate which from time to time must have passed under the dominion of monopolists, and was afterwards gradually reduced to cultivation by paying the price which was exacted. The government thus became the plunderer of the people. It went into partnership with the speculator in cheating the pioneer and producer, while robbing the national treasury. By dooming vast tracts of fertile land to barrenness it created a fatal hindrance to agricultural wealth, and to commerce and manufactures, which draw their life from the soil. It turned a deaf ear to the men who were encountering savages and wild beasts in subduing the wilderness, coining it into wealth, and speeding the advance of civilization, while partially befriending them under the short-sighted and half-way policy of the act of 1841.

But the evils of land speculation and monopoly made less impression upon the country than the tariff upon settlers under the preëmption law. These settlers were generally poor men, and the payment of a dollar and a quarter per acre was felt to be a serious hardship. This feeling gradually extended throughout the West, and as early as the year 1832 President Jackson recommended the policy of making the public domain practically free to actual settlers, in limited quantities. Had this policy then been adopted, coupled with adequate guards against the greed of speculators, many thousands of landless men who have since gone down to their graves in the weary conflict with poverty and toil, would have been cheered and blessed with independent homes on the public domain. Wealth, greatly augmented, quarried from the mountains and wrung from the forests and prairies of the West, would have poured into the federal coffers. The question of slavery in our national Territories would probably have found a peaceable solution in the steady advance and sure empire of free labor, while slavery in its strongholds, girdled by free institutions, might have been content to die a natural death.

But our politicians were not ready for so radical a reform. It was espoused, however, by some prominent agitators in the State of New York, who organized a land reform party, and had a considerable following, which was increased from year to year. The demand of "land for the landless" gradually grew louder and louder, till it commanded the attention of whig and democratic politicians in different sections of the country. It became quite evident that the old controversy respecting the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands was to be superseded by this new issue. It was adopted as a part of the creed of the voting abolitionists, and incorporated in the platform of the True Democracy, at its national convention in Buffalo, in 1848. It had a few advocates in the Congress of 1849–50, in which the first homestead bill was reported in the house of representatives by Andrew Johnson; and although it was branded as "demagogism," "agrarianism," and "socialism," and was scarcely less odious, North and South, than "abolitionism" itself, it steadily grew into popular favor. Repeated efforts were made to carry the measure during the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, and it finally prevailed in both houses near the close of the thirty-sixth Congress; but it was vetoed by Mr. Buchanan. At last, on the 20th day of May, 1862, the homestead bill reported by the house committee on public lands became a law; and it has probably done more to make the American name honored and beloved among civilized nations than any single act of legislation since the formation of the government. It is at once an enduring monument of legislative wisdom and beneficence, and a crown of unfading honor to the men who originated it, and persistently battled for it till their labors were crowned with success.

Our land policy, however, needed still further and more radical reforms. The homestead law was a great advance upon the preëmption act of 1841, but it did not completely emancipate the public domain. In looking to its settlement and tillage as the true source of reve-

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nue, and in providing homes for the landless poor, it was worthy of all commendation; but it contained no prohibition against that cruel commerce in land which had already desolated large portions of the West, and was then in the full sweep of its baleful ascendency. All that was necessary to make the law a measure of complete relief was a simple provision that no more lands which were fit for agriculture should be disposed of, except as provided for under its provisions, and those of the act of 1841. This would have destroyed land speculation, root and branch; indeed, one member of the house of representatives labored for years to procure such an enactment, and finally carried it through that body near the close of the forty-first Congress. The effort, however, has not been renewed since; and the only legislation which ever perfectly guarded the rights of the settlers against the mischiefs of speculation and monopoly was the Southern homestead law of June 21, 1866, which has recently been repealed, greatly to the satisfaction of the speculators, who are now lying in wait to appropriate the lands thus exposed to the old-time system of spoliation. At the date of this enactment there were, in the five States of the South to which it applied, about 46,000,000 acres of land which would be liable to sale in large bodies as soon as the work of Southern reconstruction should restore the machinery of the land department. About 52,000,000 acres of unimproved land had already fallen into the clutches of speculators, while more than two thirds of the people were landless; and if the towns and cities of those States were excluded, more than nine tenths of their population were without homes of their own. In view of these facts the passage of the act referred to was as obviously proper and necessary as its late repeal is surprising.

We have already referred to the mischiefs of land speculation in the States of the Northwest, where it has been an irreparable blight to their prosperity. It has wrought upon the country generally evils more enduring and wide-spread than those of war, pestilence, or famine. In many quarters its ravages have increased since the enactment of the homestead law, which probably gave the speculator a new incentive to diligence. In California two men acquired a frontage on the San Joaquin River of forty miles in extent, while sundry other speculators became the owners of a half million acres each. We are assured by very well-informed men in that State that but for the evil of land speculation, reënforced by railway monopoly, her present population would have been doubled. The homestead act furnished no adequate remedy for this mischief. The right of the settler to land, free of cost, was of less consequence than the reservation of the public domain for his exclusive use, unobstructed in the right of selection. That Congress should have remained blind to these frightful abuses through all the long years of their mad ascendency seems now a very surprising fact; but it forms a part of the strange history of our land policy, and illustrates the tardy progress of legislative reforms. It took more than three quarters of a century to inaugurate the homestead policy, while Congress, to this day, has allowed the work of speculation to have free course, with the slight exception referred to in the act relative to Southern lands.

But our subject invites us to follow it still further. The halting policy of the government and its indifference to the rights of settlers afford other striking illustrations. One of these is supplied by our land-grant policy. We believe the first grant of land ever made by Congress, in alternate sections, for any work of internal improvement, was in the year 1827, to aid in the construction of the Wabash and Erie Canal. Two additional grants were subsequently made in aid of this work, the last of which was for 800,000 acres, which could be located in a body, and selected within thirty or forty miles of the line of the canal. But the land-grant system, as we have recently known it, was fully launched only in 1850, in the grant then made in alternate sections, in aid of the Illinois Central Railway. The theory of this

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system is that the government will be fully compensated for the odd-numbered sections granted by the enhanced price of the even-numbered sections which are reserved; but this does not cure the vicious principle of monopoly involved. No time is fixed within which the lands shall be sold by the company having charge of them, which may avail itself of other resources, and hold them for twenty or forty years for a rise in price, as was done in the grant mentioned. There is no provision, as there should be, that the odd-numbered sections shall be sold to actual settlers only, in quantities not greater than one hundred and sixty acres to a single purchaser, and for a reasonable maximum price per acre, so as to secure the settlement of the lands while aiding in the building of the road. The principle of alternate sections has also frequently been disregarded, and in several instances the even-numbered sections have been granted after the odd-numbered ones have been exhausted. It must be remembered, too, that the policy of fixed lateral limits, and of alternate sections *in place*, has not been adhered to. By widening the belt within which the lands are to be selected to the extent of twenty, and even forty or fifty, miles, and allowing *floats* or *scrip* beyond this margin, in lieu of lands not found within it, the whole policy of compensation to the government has been overthrown, and the grants have become a practical bounty to railroad corporations at the expense of actual settlers, and to the great detriment of the country. The preëmptor and homestead settler are driven further back in the interest of monopolists, who have grown rich by withholding their lands from sale till a handsome price could be had through the settlement and improvement of adjoining lands. They have been obliged to surrender the advantages of roads, mills, schools, churches, and such other blessings as characterize a well-ordered community, for the imaginary compensation of a railroad forty or fifty miles distant.

This policy hinders the increase of national wealth, by preventing the cultivation of vast districts of fertile land which should be left free to settlers. It is a wicked compact between the government, on the one hand, and land speculators, on the other, executed at the nation's expense, and in cruel mockery of the whole spirit and policy of the preëmption and homestead laws. Under this loose and unguarded system Congress has surrendered more than 200,000,000 acres in aid of railways and other works of internal improvement, constituting an area about equal to that of the original thirteen States of the Union. The public lands belong to the people; but Congress has abdicated the people's sovereignty over a territory large enough for an empire in the interest of great corporations, and without any conditions or restrictions securing the rights of settlers. The original Northern Pacific Railroad bill alone granted 47,000,000 acres, and a supplementary act increased the grant 11,000,000, — making a total of 58,000,000 acres to one great corporation; and every proposition looking to the rights of actual settlers, or in any way restrictive of the powers of the corporation, was successively voted down by strong majorities, while even the right of other roads to connect with this line was impudently denied. And this system of grants took on its most extravagant features simultaneously with the passage of the homestead law, and as if systematically planned to defeat its operation. That the railroads we really needed could have been constructed by the aid of land grants carefully guarding the rights of settlers in the manner we have indicated, there can be little doubt; and the refusal of Congress to provide such guards furnishes a remarkable practical commentary upon the homestead law, and upon the boasted devotion of its champions to the welfare of the homeless poor.

The action of Congress in dealing with swamp and overflowed lands may fairly be classed with the profligate legislation to which we have just referred. The formidable lobby which pressed the passage of the act of September 8, 1850, granting such lands to the States in

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which they were situated, urged that they were of little value, and that the general government could not afford the expense of reclaiming them. But the truth is that to a very large extent they are the richest lands in the nation, while the cost of their reclamation was no greater than that of utilizing agricultural lands. It was likewise urged that the States could better be trusted with the work than the general government; but time has fully demonstrated the contrary, and very sadly to the nation's cost. The well-understood machinery of the general land office, available to individual energy and enterprise, afforded the best and only means of solving the swamp-land problem. No legislation could well have been more disastrous to the country; and if the act of 1850 was not specially framed in the interest of organized thieving and plunder, then its entire administration is so wholly out of joint with the law itself that an honest man is hopelessly puzzled in the attempt to account for it. In failing to give any definition of the phrase "swamp and overflowed land," the act supplied a perpetual temptation to mercenary men and corrupt officials to pervert it to base ends. Instead of submitting the character of the land in dispute to the register and receiver of the local land office, and investing them with the power to compel the attendance of witnesses, it left the question to be decided by the surveyor-general, who has no judicial power, and is generally engrossed, and often overwhelmed, with his own proper duties. His office may be hundreds of miles from the lands in controversy, thus causing great and needless expense to the settlers, who are required to attend with their witnesses at the hearing, which is frequently appointed at a season of the year rendering it a great hardship, if not an impossibility. Although the surveyor-general is an officer of the United States, it practically happens that local and state influences completely override the rights of the general government. Lands are surveyed and their character settled soon after some unusual overflow, or in a season of great rain, or large bodies are declared swamp because small portions of them only are really so. By such methods the most frightful abuses are the order of the day, working the most shameful injustice to honest settlers, and fatally obstructing the settlement and development of the country. One hundred thousand acres in one land district, and situated in different localities near the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, some five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea, have been claimed by speculators as swamp, while it was shown by the sworn statements of many of the settlers on these lands that they actually required irrigation to make them desirable in the raising of either hay or grain. Many of these settlers, who have resided upon these mountain lands for years, received their patents, and made lasting improvements in the most perfect good faith, have been brought face to face with claimants under the swamp-land act, who have ejected them from their homes without even the shadow of a right. More than 68,000,000 acres in all have been selected as swamp, and over 48,000,000 patented, a very large proportion of which is dry land, and among the very best which the government owned. The work of spoliation is still in progress, and nothing can arrest it but an act of Congress so defining swamp and overflowed land as to make impossible the outrages to which we have referred, and which have often been so cunningly planned and so infernally prosecuted as to make quite respectable the average performances of professional pickpockets and thieves.

Not less subservient to the interests of monopolists has been the action of the government in dealing with our Indian reservations. According to the early policy of the government, when an Indian tribe desired to dispose of its lands, they were conveyed directly to the United States, and thus made subject to the control of Congress like other public lands. But in the year 1861 a new policy was inaugurated, by which such reservations were disposed of to individual monopolists, or to railway corporations, in utter disregard of the rights of settlers under

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the preëmption and homestead laws, and of the constitution of the United States, which gives to *Congress* the sole power to dispose of and manage the public domain. We refer to a few examples. Under our treaties with the Delaware Indians, made in 1860 and 1861, some 234,000 acres of surplus Indian lands were sold to the Leavenworth, Pawnee, and Western Railway Company, instead of being opened to actual settlers as public lands. Under another treaty, concluded in 1866, the residue of these lands, amounting to over 92,000 acres, was sold to the Missouri River Railroad Company, thus creating another monopoly. By virtue of a treaty with the Sac and Fox Indians, concluded in the year 1859, the trust-lands of these Indians, which amounted to 278,200 acres, were sold to thirty-six different purchasers, thus creating numerous though considerable monopolies. By virtue of a treaty concluded with the Kickapoo Indians in 1862, the Atchison and Pike's Peak Railroad Company, in the year 1865, became the purchaser of the lands of these Indians, amounting to 123,832 acres. By virtue of the first article of a treaty between the United States and the Great and Little Osage Indians, concluded in the year 1865, these Indians sold to the United States a tract of country embracing 1,996,800 acres; and under the second article of the treaty, they sold, in trust, the further quantity of 1,225,602 acres, making a total of 3,222,402 acres. This treaty, in strange disregard of the rights of settlers, provided that this vast area of land should not be subject to entry under the pre-emption and homestead laws, but should be sold to the highest bidder. Of course the land was disposed of accordingly, although thousands of settlers who went upon it before the treaty was proclaimed, many of them having made valuable improvements in good faith, were deprived of the rights which should have been secured to them as settlers on the public domain.

But a still more remarkable case is that of the Cherokee Neutral Lands in Kansas, consisting of a tract fifty miles long and twenty-five wide, and embracing 800,000 acres. By treaty with these Indians, concluded in 1866, the secretary of the interior was authorized to sell these lands in a body for a price not less than one dollar per acre in cash, except such tracts as were settled upon at the date of the treaty. Accordingly, in the following year, a contract was made for the sale of these lands to one James F. Joy, in the interest of the Kansas and Neosho Valley Railway Company, for the minimum price named; and the directors of the company resolved that such of the lands as were then occupied by bona-fide settlers should be valued at from three to ten dollars per acre, and sold to said settlers at an average of six dollars per acre. Of course they should have had their lands at the government price, under the preëmption law. The treaty could easily have been so made as to provide for this, by conveying the lands directly to the United States, and thus subjecting them at once to our ordinary policy of settlement and sale. No man can approve the conduct of the government in refusing to do this, and thus joining hands with monopolists in squandering the public domain and conspiring against the productive industry of the country. At the date of this treaty more than one thousand families were on the land as actual settlers, and their number was increased within the following few years to 2500, or about 18,000 settlers in all. Probably two thirds of the heads of these families were honorably discharged soldiers, who made their settlements in the firm belief that they had the right to do so under the laws of Congress, but were all, by the terms of this treaty, at the mercy of Joy, as their potentate and king. Federal soldiers were called out to protect him in his scheme of spoliation against the men whose hard toil was adding to the public wealth, and whose valor helped save the nation in the battle for its life.

Some of the grants made by Congress for educational purposes have been equally vicious. The aggregate of these grants for common schools, universities, and agricultural colleges is about 80,000,000 acres. No adequate conditions

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were prescribed to prevent the monopoly of this vast domain, nor the frightful maladministration of it by the States which has actually taken place. In some of them the school fund has totally disappeared. But by far the worst of these enactments is the agricultural college act of 1862. Its grant of 30,000 acres of land for each senator and representative in Congress has been the source of large and mischievous monopolies of the public domain. The States having public lands within their borders have held back from sale the shares to which they were entitled, in order to a rise in price, thus obstructing the settlement of the country at the expense of the landless poor; while the States having no public lands have received scrip representing their proportions, which has been thrown upon the market, and generally sold at about fifty per cent. less than par. In some instances its price has gone far below this, and the entire college scrip of a State was at one time offered at thirty-seven and a half cents per acre. The act thus failed to supply a fund with which to build colleges, while it enabled speculators to appropriate great bodies of the public domain at a very low rate, as if its settlement and tillage were an unprofitable or unmanly employment, or a barbarian practice which it was the duty of the government to discourage. A company of speculators doing business in Cleveland, Ohio, and Wall Street, New York, a few years ago advertised that they had bought the college scrip of nine States which they mentioned, covering 2,482,000 acres. They held it for speculation, because the government had surrendered its jurisdiction over it on conditions which invited them to do so. In the State of California alone about 900,000 acres have been located with this scrip, and we remember the passage of an act, by the forty-first Congress, to perfect the title of a noted monopolist of that State to some 30,000 acres so located, which act, by way of legislative irony, was entitled "A bill amendatory of an act to protect the rights of settlers upon the public lands of the United States." Of the motives of the men who originated and carried the act of 1862, we have nothing to say; but the law itself was as mischievous as if it had been studiously planned as a conspiracy against the public welfare. No man can defend it; and it ought to have been entitled "A bill to encourage the monopoly of the nation's lands, to hinder the cause of productive wealth, and to multiply the hardships of our pioneers under the false pretense of aiding the cause of general education." Kindred observations apply to our half-breed Indian scrip, covering nearly 321,000 acres, which was to be issued to the Sioux Indians in person, but by some black art has been located in violation of this requirement, while scrip covering over 77,000 acres has been issued to the Chippewa Indians.

Our system of military land bounties has proved a still greater obstacle to the settlement and improvement of the public domain. More than 73,000,000 acres in all have been appropriated for military and naval purposes, the effect of which has been far more ruinous to the prosperity of the country than beneficial to the soldier and seaman. The warrants originally issued for Mexican War bounty lands were to be located only by the soldier, but it was soon provided that he might locate them by an agent, and finally they were made assignable. According to a careful estimate made by the commissioner of the general land office, a few years ago, not one in five hundred of the warrants issued and placed in the hands of the soldiers or their heirs was ever located by them or for their use; and he estimated that not exceeding ten per cent. of them had been used by preëmptors or assignees in payment for actual settlement, the remainder having gone into the clutches of the speculator. While the soldier was cheated out of his warrant, or sold it at a very low rate, the public domain, which should have been free to him and to all other poor men, has been absorbed by monopolists, who have fixed upon it such a tariff as they could exact from those in search of homes. No one can compute the mischiefs inflicted by this system of Mexican bounties,

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which cover an aggregate of over 63,000,000 acres, and the warrants for which at one time sold as low as thirty-five to forty cents per acre. While it was a mockery of the just claims of the soldier, it organized monopoly and plunder into an institution. It enabled the speculator to pick and cull the choice lands of the government, and to throw himself across the path of the pioneer in his search for a home under the invitation of the pre-emption law. It stimulated the cupidity of the capitalist, and paralyzed the arm of labor. What the soldier needed and deserved was a bounty in money, graded in amount by the time of service, and this the government should have given *him; but if he wanted land, he should* have had it on the easy conditions of occupancy and improvement.

But the extent to which the government has systematically nullified the operation of the preëmption and homestead laws has not yet been fully stated, and our task would be incomplete without some reference to a few of the cases in which the executive and judicial departments of the government have united with the legislative in acts positively unfriendly to the producing classes, and especially to that grand army of occupation, the pioneer settlers.

In the year 1862 the famous Spanish grant known as the Suscol Ranch, in California, became a part of the public unappropriated domain, by a decision of the supreme court of the United States declaring the grant invalid. Some hundreds of settlers thereon at once determined to assert their rights as preëmptors, and 189 of them proceeded to file their declarations, as shown by the records of the general land office, which decided a number of the cases in favor of the claimants. General Frisbie, a noted monopolist, who claimed title to the ranch under an act of Congress procured chiefly through his agency, prevailed on the secretary of the interior to ask the advice of the attorney-general on the question of law involved, which was the right of preëmption, the facts being admitted. The attorney-general gave his opinion to the effect that a settler under the preëmption law acquires no vested interest in the land he occupies by virtue of his settlement, and can acquire no such interest till he has taken *all* the legal steps necessary to perfect an entrance in the land office, being in the mean time a mere tenant at will, who may be ejected by the government at any moment in favor of another party, who may hold it, with all the improvements made upon it in good faith, with notice of all the facts, and discharged from all the equities of the preëmptor. This opinion being accepted as law by the interior department, Whitney, one of the preëmptors, prosecuted his claim against Frisbie in the supreme court of *the District of Columbia, which sus*tained his preëmption as valid. But Frisbie thereupon appealed the case to the supreme court of the United States, which decided it in his favor, fully affirming the doctrine of the attorney-general, that settlers on the public land under the preëmption law, until they have complied with all the conditions of title, have no rights which the government is bound to respect. To the great surprise of the country, and in the face of judicial decisions which were well understood as affirming the contrary, it was thus finally determined that when the government invites settlers on to the public lands, and offers them homes on certain prescribed conditions with which they are willing and anxious to comply, it may violate its plighted faith; and we are sorry to say that the principle thus decided, through which nearly two hundred settlers were robbed of their homes, has received the sanction of the house of representatives, as shown by its recorded vote on the 7th of July, in the year 1866.

We refer to another notable case. In the year 1864 Congress granted to the State of California the famous Yosemite Valley, in perpetual reservation as a pleasure ground and spectacle of wonder. But it turned out that prior to the grant one J. M. Hutchings, an enterprising settler, had selected a home in the valley, under the preëmption law, built his cabin, planted orchards and

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vineyards, and expended some thousands of dollars in making himself comfortable, while braving great hardships and privations in this remote and inaccessible region. In order to protect him in his rights, the legislature of the State passed an act, subject to its ratification by Congress, reserving to him one hundred and sixty acres, including his improvements, and to the State the right to construct bridges, avenues, and paths over his preëmption, so that the public use of the valley could not be obstructed. A bill was introduced in the house of representatives of the forty-first Congress confirming this act, and redeeming the pledge of the nation, understood to be embodied in the preëmption law, that his home should be secured to him on compliance with its conditions. The simple, naked question presented was whether the government, which recognizes the sacredness of contracts, and will not allow their obligation to be impaired as between individuals, should maintain its own good faith. The house of representatives, upon the second day of July, 1870, answered this question in the negative. By its recorded vote of one hundred and seven against thirty-one, it declared that Hutchings should be driven from his home. He appealed to the courts of California, and from their adverse decision to the supreme court of the United States, which reaffirmed its ruling in the case of Whitney *v.* Frisbie, — a ruling branded in both houses of Congress at the time it was made as "the Dred Scott decision of the American pioneer." Other great wrongs have been perpetrated under these and kindred judicial decisions, and a bill is now pending in Congress for the relief of several hundred bona-fide settlers in the Des Moines Valley in the State of Iowa, who are threatened with the loss of their homes and valuable improvements which they have peaceably enjoyed for many years, in the belief that they were perfectly secured by the laws of the United States.

Nor has the general government stood alone in the wholesale prostitution of the people's heritage which we have attempted to depict. The States have coöperated vigorously, and with decided effect. Those of the South and West, through swamp-land rings and other forms of monopoly and plunder, have shown a remarkable capacity for ruinous maladministration. The State of California, which was admitted into the Union on the express condition that she should not interfere with the primary disposal of the public lands within her borders, violated this injunction and defied Congress by setting up a land system of her own, which she administered in the most flagrant defiance of justice as well as law. The 500,000 acres given her by the general government for internal improvements she appropriated for educational purposes, issuing school warrants to settlers, who were allowed to go on the lands before they were surveyed and segregated. She ignored the swamp-land act of 1850 till the year 1861, when her legislature provided for the survey of her swamp lands, and according to such loose methods that many thousands of acres of dry land were included in her claim. Settlers under the preëmption law, who could take only one hundred and sixty acres, and were required to live on it, were driven out of the rich valleys of the State by monopolists, who could obtain a State title for three hundred and twenty acres without occupancy; and, strangely enough, her delegation in Congress afterwards secured the passage of a law confirming this work of organized spoliation in the interest of private rapacity and in the name of state rights.

The older States have had no such temptation, but their legislation has frequently been hostile to small land owners, who are the natural defenders of the country. This has been strikingly illustrated in the State of Massachusetts, which systematically discourages her poor men from buying land. Mr. Brooks Adams, in a recent article in this magazine, shows that half the homes of laboring men in that State are mortgaged, and that through the tax on mortgages, which is a form of double taxation, the startling aggregate of $1,500,000 is

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taken from their pockets yearly, as a virtual confiscation of their earnings. Under the operation of this policy the owner of a house mortgaged for $1000 pays from six to seven times as much tax as the man who places his $1000 in a bank. The result is that the workingmen of the State are obliged to go without homes, or suffer their children to grow up in ignorance. These are remarkable facts, and they apply to other States besides Massachusetts. It is certainly the duty of the government to render the territory under its control as productive as possible, and to encourage the multiplication of small homesteads upon which the man who holds the plow is the owner of the soil. It is equally obvious that this policy supplies the strongest bond of union between the citizen and the State, and is absolutely necessary in a well-ordered commonwealth. By practically setting these principles at defiance, our land policy will have its enduring monument in the very curses which it plants in its footsteps and writes down upon the soil. It poisons our social life by checking the multiplication of American homes and the growth of the domestic virtues. It tends to aggregate our people in towns and cities, and render them mere consumers, instead of dispersing them over our territory, and tempting them to become the owners of land and the creators of wealth. It fosters the taste for artificial life and the excitements to be found in great centres of population, instead of holding up the truth that "God made the country," and intended it to be peopled and enjoyed. If our institutions are to be preserved, we must insist upon the policy of small farms, thrifty tillage, compact settlements, free schools, and equality of political rights, instead of large estates, slovenly agriculture, widely-scattered settlements, popular ignorance, and a pampered aristocracy lording it over the people. This is the overshadowing question of American politics, and it involves the gradual overruling, in some form, of the mischiefs of past legislation, and the reconstruction of generally received opinions respecting the right of property in land. If these opinions are absolutely final, and not merely provisional, the future has no remedy in store for the great curse which has "gnawed social order from the beginning of the world," and sapped the foundation of every free government of the past. We have no scheme of "agrarianism" or "communism" to propose; but the unrestricted monopoly of the soil is as repugnant to republican government as slavery is to liberty; and we hold, therefore, that the right of individual property in land, according to some just method yet to be applied, must be subordinated to the natural rights of man and the public welfare. Whether this is to be accomplished by prescribing a fixed limit to the right of ownership, or by a graduated tax having reference to the quantity owned, or by Mr. Mill's method of intercepting, by taxation, for the benefit of the state, the unearned increase in the value of land, through which millions of dollars annually pass from the landless to the land-holding class, or by some other policy not yet suggested, we do not pretend to decide; but that it must be done, if democratic institutions are to be permanently maintained, is as true as any of our fundamental political maxims.

We have already referred to the residue of our public lands, and to the new policy demanded by their peculiar character. What is wanted is a complete segregation and grouping of the whole into distinct classes, and their disposition according to the laws specially provided for each class. The land fit for farming should be disposed of under the preemption and homestead laws, and not otherwise. Coal lands should be disposed of under the laws applicable to them, which should be so framed as to prevent their appropriation as farming land. Swamp lands should be so carefully defined that dry lands can no longer be appropriated under that name. The laws governing the disposition of our mineral lands, covering an area of more than a million square miles, and the existing methods of survey which breed interminable litigation, should be

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radically amended. Our desert lands, estimated at two fifths of the public domain, and worthless for agriculture without irrigation, and the large areas valuable only for their timber, or fit only for grazing, should neither be surveyed nor parceled under the system applicable to the farming and forest lands of the old States, but in large divisions, so as to induce individuals or colonies of emigrants to appropriate them. This new policy, now earnestly recommended by high official and scientific authority, will necessitate a thorough knowledge of the geology and natural resources of the lands to be dealt with, in order to their proper classification, and their survey and sale under a system of triangulation in all cases where the old rectangular method is not adapted to the situation. Its success will require wise legislation and much administrative ability. The parceling and sale of farming lands is a very simple matter in comparison; but with the political reorganization recommended by the National Academy of Sciences, the selection of competent and trustworthy men for the service, and the scientific aids now abundantly available, a serious failure is not to be apprehended. It is difficult to believe, at all events, that the mistakes and blunders which have so grievously marred and wasted the public domain in the past will be repeated; while the proposed codification of the various laws relating to its disposition, which should include the principal opinions and rulings of the land department, will bring within the reach of the people much needed information which is now inaccessible if not past finding out.

George W. Julian.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

For us he wandered through strange lands and old;
We saw the world through him. The Arab's tent
To him its story-telling secret lent,
And, pleased, we listened to the tales he told.
His task, beguiled with songs that shall endure,
In manly, honest thoroughness he wrought;
From humble home-lays to the heights of thought
Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.
How, with the generous pride that friendship hath,
We, who so loved him, saw at last the crown
Of civic honor on his brows pressed down,
Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift was death.
And now for him, whose praise in deafened ears
Two nations speak, we answer but with tears!

II.

O Vale of Chester! trod by him so oft,
Green as thy June turf keep his memory. Let
Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied stream forget,
Nor winds that blow round lonely Cedarcroft;

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Let the home voices greet him in the far,
Strange land that holds him; let the messages
Of love pursue him o'er the chartless seas
And unmapped vastness of his unknown star!
Love's language, heard beyond the loud discourse
Of perishable fame, in every sphere
Itself interprets; and its utterance here
Somewhere in God's unfolding universe
Shall reach our traveler, softening the surprise
Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

XXII.

At the hotel in Trieste, to which Lydia went with her uncle before taking the train for Venice, she found an elderly woman, who made her a courtesy, and saying something in Italian, startled her by kissing her hand.

"It 's our Veronica," her uncle explained; "she wants to know how she can serve you." He gave Veronica the wraps and parcels he had been carrying. "Your aunt thought you might need a maid."

"Oh, no!" said Lydia. "I always help myself."

"Ah, I dare say," returned her uncle. "You American ladies are so — up to snuff, as you say. But your aunt thought we 'd better have her with us, in any case."

"And she sent her all the way from Venice?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never *did!*" said Lydia, not lightly, but with something of contemptuous severity.

Her uncle smiled, as if she had said something peculiarly acceptable to him, and asked, hesitatingly, "When you say you never did, you know, what is the full phrase?"

Lydia looked at him. "Oh! I suppose I meant I never heard of such a thing."

"Ah, thanks, thanks!" said her uncle. He was a tall, slender man of fifty-five or sixty, with a straight gray mustache, and not at all the typical Englishman, but much more English-looking than if he had been. His bearing toward Lydia blended a fatherly kindness and a colonial British gallantry, such as one sees in elderly Canadian gentlemen attentive to quite young Canadian ladies at the provincial watering-places. He had an air of adventure, and of uncommon pleasure and no small astonishment in Lydia's beauty. They were already good friends; she was at her ease with him; she treated him as if he were an old gentleman. At the station, where Veronica got into the same carriage with them, Lydia found the whole train very queer-looking, and he made her describe its difference from an American train. He said, "Oh, yes — yes, engine," when she mentioned the locomotive, and he apparently prized beyond its worth the word cow-catcher, a fixture which Lydia said was wanting to the European locomotive, and left it very stubby. He asked her if she would allow him to set it down; and he entered the word in his note-book, with several other idioms she had used. He said that he amused himself in picking up these things from his American friends. He wished to know what she called this and that and the other thing, and was equally pleased

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whether her nomenclature agreed or disagreed with his own. Where it differed, he recorded the fact, with her leave, in his book. He plied her with a thousand questions about America, with all parts of which he seemed to think her familiar; and she explained with difficulty how very little of it she had seen. He begged her not to let him bore her, and to excuse the curiosity of a Britisher, "As I suppose you 'd call me," he added.

Lydia lifted her long-lashed lids halfway, and answered, "No, I should n't call you so."

"Ah, yes," he returned, "the Americans always disown it. But I don't mind it at all, you know. I like those native expressions." When they stopped for refreshments he observed that one of the dishes, which was flavored to the national taste, had a pretty tall smell, and seemed disappointed by Lydia's irresponsive blankness at a word which a countryman of hers — from Kentucky — had applied to the odor of the Venetian canals. He suffered in like measure from a like effect in her when he lamented the complications which had kept him the year before from going to America with Mrs. Erwin, when she revisited her old stamping-ground.

As they rolled along, the warm night which had fallen after the beautiful day breathed through the half-dropped window in a rich, soft air, as strange almost as the flying landscape itself. Mr. Erwin began to drowse, and at last he fell asleep; but Veronica kept her eyes vigilantly fixed upon Lydia, always smiling when she caught her glance, and offering service. At the stations, so orderly and yet so noisy, where the passengers were held in the same meek subjection as at Trieste, people got in and out of the carriage; and there were officers, at first in white coats, and after they passed the Italian frontier in blue, who stared at Lydia. One of the Italians, a handsome young hussar, spoke to her. She could not know what he said; but when he crossed over to her side of the carriage, she rose and took her place beside Veronica, where she remained even after he left the carriage. She was sensible of growing drowsy. Then she was aware of nothing till she woke up with her head on Veronica's shoulder, against which she had fallen, and on which she had been patiently supported for hours. "Ecco Venezia!" cried the old woman, pointing to a swarm of lights that seemed to float upon an expanse of sea. Lydia did not understand; she thought she was again on board the Aroostook, and that the lights she saw were the lights of the shipping in Boston harbor. The illusion passed, and left her heart sore. She issued from the glare of the station upon the quay before it, bewildered by the ghostly beauty of the scene, but shivering in the chill of the dawn, and stunned by the clamor of the gondoliers. A tortuous course in the shadow of lofty walls, more deeply darkened from time to time by the arch of a bridge, and again suddenly pierced by the brilliance of a lamp that shot its red across the gloom, or plunged it into the black water, brought them to the palace gate at which they stopped, and where, with a dramatic ceremony of sliding bolts and the reluctant yielding of broad doors on a level with the water, she passed through a marble-paved court, and up a stately marble staircase, to her uncle's apartment. "You 're at home, now, you know," he said, in a kindly way, and took her hand, very cold and lax, in his for welcome. She could not answer, but made haste to follow Veronica to her room, whither the old woman led the way with a candle. It was a gloomily spacious chamber, with sombre walls and a lofty ceiling with a faded splendor of gilded paneling. Some tall, old-fashioned mirrors and bureaus stood about, with rugs before them on the stone floor; in the middle of the room was a bed curtained with mosquito-netting. Carved chairs were pushed here and there against the wall. Lydia dropped into one of these, too strange and heavy-hearted to go to bed in that vastness and darkness, in which her candle seemed only to burn a small round hole. She longed forlornly to be back again in her pretty state-room on the Aroostook;

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vanishing glimpses and echoes of the faces and voices grown so familiar in the past weeks were around her; the helpless tears ran down her cheeks.

There came a tap at her door, and her aunt's voice called, "Shall I come in?" and before she could faintly consent, her aunt pushed in, and caught her in her arms, and kissed her, and broke into a twitter of welcome and compassion. "You poor child! Did you think I was going to let you go to sleep without seeing you, after you'd come half round the world to see me?" Her aunt was dark and slight like Lydia, but not so tall; she was still a very pretty woman, and she was a very effective presence now in the long white morning-gown of camel's hair, somewhat fantastically embroidered in crimson silk, in which she drifted about before Lydia's bewildered eyes. "Let me see how you look! Are you as handsome as ever?" She held the candle she carried so as to throw its light full upon Lydia's face. "Yes!" she sighed. "How pretty you are! And at your age you'll look even better by daylight! I had begun to despair of you; I thought you could n't be all that I remembered; but you are,— you're more! I wish I had you in Rome, instead of Venice; there would be some use in it. There's a great deal of society there, — *English* society; but never mind: I'm going to take you to church with me to-morrow, — the English service; there are lots of English in Venice now, on their way south for the winter. I'm crazy to see what dresses you've brought; your aunt Maria has told me how she fitted you out. I've got two letters from her since you started, and they're all perfectly well, dear. Your black silk will do nicely, with bright ribbons, especially; I hope you have n't got it spotted or anything on the way over." She did not allow Lydia to answer, nor seem to expect it. "You've got your mother's eyes, Lydia, but your father had those straight eyebrows: you're very much like him. Poor Henry! And now I'm having you got something to eat. I'm not going to risk coffee on you, for fear it will keep you awake; though you can drink it in this climate with *comparative* impunity. Veronica is warming you a bowl of *bouillon*, and that's all you're to have till breakfast!"

"Why, aunt Josephine," said the girl, not knowing what bouillon was, and abashed by the sound of it, "I'm not the least hungry. You ought n't to take the trouble" —

"You'll be hungry when you begin to eat. I'm so impatient to hear about your voyage! I am going to introduce you to some very nice people, here, — English people. There are no Americans living in Venice; and the Americans in Europe are so queer! You've no idea how droll our customs seem here; and I much prefer the English. Your poor uncle can never get me to ask Americans. I tell him I'm American enough, and he'll have to get on without others. Of course, he's perfectly delighted to get at you. You've quite taken him by storm, Lydia; he's in raptures about your looks. It's what I told him before you came; but I could n't believe it till I took a look at you. I could n't have gone to sleep without it. Did Mr. Erwin talk much with you?"

"He was very pleasant. He talked — as long as he was awake," replied Lydia.

"I suppose he was trying to pick up Americanisms from you; he's always doing it. I keep him away from Americans as much as I can; but he will get at them on the cars and at the hotels. He's always asking them such ridiculous questions, and I know some of them just talk nonsense to him."

Veronica came in with a tray, and a bowl of bouillon on it; and Mrs. Erwin pulled up a light table, and slid about serving her, in her cabalistic dress, like an Oriental sorceress performing her incantations. She volubly watched Lydia while she ate her supper, and at the end she kissed her again. "Now you feel better," she said. "I knew it would cheer you up more than any one thing. There's nothing like something to eat when you're homesick. I found that out when I was off at school."

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Lydia was hardly kissed so much at home during a year as she had been since meeting Mrs. Erwin. Her aunt Maria sparely embraced her when she went and came each week from the Mill Village; anything more than this would have come of insincerity between them; but it had been agreed that Mrs. Erwin's demonstrations of affection, of which she had been lavish during her visit to South Bradfield, might not be so false. Lydia accepted them submissively, and she said, when Veronica returned for the tray, "I hate to give you so much trouble. And sending her all the way to Trieste on my account, — I felt ashamed. There was n't a thing for her to do."

"Why, of course not!" exclaimed her aunt. "But what did you think I was made of? Did you suppose I was going to have you come on a night-journey alone with your uncle? It would have been all over Venice; it would have been ridiculous. I sent Veronica along for a dragon."

"A dragon? I don't understand," faltered Lydia.

"Well, you will," said her aunt, putting the palms of her hands against Lydia's, and so pressing forward to kiss her. "We shall have breakfast at ten. Go to bed!"

XXIII.

When Lydia came to breakfast, she found her uncle alone in the room reading Galignani's Messenger. He put down his paper, and came forward to take her hand. "You are all right this morning, I see, Miss Lydia," he said. "You were quite up a stump, last night, as your countrymen say."

At the same time hands were laid upon her shoulders from behind, and she was pulled half round, and pushed back, and held at arm's-length. It was Mrs. Erwin, who entering after her first scanned her face, and then, with one devouring glance, seized every detail of her dress — the black silk which had already made its effect — before she kissed her. "You *are* lovely, my dear! I shall spoil you, I know; but you 're worth it! What lashes you have, child! And your aunt Maria made and fitted that dress? She 's a genius!"

"Miss Lydia," said Mr. Erwin, as they sat down, "is of the fortunate age when one rises young every morning." He looked very fresh himself with his clean-shaven chin and his striking evidence of snowy wristbands and shirt-bosom. "Later in life, you can't do that. She looks as blooming," he added, gallantly, "as a basket of chips, — as you say in America."

"Smiling," said Lydia, mechanically correcting him.

"Ah! Is it? Smiling, — yes; thanks. It 's very good either way; very characteristic. It would be curious to know the origin of a saying like that. I imagine it goes back to the days of the first settlers. It suggests a wood-chopping period. Is it — ah — in general use?" he inquired.

"Of course it is n't, Henshaw!" said his wife.

"You 've been a great while out of the country, my dear," suggested Mr. Erwin.

"Not so long as not to know that your Americanisms are enough to make one wish we had held our tongues ever since we were discovered, or had never been discovered at all. I want to ask Lydia about her voyage. I have n't heard a word yet. Did your aunt Maria come down to Boston with you?"

"No, grandfather brought me."

"And you had good weather coming over? Mr. Erwin told me you were not seasick."

"We had one bad storm, before we reached Gibraltar; but I was n't seasick."

"Were the other passengers?"

"One was." Lydia reddened a little, and then turned somewhat paler than at first.

"What is it, Lydia?" her aunt subtly demanded. "Who was the one that was sick?"

"Oh, a gentleman," said Lydia.

Her aunt looked at her keenly, and for whatever reason abruptly left the

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subject. "Your silk," she said, "will do very well for church, Lydia."

"Oh, I say, now!" cried her husband, "you 're not going to make her go to church to-day!"

"Yes, I am! There will be more people there to-day than any other time this fall. She must go."

"But she 's tired to death, — quite tuckered, you know."

"Oh, I 'm rested, now," said Lydia. "I should n't like to miss going to church."

"Your silk," continued her aunt, "will be quite the thing for church." She looked hard at the dress, as if it were not quite the thing for breakfast. Mrs. Erwin herself wore a morning-dress of becoming delicacy, and an airy French cap; she had a light fall of powder on her face. "What kind of overthing have you got?" she asked.

"There 's a sack goes with this," said the girl, suggestively.

"That 's nice! What is your bonnet?"

"I have n't any bonnet. But my best hat is nice. I could" —

"*No* one goes to church in a hat! You can't do it. It 's simply impossible."

"Why, my dear," said her husband, "I saw some very pretty American girls in hats at church, last Sunday."

"Yes, and everybody *knew* they were Americans by their hats!" retorted Mrs. Erwin.

"*I* knew they were Americans by their good looks," said Mr. Erwin, "and what you call their stylishness."

"Oh, it 's all well enough for you to talk. *You 're* an Englishman, and you could wear a hat, if you liked. It would be set down to character. But in an American it would be set down to greenness. If you were an American, you would have to wear a bonnet."

"I 'm glad, then, I 'm not an American," said her husband. "I don't think I should look well in a bonnet."

"Oh, stuff, Henshaw! You know what I mean. And I 'm not going to have English people thinking we 're ignorant of the common decencies of life. Lydia shall not go to church in a hat; she had better *never* go. I will lend her one of my bonnets. Let me see, *which* one." She gazed at Lydia in critical abstraction. "I wear rather young bonnets," she mused aloud, "and we 're both rather dark. The only difficulty is I 'm so much more delicate" — She brooded upon the question in a silence, from which she burst exulting. "The very thing! I can fuss it up in no time. It won't take two minutes to get it ready. And you 'll look just killing in it." She turned grave again. "Henshaw," she said, "I *wish* you would go to church this morning!"

"I would do almost anything for you, Josephine; but really, you know, you ought n't to ask that. I was there last Sunday; I can't go every Sunday. It 's bad enough in England; a man ought to have some relief on the Continent."

"Well, well. I suppose I ought n't to ask you," sighed his wife, — "especially as you 're going with us to-night."

"I 'll go to-night, with pleasure," said Mr. Erwin. He rose when his wife and Lydia left the table, and opened the door for them with a certain courtesy he had; it struck even Lydia's uneducated sense as something peculiarly sweet and fine, and it did not overawe her own simplicity, but seemed of kind with it.

The bonnet, when put to proof, did not turn out to be all that it was vaunted. It looked a little odd, from the first; and Mrs. Erwin, when she was herself dressed, ended by taking it off, and putting on Lydia the hat previously condemned. "You 're divine in that," she said. "And after all, you are a traveler, and I can say that some of your things were spoiled coming over, — people always get things ruined in a sea voyage, — and they 'll think it was your bonnet."

"I kept my things very nicely, aunt Josephine," said Lydia conscientiously. "I don't believe anything was hurt."

"Oh, well, you can't tell till you 've unpacked; and we 're not responsible for what people happen to think, you know. Wait!" her aunt suddenly cried. She pulled open a drawer, and snatched

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two ribbons from it, which she pinned to the sides of Lydia's hat, and tied in a bow under her chin; she caught out a lace veil, and drew that over the front of the hat, and let it hang in a loose knot behind. "Now," she said, pushing her up to a mirror, that she might see, "it 's a bonnet; and I need n't say *anything*!"

They went in Mrs. Erwin's gondola to the palace in which the English service was held, and Lydia was silent, as she looked shyly, almost fearfully, round on the visionary splendors of Venice.

Mrs. Erwin did not like to be still. "What are you thinking of, Lydia?" she asked.

"Oh! I suppose I was thinking that the leaves were beginning to turn in the sugar orchard," answered Lydia faithfully. "I was thinking how still the sun would be in the pastures, there, this morning. I suppose the stillness here put me in mind of it. One of these bells has the same tone as our bell at home."

"Yes," said Mrs. Erwin. "Everybody finds a familiar bell in Venice. There are enough of them, goodness knows. I don't see why you call it still, with all this clashing and banging. I suppose this seems very odd to you, Lydia," she continued, indicating the general Venetian effect. "It 's an old story to me, though. The great beauty of Venice is that you get more for your money here than you can anywhere else in the world. There is n't much society, however, and you must n't expect to be very gay."

"I have never been gay," answered Lydia.

"Well, that 's no reason you should n't," returned her aunt. "If you were in Florence, or Rome, or even Naples, you could have a good time. There! I 'm glad your uncle did n't hear me say that!"

"What?" asked Lydia.

"Good time; that 's an Americanism."

"Is it?"

"Yes. He 's perfectly delighted when he catches me in one. I try to break myself of them, but I don't always know them myself. Sometimes I feel almost like never talking at all. But you can't do that, you know."

"No," assented Lydia.

"And you have to talk Americanisms if you 're an American. You must n't think your uncle is n't obliging, Lydia. He is. I ought n't to have asked him to go to church, — it bores him so much. I used to feel terribly about it once, when we were first married. But things have changed very much of late years, especially with all this scientific talk. In England it 's quite different from what it used to be. Some of the best people in society are skeptics now, and that makes it quite another thing." Lydia looked grave, but she said nothing, and her aunt added, "I would n't have asked him, but I had a little headache myself."

"Aunt Josephine," said Lydia, "I 'm afraid you 're doing too much for me. Why did n't you let me come alone?"

"Come alone? To church!" Mrs. Erwin addressed her in a sort of whispered shriek. "It would have been perfectly scandalous."

"To go to church alone?" demanded Lydia, bewildered.

"Yes. A young girl must n't go *anywhere* alone"

"Why?"

"I 'll explain to you, some time, Lydia; or rather, you 'll learn for yourself. In Italy it 's very different from what it is in America." Mrs. Erwin suddenly started up and bowed with great impressiveness, as a gondola swept towards them. The gondoliers wore shirts of blue silk, and long crimson sashes. On the cushions of the boat, beside a hideous little man who was sucking the top of an ivory-handled stick, reclined a beautiful woman, pale, with purplish rings round the large black eyes, with which, faintly smiling, she acknowledged Mrs. Erwin's salutation, and then stared at Lydia.

"Oh, you may look, and you may look, and you may look!" cried Mrs. Erwin, under her breath. "You 've met more than your match at last! The Countess Tatocka," she explained to Lydia. "That was her palace we passed just

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now, — the one with the iron balconies. Did you notice the gentleman with her? She always takes to those monsters. He 's a Neapolitan painter, and ever so talented, — clever, that is. He 's dead in love with her, they say."

"Are they engaged?" asked Lydia.

"Engaged!" exclaimed Mrs. Erwin, with her shriek in dumb show. "Why, child, she 's married!"

"To *him?*" demanded the girl, with a recoil.

"No! To her husband."

"To her husband?" gasped Lydia. "And she" —

"Why, she is n't quite well seen, even in Venice," Mrs. Erwin explained. "But she 's rich, and her *conversazioni* are perfectly brilliant. She 's very artistic, and she writes poetry, — Polish poetry. I *wish* she could hear you sing, Lydia! I know she 'll be frantic to see you again. But I don't see how it 's to be managed; her house is n't one you can take a young girl to. And *I* can't ask her: your uncle detests her."

"Do you go to her house?" Lydia inquired stiffly.

"Why, as a foreigner, *I* can go. Of course, Lydia, you can't be as particular about everything on the Continent as you are at home."

The former oratory of the Palazzo Grinzelli, which served as the English chapel, was filled with travelers of both the English-speaking nationalities, as distinguishable by their dress as by their faces. Lydia's aunt affected the English style, but some instinctive elegance betrayed her, and every Englishwoman there knew and hated her for an American, though she was a precisian in her liturgy, instant in all the responses and genuflexions. She found opportunity in the course of the lesson to make Lydia notice every one, and she gave a telegrammic biography of each person she knew, with a criticism of the costume of all the strangers, managing so skillfully that by the time the sermon began she was able to yield the text a statuesquely close attention, and might have been carved in marble where she sat as a realistic conception of Worship.

The sermon came to an end; the ritual proceeded; the hymn, with the hemming and hawing of respectable inability began, and Lydia lifted her voice with the rest. Few of the people were in their own church; some turned and stared at her; the bonnets and the back hair of those who did not look were intent upon her; the long red neck of one elderly Englishman, restrained by decorum from turning his head toward her, perspired with curiosity. Mrs. Erwin fidgeted, and dropped her eyes from the glances which fell to her for explanation of Lydia, and hurried away with her as soon as the services ended. In the hall on the water-floor of the palace, where they were kept waiting for their gondola a while, she seemed to shrink even from the small, surly greetings with which people whose thoughts are on higher things permit themselves to recognize fellow-beings of their acquaintance in coming out of church. But an old lady, who supported herself with a cane, pushed through the crowd to where they stood aloof, and, without speaking to Mrs. Erwin, put out her hand to Lydia; she had a strong, undaunted, plain face, in which was expressed the habit of doing what she liked. "My dear," she said, "how wonderfully you sing! Where did you get that heavenly voice? You are an American; I see that by your beauty. You are Mrs. Erwin's niece, I suppose, whom she expected. Will you come and sing to me? You must bring her, Mrs. Erwin."

She hobbled away without waiting for an answer, and Lydia and her aunt got into their gondola. "*Oh!* How glad I am!" cried Mrs. Erwin, in a joyful flutter. "She 's the very tip-top of the English here; she has a whole palace, and you meet the very best people at her house. I was afraid when you were singing, Lydia, that they would think your voice was too good to be good form, — that 's an expression you must get; it means everything, — it sounded almost professional. I wanted to nudge you and make you sing a little lower, or different or something; but I could n't, everybody was looking so. No matter.

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It 's all right now. If *she* liked it, nobody else will dare to breathe. You can see that she 's taken a fancy to you; she 'll make a great pet of you."

"Who is she?" asked Lydia, bluntly.

"Lady Fenleigh. Such a character, — so eccentric! But really, I suppose, very hard to live with. It must have been quite a release for poor Sir Fenleigh Fenleigh."

"She did n't seem in mourning," said Lydia. "Has he been dead long?"

"Why, he is n't dead at all! He 's what you call a grass-widower. The best soul in the world, everybody says, and very, very fond of her; but she could n't stand it; he was *too* good, don't you understand? They 've lived apart a great many years. She 's lived a good deal in Asia Minor, — somewhere. She likes Venice; but of course there 's no telling how long she may stay. She has another house in Florence, all ready to go and be lived in at a day's notice. I wish I had presented you! It did go through my head; but it did n't seem as if I *could* get the Blood out. It *is* a fearful name, Lydia; I always felt it so when I was a girl, and I was *so* glad to marry out of it; and it sounds so terribly American. I think you must take your mother's name, my dear. Latham is rather flattish, but it 's worlds better than Blood."

"I am not ashamed of my father's name," said Lydia.

"But you 'll have to change it some day, at any rate, — when you get married."

Lydia turned away. "I will be called Blood till then. If Lady Fenleigh" —

"Yes, my dear," promptly interrupted her aunt, "I know that sort of independence. I used to have whole Declarations of it. But you 'll get over that, in Europe. There was a time — just after the war — when the English quite liked our sticking up for ourselves; but that 's past now. They like us to be outlandish, but they don't like us to be independent. How did you like the sermon? Did n't you think we had a nicely-dressed congregation?"

"I thought the sermon very short," answered Lydia.

"Well, that 's the English way, and I like it. If you get in all the service, you *must* make the sermon short."

Lydia did not say anything for a little while. Then she inquired, "Is the service the same at the evening meeting?"

"Evening meeting?" repeated Mrs. Erwin

"Yes, — the church to-night."

"Why, child, there is n't any church to-night! What *are* you talking about?"

"Did n't uncle — did n't Mr. Erwin say he would go with us to-night?"

Mrs. Erwin seemed about to laugh, and then she looked embarrassed. "Why, Lydia," she cried at last, "he did n't mean church; he meant — opera!"

"Opera! Sunday night! Aunt Josephine, do you go to the theatre on Sabbath evening?"

There was something appalling in the girl's stern voice. Mrs. Erwin gathered herself tremulously together for defense. "Why, of course, Lydia, I don't approve of it, though I never *was* Orthodox. Your uncle likes to go; and if everybody 's there that you want to see, and they will give the best operas Sunday night, what are you to do?"

Lydia said nothing, but a hard look came into her face, and she shut her lips tight.

"Now you see, Lydia," resumed her aunt, with an air of deductive reasoning from the premises, "the advantage of having a bonnet on, even if it 's only a make-believe. I don't believe a soul knew it. All those Americans had hats. You were the only American girl there with a bonnet. I 'm sure that it had more than half to do with Lady Fenleigh's speaking to you. It showed that you had been well brought up."

"But I never wore a bonnet to church at home," said Lydia.

"That has nothing to do with it, if they thought you did. And Lydia," she continued, "I was thinking while you were singing there that I would n't say anything at once about your coming over to cultivate your voice. That 's got to be such an American thing, now. I 'll let it out little by little, — and after Lady

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Fenleigh 's quite taken you under her wing. Perhaps we may go to Milan with you, or to Naples, — there 's a conservatory there, too; we can pull up stakes as easily as not. Well!" said Mrs. Erwin, interrupting herself, "I 'm glad Henshaw was n't by to hear *that* speech. He 'd have had it down among his Americanisms instantly. I don't know whether it *is* an Americanism; but he puts down all the outlandish sayings he gets hold of to Americans; he has no end of English slang in his book. Everything has opened *beautifully*, Lydia, and I intend you shall have the *best* time!" She looked fondly at her brother's child. "You 've no idea how much you remind me of your poor father. You have his looks exactly. I always thought he would come out to Europe before he died. We used to be so proud of his looks at home! I can remember that, though I was the youngest, and he was ten years older than I. But I always did worship beauty. A perfect Greek, Mr. Rose-Black calls me: you 'll see him; he 's an English painter staying here; he comes a *great* deal."

"Mrs. Erwin, Mrs. Erwin!" called a lady's voice from a gondola behind them. The accent was perfectly English, but the voice entirely Italian. "Where are you running to?"

"Why, Miss Landini!" retorted Mrs. Erwin, looking back over her shoulder. "Is that you? Where in the world are *you* going?"

"Oh, I 've been to pay a visit to my old English teacher. He 's awfully ill with rheumatism; but awfully! He can't turn in bed."

"Why, poor man! This is my niece whom I told you I was expecting! Arrived last night! We 've been to church!" Mrs. Erwin exclaimed each of the facts.

The Italian girl stretched her hand across the gunwales of the boats, which their respective gondoliers had brought skillfully side by side, and took Lydia's hand. "I 'm glad to see you, my dear. But my God, how beautiful you Americans are! But you don't look American, you know; you look Spanish! I shall come a great deal to see you, and practice my English."

"Come home with us now, Miss Landini, and have lunch," said Mrs. Erwin.

"No, my dear, I can't. My aunt will be raising the devil if I 'm not there to drink coffee with her; and I 've been a great while away now. Till to-morrow!" Miss Landini's gondolier pushed his boat away, and rowed it up a narrow canal on the right.

"I suppose," Mrs. Erwin explained, "that she 's really her mother, — everybody says so; but she always calls her aunt. Dear knows who her father was. But she 's a very bright girl, Lydia, and you 'll like her. Don't you think she speaks English wonderfully for a person who 's never been out of Venice?"

"Why does she swear?" asked Lydia, stonily.

"*Swear?* Oh, I know what you mean. That 's the funniest thing about Miss Landini. Your uncle says it 's a shame to correct her; but I do, whenever I think of it. Why, you know, such words as God and devil don't sound at all wicked in Italian, and ladies use them quite commonly. She understands that it is n't good form to do so in English, but when she gets excited she forgets. Well, you can't say but what *she* was impressed, Lydia!"

After lunch, various people came to call upon Mrs. Erwin. Several of them were Italians who were learning English, and they seemed to think it inoffensive to say that they were glad of the opportunity to practice the language with Lydia. They talked local gossip with her aunt, and they spoke of an approaching visit to Venice from the king; it seemed to Lydia that the king's character was not good.

Mr. Rose-Black, the English artist, came. He gave himself the effect of being in Mrs. Erwin's confidence, apparently without her authority, and he bestowed a share of this intimacy upon Lydia. He had the manner of a man who had been taken up by people above him, and the impudence of a talent which had not justified the expectations formed of

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it. He softly reproached Mrs. Erwin for running away after service before he could speak to her, and told her how much every body had been enchanted by her niece's singing. "At least, they said it was your niece."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Rose-Black, let me introduce you to Miss"— Lydia looked hard, even to threatening, at her aunt, and Mrs. Erwin added, "Blood."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Rose-Black, with his picked-up politeness, "I did n't get the name."

"Blood," said Mrs. Erwin, more distinctly.

"Aöh!" said Mr. Rose-Black, in a cast-off accent of jaded indifferentism, just touched with displeasure. "Yes," he added, dreamily, to Lydia, "it was divine, you know. You might say it needed training; but it had the naïve sweetness we associate with your countrywomen. They 're greatly admired in England now, you know, for their beauty. Oh, I assure you, it 's quite the thing to admire American ladies. I want to arrange a little lunch at my studio for Mrs. Erwin and yourself; and I want you to abet me in it, Miss Blood." Lydia stared at him, but he was not troubled. "I 'm going to ask to sketch you. Really, you know, there 's a poise — something bird-like — a sort of repose in arrest"— He sat in a corner of the sofa, with his head fallen back, and abandoned to an absent enjoyment of Lydia's pictorial capabilities. He was very red; his full beard, which started as straw color, changed to red when it got a little way from his face. He wore a suit of rough blue, the coat buttoned tightly about him, and he pulled a glove through his hand as he talked. He was scarcely roused from his reverie by the entrance of an Italian officer, with his hussar jacket hanging upon one shoulder, and his sword caught up in his left hand. He ran swiftly to Mrs. Erwin, and took her hand.

"Ah, my compliments! I come practice my English with you a little. Is it well said, a little, or do you say a small?"

"A little, cavaliere," answered Mrs. Erwin, amiably. "But you must say a good deal, in this case."

"Yes, yes, — good deal. For what?"

"Let me introduce you to my niece, Colonel Pazzelli," said Mrs. Erwin.

"Ah! Too much honor, too much honor!" murmured the cavaliere. He brought his heels together with a click, and drooped towards Lydia till his head was on a level with his hips. Recovering himself, he caught up his eye-glasses, and bent them on Lydia. "Very please, very honored, much"— He stopped, and looked confused, and Lydia turned an angry red.

"Now, won't you play that pretty *barcarole* you played the other night at Lady Fenleigh's?" entreated Mrs. Erwin.

Colonel Pazzelli wrenched himself from the fascination of Lydia's presence, and lavished upon Mrs. Erwin the hoarded English of a week. "Yes, yes; very nice, very good. With much pleasure. I thank you. Yes, I play." He was one of those natives who in all the great Italian cities haunt English-speaking societies: they try to drink tea without grimacing, and sing for the ladies of our race, who innocently pet them, finding them so very like other women in their lady-like sweetness and softness; it is said they boast among their own countrymen of their triumphs. The cavaliere unbuckled his sword, and laying it across a chair sat down at the piano. He played not one but many barcaroles, and seemed loath to leave the instrument.

"Now, Lydia," said Mrs. Erwin, fondly, "won't you sing us something?"

"Do!" called Mr. Rose-Black from the sofa, with the intonation of a spoiled first-cousin, or half-brother.

"I don't feel like singing to-day," answered Lydia, immovably. Mrs. Erwin was about to urge her farther, but other people came in, — some Jewish ladies, and then a Russian, whom Lydia took at first for an American. They all came and went, but Mr. Rose-Black remained in his corner of the sofa, and never took his eyes from Lydia's face. At last he went, and then Mr. Erwin looked in.

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"Is that beast gone?" he asked. "I shall be obliged to show him the door, yet, Josephine. You ought to snub him. He 's worse than his pictures. Well, you 've had a whole raft of folks to-day, — as your countrymen say."

"Yes, thank Heaven," cried Mrs. Erwin, "and they 're all gone. I don't want Lydia to think that I let everybody come to see me on Sunday. Thursday is my day, Lydia, but a few privileged friends understand that they can drop in Sunday afternoon." She gave Lydia a sketch of the life and character of each of these friends. "And now I must tell you that your manner is very good, Lydia. That reserved way of yours is quite the thing for a young girl in Europe. I suppose it 's a gift; I never could get it, even when I *was* a girl. But you must n't show any *hauteur*, even when you dislike people, and you refused to sing with *rather* too much *aplomb*. I don't suppose it was noticed, though, — those ladies coming in at the same time. Really, I thought Mr. Rose-Black and Colonel Pazzelli were trying to outstare each other. It was certainly amusing. I never saw such an evident case, Lydia! The poor cavaliere looked as if he had seen you somewhere in a dream, and was struggling to make it all out."

Lydia remained impassive. Presently she said she would go to her room, and write home before dinner. When she went out Mrs. Erwin fetched a deep sigh, and threw herself upon her husband's sympathy.

"She 's terribly unresponsive," she began. "I supposed she 'd be in raptures with the place, at least, but you would n't know there was anything at all remarkable in Venice from anything she 's said. We have met ever so many interesting people to-day, — the Countess Tatocka, and Lady Fenleigh, and Miss Landini, and everybody, but I don't really think she 's said a word about a soul. She 's too queer for anything."

"I dare say she has n't the experience to be astonished from," suggested Mr. Erwin, easily. "She 's here as if she 'd been dropped down from her village."

"Yes, that 's true," considered his wife. "But it 's hard, with Lydia's air and style and self-possession, to realize that she *is* merely a village girl."

"She may be much more impressed than she chooses to show," Mr. Erwin continued. "I remember a very curious essay by a French writer about your countrymen: he contended that they were characterized by a savage stoicism through their contact with the Indians."

"Nonsense, Henshaw! There has n't been an Indian *near* South Bradfield for two hundred years. And besides that, am *I* stoical?"

"I 'm bound to say," replied her husband, "that so far as you go, you 're a complete refutation of the theory."

"I hate to see a young girl so close," fretted Mrs. Erwin. "But perhaps," she added, more cheerfully, "she 'll be the easier managed, being so passive. She does n't seem at all willful, — that 's one comfort."

She went to Lydia's room just before dinner, and found the girl with her head fallen on her arms upon the table, where she had been writing. She looked up, and faced her aunt with swollen eyes.

"Why, poor thing!" cried Mrs. Erwin. "What is it, dear? What is it, Lydia?" she asked, tenderly, and she pulled Lydia's face down upon her neck.

"Oh, nothing," said Lydia. "I suppose I was a little homesick; writing home made me."

She somewhat coldly suffered Mrs. Erwin to kiss her and smooth her hair, while she began to talk with her of her grandfather and her aunt at home. "But this is going to be home to you now," said Mrs. Erwin, "and I 'm not going to let you be sick for any other. I want you to treat me just like a mother, or an older sister. Perhaps I shan't be the wisest mother to you in the world, but I mean to be one of the best. Come, now, bathe your eyes, my dear, and let 's go to dinner. I don't like to keep your uncle waiting." She did not go at once, but showed Lydia the appointments of the room, and lightly indicated what she had caused to be done, and what she had

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done with her own hands, to make the place pretty for her. "And now shall I take your letter, and have your uncle post it this evening?" She picked up the letter from the table. "Had n't you any wax to seal it? You know they don't generally mucilage their envelopes in Europe."

Lydia blushed. "I left it open for you to read. I thought you ought to know what I wrote."

Mrs. Erwin dropped her hands in front of her, with the open letter stretched between them, and looked at her niece in rapture. "Lydia," she cried, "one would suppose you had lived all your days in Europe! Showing me your letter, this way, — why, it 's quite like a Continental girl."

"I thought it was no more than right you should see what I was writing home," said Lydia, unresponsively.

"Well, no matter, even if it *was* right," replied Mrs. Erwin. "It comes to the same thing. And now, as you 've been quite a European daughter, I 'm going to be a real American mother." She took up the wax, and sealed Lydia's letter without looking into it. "There!" *she said, and kissed her triumphantly.*

She was very good to Lydia all through dinner, and made her talk of the simple life at home, and the village characters whom she remembered from her last summer's visit. That amused Mr. Erwin, who several times, when his wife was turning the talk upon Lydia's voyage over, intervened with some new question about the life of the queer little Yankee hill-town. He said she must tell Lady Fenleigh about it, — she was fond of picking those curios; it would make any one's social fortune who could explain such a place intelligibly in London; when they got to having typical villages of the different civilizations at the international expositions, — as no doubt they would, — somebody must really send South Bradfield over. He pleased himself vastly with this fancy, till Mrs. Erwin, who had been eying Lydia critically from time to time, as if making note of her features and complexion, said she had a white cloak, and that in Venice, where one need not dress a great deal for the opera, Lydia could wear it that night.

Lydia looked up in astonishment, but she sat passive during her aunt's discussion of her plans. When they rose from table, she said, at her stiffest and coldest, "Aunt Josephine, I want you to excuse me from going with you to-night. I don't feel like going."

"Not feel like going!" exclaimed her aunt in dismay. "Why, your uncle has taken a box!"

Lydia opposed nothing to this argument. She only said, "I would rather not go."

"Oh, but you *will*, dear," coaxed her aunt. "You would enjoy it so much."

"I thought you understood from what I said to-day," replied Lydia, "that I could not go."

"Why, no, I did n't! I thought you objected; but if I thought it was proper for you to go" —

"I should not go at home," said Lydia, in the same immovable fashion.

"Of course not. Every place has its customs, and in Venice it has *always* been the custom to go to the opera on Sunday night." *This fact had no visible weight with Lydia,* and after a pause her aunt added, "Did n't Paul himself say to do in Rome as the Romans do?"

"No, aunt Josephine," cried Lydia, indignantly, "he did *not!*"

Mrs. Erwin turned to her husband with a face of appeal, and he answered, "Really, my dear, I think you 're mistaken. I always had the impression that the saying was — an Americanism of some sort."

"But it does n't matter," interposed Lydia, decisively. "I could n't go, if I did n't think it was right, whoever said it."

"Oh, well," began Mrs. Erwin, "if you would n't mind what *Paul* said" — She suddenly checked herself, and after a little silence she resumed, kindly, "I won't try to force you, Lydia. I did n't realize what a very short time it is since you left home, and how you still have all those ideas. I would n't distress you about them for the world, my

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dear. I want you to feel at home with me, and I 'll make it as like home for you as I can in everything. Henshaw, I think you must go alone, this evening. I will stay with Lydia."

"Oh, no, no! I could n't let you; I can't let you! I shall not know what to do if I keep you at home. Oh, don't leave it that way, please! I shall feel so badly about it" —

"Why, we can both stay," suggested Mr. Erwin, kindly.

Lydia's lips trembled and her eyes glistened, and Mrs. Erwin said, "I 'll go with you, Henshaw. I 'll be ready in half an hour. I won't dress *much.*" She added this as if not to dress a great deal at the opera Sunday night might somehow be accepted as an observance of the Sabbath.

XXIV.

The next morning Veronica brought Lydia a little scrawl from her aunt, bidding the girl come and breakfast with her in her room at nine.

"Well, my dear," her aunt called to her from her pillow, when she appeared, "you find me flat enough, this morning. If there was anything wrong about going to the opera last night, I was properly punished for it. Such wretched stuff as *I* never heard! And instead of the new ballet that they promised, they gave an old thing that I had seen till I was sick of it. You did n't miss much, I can tell you. How fresh and bright you *do* look, Lydia!" she sighed. "Did you sleep well? Were you lonesome while we were gone? Veronica says you were reading the whole evening. Are you fond of reading?"

"I don't think I am, very," said Lydia. "It was a book that I began on the ship. It 's a novel." She hesitated. "I was n't reading it; I was just looking at it."

"What a queer child you are! I suppose you were dying to read it, and would n't because it was Sunday. Well!" Mrs. Erwin put her hand under her pillow, and pulled out a gossamer handkerchief, with which she delicately touched her complexion here and there, and repaired with an instinctive rearrangement of powder the envious ravages of a slight rash about her nose. "I respect your high principles beyond anything, Lydia, and if they can only be turned in the right direction they will never be any disadvantage to you." Veronica came in with the breakfast on a tray, and Mrs. Erwin added, "Now, pull up that little table, and bring your chair, my dear, and let us take it easy. I like to talk while I 'm breakfasting. Will you pour out my chocolate? That 's it, in the ugly little pot with the wooden handle; the copper one 's for you, with coffee in it. I never could get that repose which seems to come perfectly natural to you. I was always inclined to be a little rowdy, my dear, and I 've had to fight hard against it, without any help from *either* of my husbands; men like it; they think it 's funny. When I was first married, I was very young, and so was he; it was a real love match; and my husband was very well off, and when I began to be delicate, nothing would do but he must come to Europe with me. How little I ever expected to outlive him!"

"You don't look sick now," began Lydia.

"Ill," said her aunt. "You must say ill. Sick is an Americanism."

"It 's in the Bible," said Lydia, gravely.

"Oh, there are a great many words in the *Bible* you can't use," returned her aunt. "No, I don't look ill now, and I 'm worlds better. But I could n't live a year in any other climate, I suppose. You seem to take after your mother's side. Well, as I was saying, the European ways did n't come natural to me, at all. I used to have a great deal of gayety when I was a girl, and I liked beaux and attentions; and I had very free ways. I could n't get their stiffness for years and years, and all through my widowhood it was one wretched failure with me. Do what I would, I was always violating the most essential rules, and the worst of it was

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that it only seemed to make me the more popular. I do believe it was nothing but my rowdiness that attracted Mr. Erwin; but I determined when I had got an Englishman I would make one bold strike for the proprieties, and have them, or die in the attempt. I determined that no Englishwoman I ever saw should outdo me in strict conformity to all the usages of European society. So I cut myself off from all the Americans, and went with nobody but the English."

"Do you like them better?" asked Lydia, with the blunt, child-like directness that had already more than once startled her aunt.

"*Like* them! I detest them! If Mr. Erwin were a real Englishman, I think I should go crazy; but he 's been so little in his own country — all his life in India, nearly, and the rest on the Continent, — that he 's quite human; and no American husband was ever more patient and indulgent; and *that 's* saying a good deal. He would be glad to have nothing but Americans around; he has an enthusiasm for them, — or for what he supposes they are. Like the English! You ought to have heard them during our war; it would have made your blood boil! And then how they came crawling round after it was all over, and trying to pet us up! Ugh!"

"If you feel so about them," said Lydia, as before, "why do you want to go with them so much?"

"My dear," cried her aunt, "*to beat them with their own weapons on their own ground*, — to show them that an American can be more European than any of them, if she chooses! And now you 've come here with looks and temperament and everything just to my hand. You 're more beautiful than any English girl ever dreamt of being; you 're very distinguished-looking; your voice is perfectly divine; and you 're colder than an iceberg. *Oh*, if I only had one winter with you in Rome, I think I should die in peace!" Mrs. Erwin paused, and drank her chocolate, which she had been letting cool in the eagerness of her discourse. "But never mind," she continued, "we will do the best we can here. I 've seen English girls going out two or three together, without protection, in Rome and Florence; but I mean that you shall be quite Italian in that respect. The Italians never go out without a chaperone of some sort, and you must never be seen without me, or your uncle, or Veronica. Now I 'll tell you how you must do at parties, and so on. You must be very retiring; you 're that, any way; but you must always keep close to me. It does n't do for young people to talk much together in society; it makes scandal about a girl. If you dance, you must always hurry back to me. Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Erwin, "I remember how, when I was a girl, I used to hang on to the young men's arms, and promenade with them after a dance, and go out to supper with them, and flirt on the stairs, — *such* times! But that would n't do here, Lydia. It would ruin a girl's reputation; she could hardly walk arm in arm with a young man if she was engaged to him." Lydia blushed darkly red, and then turned paler than usual, while her aunt went on. "You might do it, perhaps, and have it set down to American eccentricity or under-breeding, but I 'm not going to have that. I intend you to be just as dull and diffident in society as if you were an Italian, and *more* than if you were English. Your voice, of course, is a difficulty. If you sing, that will make you conspicuous, in spite of everything. But I don't see why that can't be turned to advantage; it 's no worse than your beauty. Yes, if you 're so splendid-looking and so gifted, and at the same time as stupid as the rest, it 's so much clear gain. It will come easy for you to be shy with men, for I suppose you 've hardly ever talked with any, living up there in that out-of-the way village; and your manner is very good. It 's reserved, and yet it is n't green. The way," continued Mrs. Erwin, "to treat men in Europe is to behave as if they were guilty till they prove themselves innocent. All you have to do is to reverse all your American ideas. But here I am, lecturing you as if you had been just such a girl

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as I was, with half a dozen love affairs on her hands at once, and no end of gentlemen friends. Europe won't be hard for you, my dear, for you have n't got anything to unlearn. But *some* girls that come over! — it 's perfectly ridiculous, the trouble they get into, and the time they have getting things straight. They take it for granted that men in good society are gentlemen, — what we mean by gentlemen."

Lydia had been letting her coffee stand, and had scarcely tasted the delicious French bread and the sweet Lombard butter of which her aunt ate so heartily. "Why, child," said Mrs. Erwin, at last, "where is your appetite? One would think you were the elderly invalid who had been up late. Did you find it too exciting to sit at home *looking* at a novel? What was it? If it 's a new story I should like to see it. But you did n't bring a novel from South Bradfield with you!"

"No," said Lydia, with a husky reluctance. "One of the — passengers gave it to me."

"Had you many passengers? But of course not. That was what made it so delightful when I came over that way. I was newly married then, and with spirits — oh dear me! — for anything. It was one adventure, the whole way; and we got so well acquainted, it was like one family. I suppose your grandfather put you in charge of some family. I know artists sometimes come out that way, and people for their health."

"There was no family on our ship," said Lydia. "My state-room had been fixed up for the captain's wife" —

"Our captain's wife was along, too," interposed Mrs. Erwin. "She was such a joke with us. She had been out to Venice on a voyage before, and used to be always talking about the Du-*cal* Palace. And did they really turn out of their state-room for you?"

"She was not along," said Lydia.

"Not along?" repeated Mrs. Erwin, feebly. "Who — who were the other passengers?"

"There were three gentlemen," answered Lydia.

"Three gentlemen? Three men? Three — And you — and" — Mrs. Erwin fell back upon her pillow, and remained gazing at Lydia, with a sort of remote bewildered pity, as at perdition, not indeed beyond compassion, but far beyond help. Lydia's color had been coming and going, but now it settled to a clear white. Mrs. Erwin commanded herself sufficiently to resume: "And there were — there were — no other ladies?"

"No."

"And you were" —

"I was the only woman on board," replied Lydia. She rose abruptly, striking the edge of the table in her movement, and setting its china and silver jarring. "Oh, I know what you mean, aunt Josephine, but two days ago I could n't have dreamt it! From the time the ship sailed till I reached this wicked place, there was n't a word said nor a look looked to make me think I was n't just as right and safe there as if I had been in my own room at home. They were never anything but kind and good to me. They never let me think that they could be my enemies, or that I must suspect them and be on the watch against them. They were Americans! I had to wait for one of your Europeans to teach me that, — for that officer who was here yesterday" —

"The cavaliere? Why, where" —

"He spoke to me in the cars, when Mr. Erwin was asleep! Had he any right to do so?"

"He would think he had, if he thought you were alone," said Mrs. Erwin, plaintively. "I don't see how we could resent it. It was simply a mistake on his part. And now you see, Lydia" —

"Oh, I see how my coming the way I have will seem to all these people!" cried Lydia, with passionate despair. "I know how it will seem to that married woman who lets a man be in love with her, and that old woman who can't live with her husband because he 's too good and kind, and that girl who swears and does n't know who her father is, and that impudent painter, and that officer who thinks he has the right to insult

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women if he finds them alone! I wonder the sea does n't swallow up a place where even Americans go to the theatre on the Sabbath!"

"Lydia, Lydia! It is n't so bad as it seems to you," pleaded her aunt, thrown upon the defensive by the girl's outburst. "There are ever so many good and nice people in Venice, and I know them, too, — Italians as well as foreigners. And even amongst those you saw, Miss Landini is one of the kindest girls in the world, and she had just been to see her old teacher when we met her, — she half takes care of him; and Lady Fenleigh 's a perfect mother to the poor; and I never was at the Countess Tatocka's except in the most distant way, at a ball where everybody went; and is it better to let your uncle go to the opera alone, or to go with him? You told me to go with him yourself; and they consider Sunday over, on the Continent, after morning service, any way!"

"Oh, it makes no difference!" retorted Lydia, wildly. "I am going away. I am going home. I have money enough to get to Trieste, and the ship is there, and Captain Jenness will take me back with him. Oh!" she moaned. "*He* has been in Europe, too, and I suppose he 's like the rest of you; and he thought because I was alone and helpless he had the right to — Oh, I see it, I see now that he never meant anything, and — Oh, oh, oh!" She fell on her knees beside the bed, as if crushed to them by the cruel doubt that suddenly overwhelmed her, and flung out her arms on Mrs. Erwin's coverlet, — it was of Venetian lace sewed upon silk, a choice bit from the palace of one of the ducal families, — and buried her face in it.

Her aunt rose from her pillow, and looked in wonder and trouble at the beautiful fallen head, and the fair young figure shaken with sobs. "He — who — what are you talking about, Lydia? Whom do you mean? Did Captain Jenness " —

"No, no!" wailed the girl, "the one that gave me the book."

"The one that gave you the book? The book you were looking at last night?"

"Yes," sobbed Lydia, with her voice muffled in the coverlet.

Mrs. Erwin lay down again with significant deliberation. Her face was still full of trouble, but of bewilderment no longer. In moments of great distress the female mind is apt to lay hold of some minor anxiety for its distraction, and to find a certain relief in it. "Lydia," said her aunt in a broken voice, "I wish you would n't cry in the coverlet: it does n't hurt the lace, but it stains the silk." Lydia swept her handkerchief under her face but did not lift it. Her aunt accepted the compromise. "How came he to give you the book?"

"Oh, I don't know. I can't tell. I thought it was because — because — It was almost at the very beginning. And after that he walked up and down with me every night, nearly; and he tried to be with me all he could; and he was always saying things to make me think — Oh dear, oh *dear*, oh dear! And he *tried* to make me care for him! Oh, it was cruel, cruel!"

"You mean that he made love to you?" asked her aunt.

"Yes — no — I don't know. He tried to make me care for him, and to make me think he cared for me."

"Did he *say* he cared for you? Did he " —

"No!"

Mrs. Erwin mused awhile before she said, "Yes, it was cruel indeed, poor child, and it was cowardly, too."

"Cowardly?" Lydia lifted her face, and flashed a glance of tearful fire at her aunt. "He is the bravest man in the world! And the most generous and high-minded! He jumped into the sea after that wicked Mr. Hicks, and saved his life, when he disliked him worse than anything!"

"*Who* was Mr. Hicks?"

"He was the one that stopped at Messina. He was the one that got some brandy at Gibraltar, and behaved so dreadfully, and wanted to fight him."

"Whom?"

"This one. The one who gave me

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the book. And don't you see that his being so good makes it all the worse? Yes; and he pretended to be glad when I told him I thought he was good, — he got me to say it!" She had her face down again in her handkerchief. "And I suppose *you* think it was horrible, too, for me to take his arm, and talk and walk with him whenever he asked me!"

"No, not for you, Lydia," said her aunt, gently. "And don't you think now," she asked after a pause, "that he cared for you?"

"Oh, I *did* think so, — I *did* believe it; but now, *now*" —

"Now, what?"

"Now, I'm afraid that may be he was only playing with me, and putting me off; and pretending that he had something to tell me when he got to Venice, and he never meant anything by anything."

"Is he coming to" — her aunt began, but Lydia broke vehemently out again.

"If he had cared for me, why could n't he have told me so at once, and not had me wait till he got to Venice? He *knew* I" —

"There are two ways of explaining it," said Mrs. Erwin. "He *may* have been in earnest, Lydia, and felt that he had no right to be more explicit till you were in the care of your friends. That would be the European way which you consider so bad. Under the circumstances it was impossible for him to keep any distance, and all he could do was to postpone his declaration till there could be something like good form about it. Yes, it might have been that." She was silent, but the troubled look did not leave her face. "I am sorry for you, Lydia," she resumed, "but I don't know that I wish he was in earnest." Lydia looked up at her in dismay. "It might be far less embarrassing the other way, however painful. He may not be at all a suitable person." The tears stood in Lydia's eyes, and all her face expressed a puzzled suspense. "Where was he from?" asked Mrs. Erwin, finally; till then she had been more interested in the lover than the man.

"Boston," mechanically answered Lydia.

"What was his name?"

"Mr. Staniford," owned Lydia, with a blush.

Her aunt seemed dispirited at the sound. "Yes, I know who they are," she sighed.

"And are n't they nice? Is n't he — suitable?" asked Lydia, tremulously.

"Oh, poor child! He 's only *too* suitable. I can't explain to you, Lydia; but at home he would n't have looked at a girl like you. What sort of looking person is he?"

"He 's rather — red; and he has — light hair."

"It must be the family I 'm thinking of," said Mrs. Erwin. She had lived nearly twenty years in Europe, and had seldom revisited her native city; but at the sound of a Boston name she was all Bostonian again. She rapidly sketched the history of the family to which she imagined Staniford to belong. "I remember his sister; I used to see her at school. She must have been five or six years younger than I; and this boy" —

"Why, he 's twenty-eight years old!" interrupted Lydia.

"How came he to tell you?"

"I don't know. He said that he looked thirty-four."

"Yes; *she* was always a forward thing, too, — with her freckles," said Mrs. Erwin, musingly, as if lost in reminiscences, not wholly pleasing, of Miss Staniford.

"*He* has freckles," admitted Lydia.

"Yes, it 's the one," said Mrs. Erwin. "He could n't have known what your family was from anything you said?"

"We never talked about our families."

"Oh, I dare say! You talked about yourselves?"

"Yes."

"All the time?"

"Pretty nearly."

"And he did n't try to find out who or what you were?"

"He asked a great deal about South Bradfield."

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"Of course, — that was where he thought you had always belonged." Mrs. Erwin lay quiescent for a while, in apparent uncertainty as to how she should next attack the subject. "How did you first meet?"

Lydia began with the scene on Lucas Wharf, and little by little told the whole story up to the moment of their parting at Trieste. There were lapses and pauses in the story, which her aunt was never at a loss to fill aright. At the end she said, "If it were not for his promising to come here and see you, I should say Mr. Staniford had been flirting, and as it is he may not regard it as anything more than flirtation. Of course, there was his being jealous of Mr. Dunham and Mr. Hicks, as he certainly was; and his wanting to explain about that lady at Messina, — yes, that looked peculiar; but he may not have meant anything by it. His parting so at Trieste with you, — that might be either because he was embarrassed at its having got to be such a serious thing, or because he really felt badly. Lydia," she asked at last, "what made *you* think he cared for you?"

"I don't know," said the girl; her voice had sunk to a husky whisper. "I did n't believe it till he said he wanted me to be his — conscience, and tried to make me say he was good, and" —

"That 's a certain kind of man's way of flirting. It may mean nothing at all. I could tell in an instant, if I saw him."

"He said he would be here this afternoon," murmured Lydia, tremulously.

"This afternoon!" cried Mrs. Erwin. "I must get up!"

At her toilette she had the exaltation and fury of a champion arming for battle.

XXV.

Mr. Erwin entered about the completion of her preparations, and without turning round from her glass she said, "I want you to think of the worst thing you can, Henshaw. I don't see how I 'm ever to lift up my head again." As if this word had reminded her of her head, she turned it from side to side, and got the effect in the glass first of one ear-ring, and then of the other. Her husband patiently waited, and she now confronted him. "You may as well know first as last, Henshaw, and I want you to prepare yourself for it. Nothing can be done, and you will just have to live through it. Lydia — has come over — on that ship — alone, — with three young men, — and not the shadow — not the ghost — of another woman — on board!" Mrs. Erwin gesticulated with her hand-glass in delivering the words, in a manner at once intensely vivid and intensely solemn, yet somehow falling short of the due tragic effect. Her husband stood pulling his mustache straight down, while his wife turned again to the mirror, and put the final touches to her personal appearance with hands which she had the effect of having desperately washed of all responsibility. He stood so long in this meditative mood that she was obliged to be peremptory with his image in the glass. "Well?" she cried.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Erwin, at last, "they were all Americans together, you know."

"And what difference does that make?" demanded Mrs. Erwin, whirling from his image to the man again.

"Why, of course, you know, it is n't as if they were — English." Mrs. Erwin flung down three hair-pins upon her dressing-case, and visibly despaired. "Of course you don't expect your countrymen" — His wife's appearance was here so terrible that he desisted, and resumed by saying, "Don't be vexed, my dear. I — I rather like it, you know. It strikes me as a genuine bit of American civilization."

"American civilization! Oh, Henshaw!" wailed Mrs. Erwin, "is it possible that after all I 've said, and done, and lived, you still think that any one but a girl from the greenest little country place could do such a thing as that? Well, it is no use trying to enlighten English people. You like it, do you? Well, I 'm not sure that the Englishman

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who misunderstands American things and likes them is n't a little worse than the Englishman who misunderstands them and dislikes them. You *all* misunderstand them. And would you like it, if one of the young men had been making love to Lydia ? "

The amateur of our civilization hesitated and was serious, but he said at last, " Why, you know, I 'm not surprised. She 's so uncommonly pretty. I — I suppose they 're engaged ? " he suggested.

His wife held her peace for scorn. Then she said, " The gentleman is of a very good Boston family, and would no more think of engaging himself to a young girl without the knowledge of her friends than you would. Besides, he 's been in Europe a great deal."

" I wish I could meet some Americans who had n't been in Europe," said Mr. Erwin. " I should like to see what you call the simon-pure American. As for the young man's not engaging himself, it seems to me that he did n't avail himself of his national privileges. I should certainly have done it in his place, if I 'd been an American."

" Well, if you 'd been an American, you would n't," answered his wife.

" Why ? "

" Because an American would have had too much delicacy."

" I don't understand that."

" I know you don't, Henshaw. And there 's where you show yourself an Englishman."

" Really," said her husband, " you 're beginning to crow, my dear. Come, I like that a great deal better than your cringing to the effete despotisms of the Old World, as your Fourth of July orators have it. It 's almost impossible to get a bit of good honest bounce out of an American, nowadays, — to get him to spread himself, as you say."

" All that is neither here nor there, Henshaw," said his wife. " The question is how to receive Mr. Staniford — that 's his name — when he comes. How are we to regard him? He 's coming here to see Lydia, and she thinks he 's coming to propose."

" Excuse me, but how does she regard him ? "

" Oh, there 's no question about that, poor child. She 's *dead* in love with him, and can't understand why he did n't propose on shipboard."

" And she is n't an Englishman, either! " exulted Mr. Erwin. " It appears that there are Americans and Americans, and that the men of your nation have more delicacy than the women like."

" Don't be silly," said his wife. " Of course, women always think what they would do in such cases, if they were men; but if men did what women think they would do if they were men, the women would be disgusted."

" Oh! "

" Yes. Her feeling in the matter is no guide."

" Do you know his family ? " asked Mr. Erwin.

" I think I do. Yes, I 'm sure I do."

" Are they nice people ? "

" Have n't I told you they were a good Boston family ? "

" Then, upon my word, I don't see that we 've to take any attitude at all. I don't see that we 've to regard him in one way or the other. It quite remains for him to make the first move."

As if they had been talking of nothing but dress before, Mrs. Erwin asked: " Do you think I look better in this black mexicaine, or would you wear your écru ? "

" I think you look very well in this. But why — He is n't going to propose to you, I hope ? "

" I must have on something decent to receive him in. What time does the train from Trieste get in ? "

" At three o'clock."

" It 's one, now. There 's plenty of time, but there is n't any too much. I 'll go and get Lydia ready. Or perhaps you 'll tap on her door, Henshaw, and send her here. Of course, this is the end of her voice, — if it is the end."

" It 's the end of having an extraordinarily pretty girl in the house. I don't at all like it, you know, — having her whisked away in this manner."

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Mrs. Erwin refused to let her mind wander from the main point. "He 'll be round as soon as he can, after he arrives. I shall expect him by four, at the latest."

"I fancy he 'll stop for his dinner before he comes," said Mr. Erwin.

"Not at all," retorted his wife, haughtily. And with his going out of the room, she set her face in a resolute cheerfulness for the task of heartening Lydia when she should appear; but it only expressed misgiving when the girl came in with her yachting-dress on. "Why, Lydia, shall you wear that?"

Lydia swept her dress with a downward glance. "I thought I would wear it. I thought he — I should seem — more natural in it. I wore it all the time on the ship, except Sundays. He said — he liked it the best."

Mrs. Erwin shook her head. "It would n't do. Everything must be on a new basis now. He might like it; but it would be too romantic, would n't it, don't you think?" She shook her head still, but less decisively. "Better wear your silk. Don't you think you 'd better wear your silk? This is very pretty, and the dark blue does become you, awfully. Still, I don't know — *I* don't know, either! A great many English wear those careless things in the house. Well, *wear* it, Lydia! You *do* look perfectly killing in it. I 'll tell you: your uncle was going to ask you to go out in his boat; he 's got one he rows himself, and this is a boating costume; and you know you could time yourselves so as to get back just right, and you could come in with this on" —

Lydia turned pale. "Ought n't I — ought n't I — to be here?" she faltered.

Her aunt laughed gayly. "Why, he 'll ask for *me*, Lydia."

"For you?" asked Lydia, doubtfully.

"Yes. And I can easily keep him till you get back. If you 're here by four" —

"The train," said Lydia, "arrives at three."

"How did you know?" asked her aunt, keenly.

Lydia's eyelids fell even lower than their wont. "I looked it out in that railroad guide in the parlor."

Her aunt kissed her. "And you 've thought the whole thing out, dear, have n't you? I 'm glad to see you so happy about it."

"Yes," said the girl, with a fluttering breath, "I have thought it out, and *I believe him.* I" — She tried to say something more, but could not.

Mrs. Erwin rang the bell, and sent for her husband. "He knows about it, Lydia," she said. "He 's just as much interested as we are, dear, but you need n't be worried. He 's a perfect post for not showing a thing if you don't want him to. He 's really quite superhuman, in that, — equal to a woman. You can talk Americanisms with him. If we sat here staring at each other till four o'clock, — he *must* go to his hotel before he comes here; and I say four at the earliest; and it 's much more likely to be five or six, or perhaps evening, — I should die!"

Mr. Erwin's rowing was the wonder of all Venice. There was every reason why he should fall overboard at each stroke, as he stood to propel the boat in the gondolier fashion, except that he never yet had done so. It was sometimes his fortune to be caught on the shallows by the falling tide; but on that day he safely explored the lagoons, and returned promptly at four o'clock to the palace.

His wife was standing on the balcony looking out for them, and she smiled radiantly down into Lydia's anxiously lifted face. But when she met the girl at the head of the staircase in the great hall, she embraced her, and said, with the same gay smile, "He has n't come yet, dear, and of course he won't come till after dinner. If I had n't been as silly as you are, Lydia, I never should have let you expect him sooner. He 'll want to go to his hotel; and no matter how impatient he is, he 'll want to dress, and be a little ceremonious about his call. You know *we* 're strangers to him, whatever *you* are."

"Yes," said Lydia, mechanically. She was going to sit down, as she was;

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of her own motion she would not have stirred from the place till he came, or it was certain he would not come; but her aunt would not permit the despair into which she saw her sinking.

She laughed resolutely, and said, "I think we must give up the little sentimentality of meeting him in that dress, now. Go and change it, Lydia. Put on your silk, — or wait: let me go with you. I want to try some little effects with your complexion. We 've experimented with the simple and familiar, and now we 'll see what can be done in the way of the magnificent and unexpected. I 'm going to astonish the young man with a Venetian beauty; you know you look Italian, Lydia."

"Yes, he said so," answered Lydia.

"Did he? That shows he has an eye, and he 'll appreciate what we are going to do."

She took Lydia to her own room, for the greater convenience of her experiments, and from that moment she did not allow her to be alone; she scarcely allowed her to be silent; she made her talk, she kept her in movement. At dinner she permitted no lapse. "Henshaw," she said, "Lydia has been telling me about a storm they had just before they reached Gibraltar. I wish you would tell her of the typhoon you were in when you first went out to India." Her husband obeyed; and then, recurring to the days of his long civil employment in India, he told stories of tiger-hunts, and of the Sepoy mutiny. Mrs. Erwin would not let them sit very long at table. After dinner she asked Lydia to sing, and she suffered her to sing all the American songs her uncle asked for. At eight o'clock, she said, with a knowing little look at Lydia, which included a sub-wink for her husband, "You may go to Florian's alone, this evening, Henshaw. Lydia and I are going to stay at home, and talk South Bradfield gossip. I 've hardly had a moment with her, yet." But when he was gone, she took Lydia to her own room again, and showed her all her jewelry, and passed the time in making changes in the girl's toilette.

It was like the heroic endeavor of the arctic voyager who feels the deadly chill in his own veins, and keeps himself alive by rousing his comrade from the torpor stealing over him. They saw in each other's eyes that if they yielded a moment to the doubt in their hearts they were lost.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Erwin said abruptly, "Go to bed, Lydia!" Then the girl broke down, and abandoned herself in a storm of tears. "Don't cry, dear, don't cry," pleaded her aunt. "He will be here in the morning, I know he will. He has been delayed."

"No, he 's not coming," said Lydia, through her sobs.

"Something has happened," urged Mrs. Erwin.

"No," said Lydia, as before. Her tears ceased as suddenly as they had come. She lifted her head, and drying her eyes looked into her aunt's face. "Are you ashamed of me?" she asked, hoarsely.

"Ashamed of you? Oh, poor child" —

"I can't pretend anything. If I had never told you about it at all, I could have kept it back till I died. Now — But you will never hear me speak of it again. It 's over." She took up her candle, and stiffly suffering the compassionate embrace with which her aunt clung to her, she walked across the great hall in the vain splendor in which she had been adorned, and shut the door behind her.

XXVI.

Dunham lay in a stupor for twenty-four hours, and after that he was delirious, with dim intervals of reason in which they kept him from talking, till one morning he woke and looked up at Staniford with a perfectly clear eye, and said, as if resuming the conversation, "I struck my head on a pile of chains."

"Yes," replied Staniford, with a wan smile, "and you 've been out of it pretty near ever since. You must n't talk."

"Oh, I 'm all right," said Dunham. "I know about my being hurt. I shall

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be cautious. Have you written to Miss Hibbard? I hope you have n't!"

"Yes, I have," replied Staniford. "But I have n't sent the letter," he added, in answer to Dunham's look of distress. "I thought you were going to pull through, in spite of the doctor, — he 's wanted to bleed you, and I could hardly keep his lancet out of you, — and so I wrote, mentioning the accident and announcing your complete restoration. The letter merely needs dating and sealing. I'll look it up and have it posted." He began a search in the pockets of his coat, and then went to his portfolio.

"What day is this?" asked Dunham.

"Friday," replied Staniford, rummaging his desk.

"Have you been in Venice?"

"Look here, Dunham! If you begin in that way, I can't talk to you. It shows that you 're still out of your head. How could I have been in Venice?"

"But Miss Blood; the Aroostook" —

"Miss Blood went to Venice with her uncle last Saturday. The Aroostook is here in Trieste. The captain has just gone away. He 's stood watch and watch with me, while you were off on business."

"But did n't you go to Venice on Monday?"

"Well, hardly," answered Staniford.

"No, you stayed with me, — I see," said Dunham.

"Of course, I wrote to her at once," said Staniford, huskily, "and explained the matter as well as I could without making an ado about it. But now you stop, Dunham. If you excite yourself, there 'll be the deuce to pay again."

"I 'm not excited," said Dunham, "but I can't help thinking how disappointed — But of course you 've heard from her?"

"Well, there 's hardly time, yet," said Staniford, evasively.

"Why, yes, there is. Perhaps your letter miscarried."

"Don't!" cried Staniford, in a hollow under-voice, which he broke through to add, "Go to sleep, now, Dunham, or keep quiet, somehow."

Dunham was silent for a while, and Staniford continued his search, which he ended by taking the portfolio by one corner, and shaking its contents out on the table. "I don't seem to find it; but I 've put it away somewhere. I 'll get it." He went to another coat that hung on the back of a chair, and fumbled in its pockets. "Hollo! Here are those letters they brought me from the *poste restante* Saturday night, — Murray's, and Stanton's, and that bore Farrington's. I forgot all about them." He ran the unopened letters over in his hand. "Ah, here 's my familiar scrawl" — He stopped suddenly, and walked away to the window, where he stood with his back to Dunham.

"Staniford! What is it?"

"It 's — it 's my letter to *her*," said Staniford, without looking round.

"Your letter to Miss Blood — not gone?" Staniford, with his face still from him, silently nodded. "Oh!" moaned Dunham, in self-forgetful compassion. "How could it have happened?"

"I see perfectly well," said the other, quietly, but he looked round at Dunham with a face that was haggard. "I sent it out to be posted by the *portier*, and he got it mixed up with these letters for me, and brought it back."

The young men were both silent, but the tears stood in Dunham's eyes. "If it had n't been for me, it would n't have happened," he said.

"No," gently retorted Staniford, "if it had n't been for *me*, it would n't have happened. I made you come on from Messina with me, when you wanted to go straight to Rome; if I 'd had any sense, I should have spoken fully to her before we parted; and it was I who sent you to see if she were on the steamer, when you fell and hurt yourself. I know who 's to blame, Dunham. What day did I tell you this was?"

"Friday."

"A week! And I told her to expect me Monday afternoon. A week without a word or a sign of any kind! Well, I might as well take passage in the Aroostook, and go back to Boston again."

"Why, no!" cried Dunham, "you

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must take the first train to Venice. Don't lose an instant. You can explain everything as soon as you see her."

Staniford shook his head. "If all her life had been different, if she were a woman of the world, it would be different; she would know how to account for some little misgivings on my part; but as it is she would n't know how to account for even the appearance of them. What she must have suffered all this week — I can't think of it!" He sat down and turned his face away. Presently he sprang up again. "But I 'm going, Dunham. I guess you won't die now; but you may die if you like. I would go over your dead body!"

"Now you are talking sense," said Dunham.

Staniford did not listen; he had got out his railroad guide and was studying it. "No; there are only those two trains a day. The seven o'clock has gone; and the next starts at ten to-night. Great heavens! I could walk it sooner! Dunham," he asked, "do you think I'd better telegraph?"

"What would you say?"

"Say that there 's been a mistake; that a letter miscarried; that I 'll be there in the morning; that" —

"Would n't that be taking her anxiety a little too much for granted?"

"Yes, that 's true. Well, you 've got your wits about you now, Dunham," cried Staniford, with illogical bitterness. "Very probably," he added, gloomily, "she does n't care anything for me, after all."

"That 's a good frame of mind to go in," said Dunham.

"Why is it?" demanded Staniford. "Did I ever presume upon any supposed interest in her?"

"You did at first," replied Dunham.

Staniford flushed angrily. But you cannot quarrel with a man lying helpless on his back; besides, what Dunham said was true.

The arrangements for Staniford's journey were quickly made, — so quickly that when he had seen the doctor, and had been down to the Aroostook and engaged Captain Jenness to come and take his place with Dunham for the next two nights, he had twelve hours on his hands before the train for Venice would leave, and he started at last with but one clear perception, — that at the soonest it must be twelve hours more before he could see her.

He had seemed intolerably slow in arriving on the train, but once arrived in Venice he wished that he had come by the steamboat, which would not be in for three hours yet. In despair he went to bed, considering that after he had tossed there till he could endure it no longer, he would still have the resource of getting up, which he would not have unless he went to bed. When he lay down, he found himself drowsy; and while he wondered at this, he fell asleep, and dreamed a strange dream, so terrible that he woke himself by groaning in spirit, a thing which, as he reflected, he had never done before. The sun was piercing the crevice between his shutters, and a glance at his watch showed him that it was eleven o'clock.

The shadow of his dream projected itself into his waking mood, and steeped it in a gloom which he could not escape. He rose and dressed, and meagrely breakfasted. Without knowing how he came there, he stood announced in Mrs. Erwin's parlor, and waited for her to receive him.

His card was brought in to her where she lay in bed. After supporting Lydia through the first sharp shock of disappointment, she had yielded to the prolonged strain, and the girl was now taking care of her. She gave a hysterical laugh as she read the name on the card Veronica brought, and crushing it in her hand, "He 's come!" she cried.

"I will not see him!" said Lydia instantly.

"No," assented her aunt. "It would n't be at all the thing. Besides, he 's asked for me. Your uncle might see him, but he 's out of the way; of course he *would* be out of the way. Now, let me see!" The excitement inspired her; she rose in bed, and called for the pretty sack in which she ordinarily breakfasted, and took a look at herself in a

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hand-glass that lay on the bed. Lydia did not move; she scarcely seemed to breathe; but a swift pulse in her neck beat visibly. "If it would be decent to keep him waiting so long, I could dress, and see him myself. I 'm *well* enough." Mrs. Erwin again reflected. "Well," she said at last, "you must see him, Lydia."

"I" — began the girl.

"Yes, you. Some one must. It will be all right. On second thought, I believe I should send you, even if I were quite ready to go myself. This affair has been carried on so far on the American plan, and I think I shall let you finish it without my interference. Yes, as your uncle said when I told him, you 're all Americans together; and you *are*. Mr. Staniford has come to see you, though he asks for me. That 's perfectly proper; but I can't see him, and I want you to excuse me to him."

"What would you — what must I" — Lydia began again.

"No, Lydia," interrupted her aunt. "I won't tell you a thing. I might have advised you when you first came; but now, I— Well, I think I've lived too long in Europe to be of use in such a case, and I won't have anything to do with it. I won't tell you how to meet him, or what to say; but oh, child," — here the woman's love of loving triumphed in her breast, — "I wish I was in your place! Go!"

Lydia slowly rose, breathless.

"Lydia!" cried her aunt. "Look at me!" Lydia turned her head. "Are you going to be hard with him?"

"I don't know what he 's coming for," said Lydia, dishonestly.

"But if he 's coming for what you hope?"

"I don't hope for anything."

"But you did. Don't be severe. You 're terrible when you 're severe."

"I will be just."

"Oh, no, you must n't, my dear. It won't do at all to be *just* with men, poor fellows. Kiss me, Lydia!" She pulled her down, and kissed her. When the girl had got as far as the door, "Lydia, Lydia!" she called after her. Lydia turned. "Do you realize what dress you 've got on?" Lydia looked down at her robe; it was the blue flannel yachting-suit of the Aroostook, which she had put on for convenience in taking care of her aunt. "Is n't it too ridiculous?" Mrs. Erwin meant to praise the coincidence, not to blame the dress. Lydia smiled faintly for answer, and the next moment she stood at the parlor door.

Staniford, at her entrance, turned from looking out of the window and saw her as in his dream, with her hand behind her, pushing the door to; but the face with which she looked at him was not like the dead, sad face of his dream. It was thrillingly alive, and all passions were blent in it, — love, doubt, reproach, indignation; the tears stood in her eyes, but a fire burnt through the tears. With his first headlong impulse to console, explain, deplore, came a thought that struck him silent at sight of her. He remembered, as he had not till then remembered, in his wild longing and fearing, that there had not yet been anything explicit between them; that there was no engagement; and that upon the face of things, at least, he had no right to offer her more than some formal expression of regret for not having been able to keep his promise to come sooner. While this stupefying thought gradually filled his whole sense to the exclusion of all else, he stood looking at her with a dumb and helpless appeal, inexpressively stunned and wretched. He felt the life die out of his face and leave it blank, and when at last she spoke, he knew that it was in pity of him, or contempt of him. "Mrs. Erwin is not well," she said, "and she wished me" —

But he broke in upon her: "Oh, don't talk to me of Mrs. Erwin! It was you I wanted to see. Are *you* well? Are you alive? Do you" — He stopped as precipitately as he began; and after another hopeless pause, he went on piteously: "I don't know where to begin. I ought to have been here five days ago. I don't know what you think of me, or whether you have thought of me at all; and before I can

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ask I must tell you why I wanted to come then, and why I come now, and why I think I must have come back from the dead to see you. You are all the world to me, and have been ever since I saw you. It seems a ridiculously unnecessary thing to say, I have been looking and acting and living it so long; but I say it, because I choose to have you know it, whether you ever cared for me or not. I thought I was coming here to explain why I had not come sooner, but I need n't do that unless — unless " — He looked at her where she still stood aloof, and he added: " Oh, answer me something, for pity's sake! Don't send me away without a word. There have been times when you would n't have done that!"

" Oh, I *did* care for you!" she broke out. " You know I did " —

He was instantly across the room beside her. " Yes, yes, I know it!" But she shrank away.

" You tried to make me believe you cared for me, by everything you could do. And I did believe you then; and yes, I believed you afterwards, when I did n't know what to believe. You were the one true thing in the world to me. But it seems that you did n't believe it yourself."

" That I did n't believe it myself? That I — I don't know what you mean."

" You took a week to think it over! Well, I have had the week, too, and I have thought it over, too. You have come too late."

" Too late? You don't, you can't, mean — Listen to me, Lydia; I want to tell you " —

" No, there 's nothing you can tell me that would change me. I know it, I understand it all."

" But you don't understand what kept me."

" I don't wish to know what made you break your word. I don't care to know. I could n't go back and feel as I did to you! Oh, that 's gone! It is n't that you did n't come — that you made me wait and suffer; but you knew how it would be with me after I got here, and all the things I should find out, and how I should feel! And you stayed away! I don't know whether I can forgive you, even; oh, I 'm afraid I don't; but I can never care for you again. Nothing but a case of life and death " —

" It was a case of life and death!"

Lydia stopped in her reproaches, and looked at him with wistful doubt, changing to a tender fear.

" Oh, have you been hurt? Have you been sick? " she pleaded, in a breaking voice, and made some unconscious movement towards him. He put out his hand, and would have caught one of hers, but she clasped them in each other.

" No, not I, — Dunham " —

" Oh!" said Lydia, as if this were not at all enough.

" He fell and struck his head, the night you left. I thought he would die." Staniford reported his own diagnosis, not the doctor's; but he was perhaps in the right to do this. " I had made him go down to the wharf with me; I wanted to see you again, before you started, and I thought we might find you on the boat." He could see her face relenting; her hands released each other. " He was delirious till yesterday. I could n't leave him."

" Oh, why did n't you write to me? " She ignored Dunham as completely as if he had never lived. " You knew that I " — Her lips trembled, and her breast rose.

" I did write " —

" But how — I never got it."

" No, — it was not posted, through a cruel blunder. And then I thought — I got to thinking that you did n't care " —

" Oh!" said the girl. " Could you doubt me? "

" You doubted me," said Staniford, seizing his advantage. " I brought the letter with me to prove *my* truth." She did not look at him, but she took the letter, and ran it greedily into her pocket. " It 's well I did so, since you don't believe my word."

" Oh, yes, — yes, I know it," she said; " I never doubted it!" Staniford stood bemazed, though he knew enough

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to take the hands she yielded him; but she suddenly caught them away again, and set them against his breast. "I was very wrong to suspect you ever; I 'm sorry I did; but there 's something else. I don't know how to say what I want to say. But it must be said."

"Is it something disagreeable?" asked Staniford lightly.

"It 's right," answered Lydia, unsmilingly.

"Oh, well, don't say it!" he pleaded; "or don't say it now, — not till you 've forgiven me for the anxiety I 've caused you; not till you 've praised me for trying to do what I thought the right thing. You can't imagine how hard it was for one who has n't the habit!"

"I do praise you for it. There 's nothing to forgive *you;* but I can't let you care for me unless I know — unless" — She stopped, and then, "Mr. Staniford," she began firmly, "since I came here, I 've been learning some things that I did n't know before. They have changed the whole world to me, and it can never be the same again."

"I 'm sorry for that; but if they have n't changed you, the world may go."

"No, not if we 're to live in it," answered the girl, with the soberer wisdom women keep at such times. "It will have to be known how we met. What will people say? They will laugh."

"I don't think they will in my presence," said Staniford, with swelling nostrils. "They may use their pleasure elsewhere."

"And I should n't care for their laughing, either," said Lydia. "But oh, why did you come?"

"Why did I come?"

"Was it because you felt bound by anything that 's happened, and you would n't let me bear the laugh alone? I 'm not afraid for myself. I shall never blame you. You can go perfectly free."

"But I don't want to go free!"

Lydia looked at him with piercing earnestness. "Do you think I 'm proud?" she asked.

"Yes, I think you are," replied Staniford, vaguely.

"It is n't for myself that I should be proud with other people. But I would rather die than bring ridicule upon any one I — upon you."

"I can believe that," said Staniford, devoutly, and patiently reverencing the delay of her scruples.

"And if — and" — Her lips trembled, but she steadied her trembling voice. "If they laughed at you, and thought of me in a slighting way because" — Staniford gave a sort of roar of grief and pain to know how her heart must have been wrung before she could come to this. "You were all so good that you did n't let me think there was anything strange about it" —

"Oh, good heavens! We only did what it was our precious and sacred privilege to do! We were all of one mind about it from the first. But don't torture yourself about it, my darling. It 's over, now; it 's past — no, it 's present, and it will always be, forever, the dearest and best thing in life. Lydia, do you believe that I love you?"

"Oh, I must!"

"And don't you believe that I 'm telling you the truth when I say that I would n't, for all the world can give or take, change anything that 's been?"

"Yes, I do believe you. Oh, I have n't said at all what I wanted to say! There was a great deal that I ought to say. I can't seem to recollect it."

He smiled to see her grieving at this surcease of her memory to her conscience. "Well, you shall have a whole lifetime to recall it in."

"No, I must try to speak now. And you must tell me the truth now, no matter what it costs either of us." She laid her hands upon his extended arms, and grasped them intensely. "There 's something else. I want to ask you what *you* thought when you found me alone on that ship with all of you." If she had stopped at this point, Staniford's cause might have been lost, but she went on: "I want to know whether you were ever ashamed of me, or despised me for it; whether you ever felt that because I was helpless and friendless there, you had the right to think less of me than if you had first met me here in this house."

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It was still a terrible question, but it offered a loop-hole of escape, which Staniford was swift to seize. Let those who will justify the answer with which he smiled into her solemn eyes: "I will leave you to say." A generous uncandor like this goes as far with a magnanimous and serious-hearted woman as perhaps anything else.

"Oh, I knew it, I knew it!" cried Lydia. And then, as he caught her to him at last, "Oh — oh — are you *sure* it 's right?"

"I have no doubt of it," answered Staniford. Nor had he any question of the strategy by which he triumphed in this crucial test. He may have thought that there were always explanations that had to be made afterwards, or he may have believed that he had expiated in what he had done and suffered for her any slight which he had felt; possibly, he considered that she had asked more than she had a right to do. It is certain that he said with every appearance of sincerity, "It began the moment I saw you on the wharf, there, and when I came to know my mind I kept it from you only till I could tell you here. But now I wish I had n't! Life is too short for such a week as this."

"No," said Lydia, "you acted for the best, and you are — good."

"I 'll keep that praise till I 've earned it," answered Staniford.

XXVII.

In the Campo Santi Apostoli at Venice, there stands, a little apart from the church of that name, a chapel which has been for many years the place of worship for the Lutheran congregation. It was in this church that Staniford and Lydia were married six weeks later, before the altar under Titian's beautiful picture of Christ breaking bread.

The wedding was private, but it was not quite a family affair. Miss Hibbard had come on with her mother from Rome, to complete Dunham's cure, and she was there with him perfectly recovered; he was not quite content, of course, that the marriage should not take place in the English chapel, but he was largely consoled by the candles burning on the altar. The Aroostook had been delayed by repairs which were found necessary at Trieste, and Captain Jenness was able to come over, and represent the ship at the wedding ceremony, and at the lunch which followed. He reserved till the moment of parting a supreme expression of good-will. When he had got a hand of Lydia's and one of Staniford's in each of his, with his wrists crossed, he said, "Now, I ain't one to tack round, and stand off and on a great deal, but what I want to say is just this: the Aroostook sails next week, and if you two are a mind to go back in her, the ship 's yours, as I said to Miss Blood, here, — I mean Mis' Staniford; well, I *hain't* had much time to get used to it! — when she first come aboard there at Boston. I don't mean any pay; I want you to go back as my guests. You can use the cabin for your parlor; and I promise you I won't take any other passengers *this* time. I declare," said Captain Jenness, lowering his voice, and now referring to Hicks for the first time since the day of his escapade, "I did feel dreadful about that fellow!"

"Oh, never mind," replied Staniford. "If it had n't been for Hicks perhaps I might n't have been here." He exchanged glances with his wife, that showed they had talked all that matter over.

The captain grew confidential. "Mr. Mason told me he saw you lending that chap money. I hope he did n't give you the slip?"

"No; it came to me here at Blumenthals' the other day."

"Well, that 's right! It all worked together for good, as you say. Now you come!"

"What do you say, my dear?" asked Staniford, on whom the poetic fitness of the captain's proposal had wrought.

Women are never blinded by romance, however much they like it in the abstract. "It 's coming winter. Do you think you would n't be seasick?" re-

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turned the bride of an hour, with the practical wisdom of a matron.

Staniford laughed. "She 's right, captain. I 'm no sailor. I 'll get home by the all-rail route as far as I can."

Captain Jenness threw back his head and laughed too. "Good! That 's about it." And he released their hands, so as to place one hairy paw on a shoulder of each. "You 'll get along together, I guess."

"But we 're just as much obliged to you as if we went, Captain Jenness. And tell all the crew that I 'm homesick for the Aroostook, and thank them all for being so kind to me; and I thank *you*, Captain Jenness!" Lydia looked at her husband, and then startled the captain with a kiss.

He blushed all over, but carried it off as boldly as he could, "Well, well," he said, "that 's right! If you change your minds before the Aroostook sails, you let me know."

This affair made a great deal of talk in Venice, where the common stock of leisure is so great that each person may without self-reproach devote a much larger share of attention to the interests of the others than could be given elsewhere. The decorous fictions in which Mrs. Erwin draped the singular facts of the acquaintance and courtship of Lydia and Staniford were what never ceased to astonish and amuse him, and he abetted them without scruple. He found her worldliness as innocent as the unworldliness of Lydia, and he gave Mrs. Erwin his hearty sympathy when she ingenuously owned that the effort to throw dust in the eyes of her European acquaintance was simply killing her. He found endless refreshment in the contemplation of her attitude towards her burdensome little world, and in her reasons for enslaving herself to it. He was very good friends with both of the Erwins. When he could spare the time from Lydia, he went about with her uncle in his boat, and respected his skill in rowing it without falling overboard. He could not see why any one should be so much interested in the American character and dialect as Mr. Erwin was; but he did not object, and he reflected that after all they were not what their admirer supposed them.

The Erwins came with the Stanifords as far as Paris on their way home, and afterwards joined them in California, where Staniford bought a ranch, and found occupation if not profit in its management. Once cut loose from her European ties, Mrs. Erwin experienced an incomparable repose and comfort in the life of San Francisco; it was, she declared, the life for which she had really been adapted, after all; and in the climate of Santa Barbara she found all that she had left in Italy. In that land of strange and surprising forms of every sort, her husband has been very happy in the realization of an America surpassing even his wildest dreams, and he has richly stored his note-book with philological curiosities. He hears around him the vigorous and imaginative locutions of the Pike language, in which, like the late Canon Kingsley, he finds a Scandinavian hugeness; and pending the publication of his Hand-Book of Americanisms, he is in confident search of the miner who says "which the same." Like other English observers, friendly and unfriendly, he does not permit the facts to interfere with his preconceptions.

Staniford's choice long remained a mystery to his acquaintances, and was but partially explained by Mrs. Dunham, when she came home. "Why, I suppose he fell in love with her," she said. "Of course, thrown together in that way, as they were, for six weeks, it might have happened to anybody; but James Staniford was always the most consummate flirt that breathed; and he never could see a woman, without coming up, in that metaphysical way of his, and trying to interest her in him. He was always laughing at women, but there never was a man who cared more for them. From all that I could learn from Charles, he began by making fun of her, and all at once he became perfectly infatuated with her. I don't see why. I never could get Charles to tell me anything remarkable that she said or did. She was simply a country girl,

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with country ideas, and no sort of cultivation. Why, there was *nothing* to her. He 's done the wisest thing he could by taking her out to California. She never would have gone down, here. I suppose James Staniford knew that as well as any of us; and if he finds it worth while to bury himself with her there, we 've no reason to complain. She did *sing*, wonderfully; that is, her voice was perfectly divine. But of course that 's all over, now. She did n't seem to care much for it; and she really knew so little of life that I don't believe she could form the idea of an artistic career, or feel that it was any sacrifice to give it up. James Staniford was n't worth any such sacrifice; but she could n't know that, either. She was good, I suppose. She was very stiff, and she had n't a word to say for herself. I think she was cold. To be sure, she was a beauty; I really never saw anything like it, — that pale complexion some brunettes have, with her hair growing low, and such eyes and lashes!"

"Perhaps the beauty had something to do with his falling in love with her," suggested a listener. The ladies present tried to look as if this ought not to be sufficient.

"Oh, very likely," said Mrs. Dunham. She added, with an air of being the wreck of her former self, "But we all know what becomes of *beauty* after marriage."

The mind of Lydia's friends had been expressed in regard to her marriage, when the Stanifords, upon their arrival home from Europe, paid a visit to South Bradfield. It was in the depths of the winter following their union, and the hill country, stern and wild even in midsummer, wore an aspect of savage desolation. It was sheeted in heavy snow, through which here and there in the pastures a craggy bowlder lifted its face and frowned, and along the woods the stunted pines and hemlocks blackened against a background of leafless oaks and birches. A northwest wind cut shrill across the white wastes, and from the crests of the billowed drifts drove a scud of stinging particles in their faces, while the sun, as high as that of Italy, coldly blazed from a cloudless blue sky. Ezra Perkins, perched on the seat before them, stiff and silent as if he were frozen there, drove them from Bradfield Junction to South Bradfield in the long wagon-body set on bob-sleds, with which he replaced his Concord coach in winter. At the station he had sparingly greeted Lydia, as if she were just back from Greenfield, and in the interest of personal independence had ignored a faint motion of hers to shake hands; at her grandfather's gate he set his passengers down without a word, and drove away, leaving Staniford to get in his trunk as he might.

"Well, I declare," said Miss Maria, who had taken one end of the trunk in spite of him, and was leading the way up through the path cleanly blocked out of the snow, "that Ezra Perkins is enough to make you wish he 'd *stayed* in Dakoty!"

Staniford laughed, as he had laughed at everything on the way from the station, and had probably thus wounded Ezra Perkins's susceptibilities. The village houses, separated so widely by the one long street, with each its path neatly tunneled from the roadway to the gate; the meeting-house, so much vaster than the present needs of worship, and looking blue-cold with its never-renewed single coat of white paint; the graveyard set in the midst of the village, and showing, after Ezra Perkins's disappearance, as many signs of life as any other locality, realized in the most satisfactory degree his theories of what winter must be in such a place as South Bradfield. The burning smell of the sheet-iron stove in the parlor, with its battlemented top of filigree iron work; the grimness of the horse-hair-covered best furniture; the care with which the old-fashioned fire-places had been walled up, and all accessible character of the period to which the house belonged had been effaced, gave him an equal pleasure. He went about with his arm around Lydia's waist, examining these things, and yielding to the joy they caused him, when they were alone. "Oh, my darling," he said, in one of these accesses

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of delight, "when I think that it 's my privilege to take you away from all this, I begin to feel not so very unworthy, after all."

But he was very polite, as Miss Maria owned, when Mr. and Mrs. Goodlow came in during the evening, with two or three unmarried ladies of the village, and he kept them from falling into the frozen silence which habitually expresses social enjoyment in South Bradfield when strangers are present. He talked about the prospects of Italian advancement to an equal state of intellectual and moral perfection with rural New England, while Mr. Goodlow listened, rocking himself back and forth in the hair-cloth arm-chair. Deacon Latham, passing his hand continually along the stove battlements, now and then let his fingers rest on the sheet-iron till he burnt them, and then jerked them suddenly away, to put them back the next moment, in his absorbing interest. Miss Maria, amidst a murmur of admiration from the ladies, passed sponge-cake and coffee: she confessed afterwards that the evening had been so brilliant to her as to seem almost wicked; and the other ladies, who owned to having lain awake all night on her coffee, said that if they *had* enjoyed themselves they were properly punished for it.

When they were gone, and Lydia and Staniford had said good night, and Miss Maria, coming in from the kitchen with a hand-lamp for her father, approached the marble-topped centre-table to blow out the large lamp of pea-green glass with red woollen wick, which had shed the full radiance of a sun-burner upon the festival, she faltered at a manifest unreadiness in the old man to go to bed, though the fire was low, and they had both resumed the drooping carriage of people in going about cold houses. He looked excited, and, so far as his unpracticed visage could intimate the emotion, joyous.

"Well, there, Maria!" he said. "You can't say but what he 's a master-hand to converse, any way. I d' know as I ever see Mr. Goodlow more struck up with any one. He looked as if every word done him good; I presume it put him in mind of meetin's with brother ministers; I don't suppose but what he misses it some, here. You can't say but what he 's a fine appearin' young man. I d' know as I see anything wrong in his kind of dressin' up to the nines, as you may say. As long 's he 's got the money, I don't see what harm it is. It 's all worked for good, Lyddy's going out that way; though it did seem a mysterious providence at the time."

"Well!" began Miss Maria. She paused, as if she had been hurried too far by her feelings, and ought to give them a check before proceeding. "Well, I don't presume you 'd notice it, but she 'd got a spot on her silk, so 't a whole breadth 's got to come out, and be let in again bottom side up. I guess there 's a pair of 'em, for carelessness." She waited a moment before continuing: "I d' know as I like to see a husband puttin' his arm round his wife, even when he don't suppose any one 's lookin'; but I d' know but what it' s natural, too. But it 's one comfort to see 't she ain't the least mite silly about *him*. He 's dreadful freckled." Miss Maria again paused thoughtfully, while her father burnt his fingers on the stove for the last time, and took them definitively away. "I don't say but what he talked well enough, as far forth as talkin' goes; Mr. Goodlow said at the door 't he did n't know 's he ever passed *many* such evenin's since he 'd been in South Bradfield, and I d' know as *I* have. I presume he has his faults; we ain't any of us perfect; but he *does* seem terribly wrapped up in Lyddy. I don't say but what he 'll make her a good husband, if she must *have* one. I don't suppose but what people might think, as you may say, 't she 'd made out pretty well; and if Lyddy 's suited, I d' know as anybody else has got any call to be over particular."

W. D. Howells.

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THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the Chamber over the Gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son.

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

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That 't is a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

Henry W. Longfellow.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONEERING IN THE SENATE.

WHATEVER may be said against presidential third terms, there is no question that many strong arguments may be urged in favor of having all presidents elected twice. One of the strongest of these is that the practice would save an enormous amount of excitement and anxiety, an economy which, in the case of a nervous and excitable people like ourselves, is a matter of importance. It has been often pointed out that the political crisis through which the United States passes once in every four years has not its parallel in any other civilized country. In Europe they have no doubt frequent ministerial crises; but these, as they do not involve a popular election, do not as a general thing arouse popular passions; indeed, as they frequently assume a theatrical or spectacular character, a certain number of well-known politicians acting their part on the stage, the people looking on as the audience, they often furnish a healthy sort of political amusement to large masses of citizens, who derive all the pleasure from it which a well-acted play would give, without being obliged to pay anything to the government except their regular taxes for their admission. In the United States, on the other hand, every four years the whole country is convulsed over a struggle in which the fiercest passions of our common nature are stirred to their depths, and the voting population is divided into two hostile parties, each of which gradually persuades itself that the salvation not merely of the United States, but of the world at large, depends upon its success. There is no doubt that a great deal of the rage and fury of presidential campaigns would be saved by the practice of electing all presidents for a second term by means of an effectively corrupted civil service in connection with a subsidized press, and if done two or three times it could hardly fail to ripen into a permanent practice. No doubt moralists and reformers will say that such a practice is one of the most frightful evils that can threaten a free government, that it entails dangers to the very existence of democracy; but then moralists and reformers are always grumbling and uttering warnings of this sort, in order that they may be able to take advantage of anything that goes wrong, and claim the credit of having predicted it. Of course, so long as the party in opposition refused to adapt itself to the practice, there would be a good deal of nervousness and anxiety in its ranks as the time for reelection came round; but even then the party in power would be saved a great deal of wear and tear, while as soon as it became an understood thing, the process of reëlection would become merely formal, and it would only be at the end of eight years that the opposition would really feel bound to bring on an old-fashioned presidential campaign. The principal difficulty in carrying on the government of free countries has long been recognized by publicists as being the fact that there are always at least *two*

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parties, and it has been the aim of some of the greatest practical politicians the world has ever seen, from Cæsar to Jefferson Davis, and even later, to reduce this number to one. Just so far as they have succeeded, peace and quiet have followed; and just so far as the attempt is successful in this country, peace and quiet will follow. Some persons may think it is utopian to hope for such a change in public sentiment as will allow the habitual reëlection of presidents for a second term, in the interest of political quiet, but there are some striking instances of a similar sort of acquiescence. In Massachusetts, in ordinary times, the democratic party goes through the form of nominating state officers, but without any expectation of electing them; and it is only once in about twenty years that a political crisis occurs there. In the Southern States, for several years after the war, the practice of reëlecting the republican ticket was brought to a state of perfection equaled only by the regularity with which the democratic ticket is now reëlected; and between reëlecting a ticket and reëlecting a man there is very little difference in principle.

But the approaching campaign of 1880 will not allow us to indulge in such dreams of a perfect state for the present. During the campaign of 1876 both presidential candidates pledged themselves not to run for a second term, and so we are confronted already with the certainty that within a year we shall be plunged in a crisis of most unexampled magnitude, in which father will be pitted against son, and husband against wife, throughout the land, over the merits of two candidates for the presidency, who will respectively represent all that is vile, wicked, and hideous, or pure, lovely, and of good report, as the case may be. Mr. Hayes's term is regarded by the leading politicians as a sort of interregnum, during which all that it is necessary for statesmen to do is to be preparing for the struggle over the succession. Already in Washington they have begun this preparation, and it is not too much to say that the campaign of 1880 has already opened there.

The place in which it has begun is the senate; for though it has often been observed that no eminent senator ever made the step from the senate chamber to the White House, this has not in the least diminished the interest taken in the attempt, and for obvious reasons. During the year before the formal opening of a campaign, the senate offers an excellent field for presidential electioneering. It offers this through the senatorial control of patronage, and also through the debates, the reasoning of statesmen on the subject being of this sort: presidents are elected by the States, but they are nominated by conventions; the first step to an election is, consequently, a nomination by the convention. This convention is made up of delegates from the States, and the States tell in the convention very much as they do in the election; that is, the largest States count very heavily, and the smallest States not at all. Therefore, it is very clear that the statesman who desires to secure the presidency must start either by securing the delegation from some large State, or by making his name so well known and popular that when it is brought before the convention there will be a spontaneous movement (common enough in such bodies) to support him. The first is the safest method; the second is the most interesting. To make use of the first is easier for a senator of the party in power than for any one else, because delegations to conventions are largely composed of, or closely connected with, the office-holding class, and the office-holders in any State derive their official being and opportunities of political usefulness to an enormous extent from senatorial patronage. By its skillful use, the officers in a State may be, in the course of a few years, packed so thoroughly that the state delegation to the presidential convention will with mathematical accuracy represent the views of the senator to whose exertions and activity its members owe their positions.

The proceedings of the senate this winter have already furnished instances of the two methods in the great "outrage debate" by which the present ses-

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sion was opened, and the manœuvring with regard to the New York custom-

divided. Again, the proposal that in congressional elections the United States

place in the secrecy of executive session.

fair and the returns correct, though theo-

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this perfectly well, and the attentive crowd which fills the senate galleries on such an occasion as that which marked the opening of the present session is not brought together by an interest in the negro, or by the old war feeling, but by a desire to see and hear a number of the most prominent presidential candidates of both parties get into a heated argument. A debate in the senate on the eve of a presidential campaign brings out the leading contestants for the prize, and gives them an opportunity to prove their prowess. None of them may ever get into the White House, but many of them will come at least very near it, and until the struggle is over it is the competition, not the result, that is interesting.

The senate, for several reasons, offers a much better field for such a display than the house ever can. The oratory of the senate and that of the house are different, both from physical and moral causes. In the house, the noise and confusion, even under the most favorable circumstances, are so great that the first requisite in a good speaker is a good pair of lungs. The mere fact that a member of Congress speaking on one side of the house can make himself heard on the other puts him forward at once as an important person. A loud, far-reaching voice in such a body commands respect, just as magnitude of intellect or eminence in virtue does elsewhere. Inasmuch as nine tenths of the members cannot be heard at all, and speak under the disadvantage of relying for an audience on the circulation of an official record which does not circulate, a member with a loud voice is at once felt to be by so much better than his fellows that while they can obtain leave to print he can actually make them listen to what he says. It is not necessary that the substance of what he utters should be either wise or true; if he merely knows what he wants, it is enough. The natural tendency of the human mind is to credulity, and the congressman who really hears an argument (in cases where he has no antecedent bias) is apt to believe it, at least until some opposing speaker, with an equally loud voice, succeeds in making him aware that there are also arguments on the other side. So in any evenly divided debate, the decision of the house may very likely turn upon the relative strength of lung of the leaders of the two sides. This, however, is not by any means true of the senate. The chamber of that body being much smaller than the representatives' hall, the carrying power of the voice becomes of less importance, and moral or intellectual force of greater consequence. It is almost possible for everybody to hear Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine, even when they speak in an ordinary tone; and therefore they have an opportunity of applying oratorical skill to other purposes than those of making it apparent to their fellow-senators that some one is speaking. There is another reason for the greater interest of the senate debates, and that is that the parliamentary law of the latter body is much the less complicated of the two. The rules of the house are so difficult of acquirement or ready application that some of the greatest men in it spend six or eight years in making themselves thoroughly familiar with them; and having devoted all their time to this, when they finally secure their position as leaders, they find that their mastery of the rules has precluded their making themselves masters of the subjects to which the rules relate; and so it is not uncommon to see a "leader" in the house, while readily keeping control of a bill, or fastening an amendment to one against the wishes of its supporters, and so defeating it, sadly deficient in a rudimentary knowledge of law or political economy, and in consequence failing as an orator, from the difficulty of "conveying to others ideas of which he is not himself possessed." In the senate the comparative simplicity of the rules makes it practicable for statesmen to devote a portion of their time to the consideration of public questions; and also to the art of oratory, as a means of presenting the views on public questions which they may happen to hold.

There are four or five members of the senate who are recognized as the effect-

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ive speakers of the body, Messrs. Blaine, Conkling, Thurman, Bayard, and Edmunds. Of these the last cannot properly be considered an orator, since his speaking is totally without ornament, and derives its weight solely from a judicial manner, and from the knowledge and keenness which lie behind it. He has indeed carried indifference of his audience to an extreme, for in the galleries of the senate it is almost impossible to hear him. He is, however, always listened to carefully on the floor; among other reasons, because he has a considerable power of sarcasm, and has earned the reputation of "saying unpleasant things in an unpleasant way." Mr. Bayard also avoids rhetorical artifice almost entirely, and relies greatly upon the inherent strength of his arguments. He seldom discusses a subject without thorough preparation, and his speeches, whether on financial or constitutional topics, are always worth careful study, while his high character lends an additional weight to his reasoning. Mr. Thurman's strength lies in his passionate conviction for the moment that he is right. Whatever view may be taken of his opinions or his consistency, there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who hears him that at the time he firmly believes in them. He is also a thoroughly good lawyer, and quick at repartee. Repartee, it must be observed, plays a great part in the debates of the senate and house, and is a doubly effective weapon in Washington, because it not only may turn the tables on an opponent at the time, but it alone, of all parts of a debate, is published the next morning in every newspaper throughout the country, and is read and remembered by the public, even when the subject of the discussion itself is consigned to general oblivion. In the house this is carried so far that even the most elementary forms of repartee are considered admissible, as being at least better than nothing at all, and when repartee fails, abuse not infrequently passes muster as a substitute. In the senate, of course, abuse is rare, but repartee is often indulged in to good purpose. Sometimes it takes a rather refined and subtle form, as when Senator Conkling studiously read proofs during Mr. Blaine's great speech on outrages. But it corroborates what has just been said that this act was noted as one of the most important parts of the debate, and was telegraphed to all the newspapers that night.

To describe Mr. Conkling's oratory would require a good deal of space. He is by common consent one of the best speakers in the United States, and yet it is difficult to say in what the secret of his power consists. He is certainly not persuasive; nor is he passionate or vehement, nor is he graceful or elegant. Some one in Washington, being asked to explain where his strength lay, expressed the opinion that his forte was "prolixity and anti-climax;" but it is unnecessary to say that this was the description of an enemy. There is no doubt that he has considerable power of sarcasm, and can make any one he dislikes feel very uncomfortable; but this alone is not oratory. His manner is decidedly theatrical, and, if it is permissible to venture a suggestion of the kind, it may possibly be that his success is really due to the mistake which public bodies of all kinds, from juries to senates and senate galleries, make between theatrical and genuine speaking. Mr. Blaine is an orator of a very different sort. He is accused of having brought too much of the manner of the house into the senate; but this is altogether too great a compliment to the house. His manner is his own, and it is a wonderfully effective one. With all the readiness of any of his rivals, he has much greater resources than most of them in the way of reading and allusion, and he has a touch of that poetry of feeling which lies at the root of all permanent success in the art of persuasion, and the absence of which cannot be made good either by learning or sincerity, or perhaps by anything except wit. It is unquestionably the presence of this quality (and the sympathy which its display invariably produces) in Mr. Blaine, and the absence of it in Mr. Conkling, that explains their comparative "running" powers in such a convention

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as that held at Cincinnati in 1876, Mr. Blaine carrying with him by sheer force of sympathy State after State, in the teeth of a violent opposition, based on an exposure terribly damaging to his reputation, while Mr. Conkling, outside of his own State, could find no adherents or following. Mr. Blaine's popularity and his oratory reënforce one another; the only wonder about Mr. Conkling is that his reputation as a speaker is not seriously impaired by his unpopularity.

So far, then, as oratorical electioneering goes, the campaign of 1880 may be said to have been formally opened by the outrage debate of last December, and in this, though the debate necessarily left the outrage question where it was before, regarded as a presidential tournament, Mr. Blaine got the best of it. The great lack of the Southerners in debates of this kind is their want of humor, and their inability to treat the attacks of an enemy with anything but seriousness. They are a serious people, and it must be added that they feel and show a certain weakness on the subject of the negro which stands their adversaries in good stead. When they are accused of keeping negroes away from the polls, or "bulldozing" them in other ways, they are never able to maintain that calm indifference which is the only attitude that can possibly make such an attack fall flat. They immediately reply that if anybody has been bulldozing it is at least not they, and this always opens the debate for a historical inquiry into the past behavior of the South, in which it is needless to say that the South never appears well. So in this, as in most of the preceding debates on the subject, Mr. Blaine got the best of it, and so, no doubt, he will continue to get the best of it in the future, until outrages (as all subjects must, in the course of time, even in Washington) cease to be a subject of debate altogether.

But presidential electioneering may be carried on in many ways, besides debate on the floor of the senate. Mr. Conkling's present method is quite different from that of Mr. Blaine. Although Mr. Conkling is an orator, he seems to have forsworn debate altogether, and for a year or more past has allowed the negro question, the silver question, and many another topic which furnished a fine opportunity for oratory, to pass him by unnoticed. There is only one subject on which he speaks, and that is the appointments of the New York custom-house. Once already has he defeated the appointment of a collector, and now, a second time, it is understood that he has secured a preliminary victory which makes the confirmation of the president's second appointment an impossibility. If any one thinks this is childish malice or spite, he is greatly mistaken. Mr. Conkling has, in his opening of the campaign of 1880, abandoned oratory, for he has a reputation for that already which he could not improve, while he is devoting himself to custom-house intrigue, because that is what is necessary to give him control of the New York delegation in 1880. Those who think that patronage cannot play a very important part in the government of a country like ours would do well to recall the remarkable rise and progress of Mr. Conkling's system of political management. At the beginning of General Grant's first term, Mr. Conkling was not a powerful man. His rival, Mr. Fenton, then had three quarters of the power which he now enjoys himself, and possessed the confidence of General Grant, and every prospect of future advancement. The republican party of the State of New York was then divided into Fentonites and Conklingites, and so evenly, too, that it was difficult for enlightened politicians to know which faction it was best to belong to. Now, in spite of great unpopularity both in Washington and at home (the extent of this feeling it is difficult to measure, because it has no means of making itself felt), Mr. Conkling has complete control of the entire republican machinery of his State. He controls the state committee, and he controls the legislature; and provided he can regain control of the custom-house he is as sure of having his State "behind him" in the convention of 1880 as he is of being senator for six

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years more. But it is a painful fact that the uncertainty about the custom-house is a serious matter. If the management of that body were to pass permanently into the hands of the enemies of Mr. Conkling, the connection between it and the party machinery in New York is so close that the complexion of the state committee could not long remain what it is now; and as every student of politics knows, where the state committee is gone, all is lost. Hence Mr. Conkling's recent abandonment of oratory to his rivals and his strict devotion to the New York civil service are probably the result of much thoughtful consideration. The old argument that an election can be carried by nobody without a candidate who can carry New York will unquestionably play a prominent part in the secret preliminary debates and consultations, which will very likely determine the result of the republican convention in 1880; and Mr. Conkling will, unless all signs fail, be in a position in that year to insist that New York cannot be carried by the party unless a candidate is nominated who has his approval, and so will be able either to secure or to dictate the nomination. But for this purpose, it is absolutely necessary either that Mr. Arthur shall return to his post in the custom-house, or that the present condition of neutrality, which is to a great extent the result of Mr. Conkling's combative attitude, shall be maintained.

And can it be doubtful what Mr. Conkling would do, if, finding he could not secure the nomination, he was still able to dictate the succession? Here is a republican leader with a national reputation, a man who has never failed in what he has undertaken, and who has twice led the party in a victorious campaign. These arguments in his favor are reinforced by others of a less important character. The efforts made by Mr. Hayes and his administration to reform the civil service, so far as they may have failed or succeeded, have made him numerous enemies among the republican leaders. That he has the mortal enmity of Mr. Conkling is of course no secret; but the feeling is not confined to Mr. Conkling. This hostility against Mr. Hayes is easily convertible into attachment to General Grant's fortunes, because it is well understood that the return of General Grant to office would entail the abandonment of all efforts in the direction of reform, and a reinvestment of the old "senatorial group" with all their former powers and privileges. Another strong point in his favor is the ease with which Grant delegations from the Southern States can be got together for the national convention; for among the negroes, the name of Grant is almost as familiar now as that of Sumner and Lincoln was. As the "second choice" of every one whose first choice is himself, General Grant is certain to have great strength in 1880, and in a certain sense the electioneering which Mr. Conkling is now doing for his own hand he is also doing secondarily for General Grant. It is difficult to realize this now, while General Grant is making his progress through Europe and the East; but the moment he lands on the shores of the United States it will become painfully evident.

It will not do, however, to confine our examination of the present condition of the campaign of 1880 to one party only. The democrats propose to make one more effort in that year, and they cannot now be said to have more than two candidates, Mr. Tilden and Mr. Bayard. Of the latter little need be said here, for he does not engage in manœuvres or intrigue to secure his nomination. If he is nominated, it will be because he is really the best man in his party, and his party is reduced to such straits that they are willing to nominate even a good man for the purpose of winning a victory. With regard to Mr. Tilden the case in different. He is now actively engaged in his campaign, and curiously enough has begun it in Washington by a demand for the investigation of the cipher dispatches. The investigation is to be made, of course, by a democratic committee, and although the publicity given to the unlucky telegrams a second time cannot be expected to strengthen

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Mr. Tilden's reputation with the public at large, an exoneration by a committee of his own party would unquestionably strengthen him as a democratic candidate. It is with a view to the campaign within his own State that he wants this. He is endeavoring to do with the democratic organization in New York what Mr. Conkling has already accomplished, or nearly accomplished, with the republican organization. Tammany Hall is to him what the custom-house is to Mr. Conkling, and to regain the control of this is now his main object. Down to the time of the municipal election in New York last autumn, his chances appeared to be of the poorest. He was at that time very nearly out of the field. He had lost the control of two successive state conventions, and finally of the state committee which organizes state conventions. If the city election had turned out in favor of the "Boss," he would have been doomed. But, strange to say, Tammany Hall was defeated by a combination of republicans and the anti-Tammany factions, and this meant the control, in a great measure, of the politics of the city, and indirectly of the State, by politicians who are friendly to Mr. Tilden. In other words, as things look now (at least to Mr. Tilden), Tammany Hall and the state committee will gradually pass into Mr. Tilden's control; with that, the state convention of 1879; this of course insures his coming into the presidential convention in 1880, with the powerful State of New York behind him. If Tammany Hall could be secured, the only thing which could defeat the success of this programme would be the appearance in the field of some candidate as strong morally as Mr. Tilden is politically. Whether even such a phenomenon would affect the result in New York may be doubted. It is a curious fact that the republican successes in the campaign of last fall have rather strengthened Mr. Tilden's power, as they have demonstrated the weakness of the Western inflationist wing of the party, and created a sort of feeling that, hard as the dose is to swallow, they have more chance of succeeding with a hard-money democrat from an Eastern State than with the most persuasive Western "expansionist."

Such is the state of the "field" for 1880 as it at present stands. It is a strange commentary on our system of nominations that between now and the summer of 1880 all these candidates may have faded from sight, and the respective nominees of the two parties may turn out to be two new statesmen of whom nobody now dreams as candidates, and who have not even reached the point of considering the question for themselves.

THE LANDMARKS.

I.

THROUGH the streets of Marblehead
Fast the red-winged terror sped;

Blasting, withering, on it came,
With its hundred tongues of flame,

Where St. Michael's on its way
Stood like chained Andromeda,

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Waiting on the rock, like her,
Swift doom or deliverer! —

Church that, after sea-moss grew
Over walls no longer new,

Counted generations five,
Four entombed and one alive;

Heard the martial thousand tread
Battleward from Marblehead;

Saw within the rock-walled bay
Treville's lilied pennons play,

And the fisher's dory met
By the barge of Lafayette,

Telling good news in advance
Of the coming fleet of France! —

Church to reverend memories dear,
Quaint in desk and chandelier;

Bell, whose century-rusted tongue
Burials tolled and bridals rung;

Loft, whose tiny organ kept
Keys that Snetzler's hand had swept;

Altar, o'er whose tablet old
Sinai's law its thunders rolled!

Suddenly the sharp cry came:
"Look! St. Michael's is aflame!"

Round the low tower wall the fire
Snake-like wound its coil of ire.

Sacred in its gray respect
From the jealousies of sect,

"Save it," seemed the thought of all,
"Save it, though our roof-trees fall!"

Up the tower the young men sprung;
One, the bravest, outward swung

By the rope, whose kindling strands
Smoked beneath the holder's hands,

Smiting down with strokes of power
Burning fragments from the tower.

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Then the gazing crowd beneath
Broke the painful pause of breath;

Brave men cheered from street to street,
With home's ashes at their feet;

Houseless women kerchiefs waved:
"Thank the Lord! St. Michael's saved!"

II.

In the heart of Boston town
Stands the church of old renown,

From whose walls the impulse went
Which set free a continent;

From whose pulpit's oracle
Prophecies of freedom fell;

And whose steeple-rocking din
Rang the nation's birth-day in!

Standing at this very hour
Periled like St. Michael's tower,

Held not in the clasp of flame,
But by mammon's grasping claim.

Shall it be of Boston said
She is shamed by Marblehead?

City of our pride! as there,
Hast thou none to do and dare?

Life was risked for Michael's shrine;
Shall not wealth be staked for thine?

Woe to thee, when men shall search
Vainly for the Old South Church;

When from Neck to Boston Stone,
All thy pride of place is gone;

When from Bay and railroad car,
Stretched before them wide and far,

Men shall only see a great
Wilderness of brick and slate,

Every holy spot o'erlaid
By the commonplace of trade!

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City of our love! to thee
Duty is but destiny.

True to all thy record saith,
Keep with thy traditions faith;

Ere occasion 's overpast,
Hold its flowing forelock fast;

Honor still the precedents
Of a grand munificence;

In thy old historic way
Give, as thou didst yesterday

At the South-land's call, or on
Need's demand from fired St. John.

Set thy Church's muffled bell
Free the generous deed to tell.

Let thy loyal hearts rejoice
In the glad, sonorous voice,

Ringing from the brazen mouth
Of the bell of the Old South, —

Ringing clearly, with a will,
"WHAT SHE WAS IS BOSTON STILL!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AMERICANISMS.

VII.

THE World newspaper of New York, taking a hint from its able London correspondent,[1] the editor of the London Week, in his management of the latter Saturday newspaper, proposed not long ago a series of questions as to authorship, — who wrote this, that, and the other passage, — with two or three trifling prizes for the first, second, or third grade of success in answering them. As I have before remarked, I cannot understand how or why any one should take even the slightest interest in such literary mousing; but my experience certified to me what the result would be; and what it was is set forth in the following paragraph from The World of January 12th: —

[1] Mr. Louis J. Jennings, the correspondent of the London Times, who during the latter part of the war skillfully rectified the egregious blunders of his predecessor, and who afterwards, as editor of the New York Times, was the chief agent in exposing and discomfiting Tweed and his "ring." He is the author of Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States, a book full of the fruits of knowledge and sound judgment, and of Field Paths and Green Lanes, to which I have before referred, and of which the London Spectator said that it is "almost a classic."

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"During the first week of the contest we received about 700 letters; during the second about 1000; during the third an average of 150 letters a day; during the fourth week, as the contest drew to its close, about 600 letters; and during the last week an overwhelming mail of 1653 letters."

I take notice of this fact, as I proceed to give attention to a few of the letters that I have lately received, because some three or four persons have thought it proper to allude in a manner *peu convenable* to my occasional necessary references to my own correspondence, and one among them has been permitted to squeak out his little scoff in a corner of this very newspaper which now finds itself the Tarpeia of literary notes and queries.

Some readers of The Atlantic seem to have failed to apprehend the meaning of what I have recently said upon various alleged Americanisms, and the bearing of the passages which I have cited; some appear in the character of jealous defenders of the reputation of their countrymen for bad English, and will have it that so-called Americanisms, which are really English by origin and by past and present usage, shall not be taken away from them, but shall be accepted as American in very deed; others, I suspect, are not unwilling on the one hand to show their ability to pick a flaw in the work of a critic, and on the other to display their reading, — the weakest of all vanities.

Among the latter I must class the writer of a long communication which was sent to me in a printed slip cut from a newspaper, in which it had filled more than a column. Fault is found with my discrimination between *bosom* and *breast*, and at great length it is shown that these words have for a long time been applied by English writers of repute to men and to women indiscriminately; which no one who knows anything of English usage on this point would doubt for a moment, or should seek to establish by proof. How entirely superfluous and from the purpose the criticism is, with all its parade of passages in support, will be seen by reference to the article which is made the subject of censure (Atlantic, November, 1878, page 623), where it will be found that the expressed opinion that "etymologically" *bosom* is more appropriate than *breast* to man, and *breast* more appropriate than *bosom* to woman, is followed by this sentence: "It was inevitable, however, that by long use the two words should come to be to a certain degree interchanged." In vain, however, it seems, was this attempt by a passing remark to suggest that I was familiar with and had in mind one of the commonest of English usages. It is difficult for me to see how a competent and right-meaning editor justifies himself to himself in the admission of such communications as this to his columns.

The same writer takes me up, or sets me down, — as he will have it, — for writing "among these remarks is one made not long *since*." Now any one may say that I write bad English, or that I write nonsense, and I shall not utter a word in reply; nor have I ever done so. It is only when I am accused of teaching bad English, or of committing the literary dishonesty of writing upon a subject which I have not well studied, that I am tempted to retort, — a temptation to which I have yielded, I believe, in only four instances. And as to this use of *since* I shall merely remark that it has prevailed in English literature for a very long time, and may be found in the writings of such men as Spenser, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Shakespeare, and Hooker, and Roscommon, and Bolingbroke, and Locke; and I remember seeing it a week or two ago in Wilkie Collins's last book. And if my critic will refer to Maetzner's English Grammar (I suppose, of course, that such a censor knows the work and its authority), he will find it said: "If *since* is put after a determination of time, a transposition of the prepositional particle is not to be assumed; but *since* works as an adverb which seems to confound the meaning *postea* with *abhinc*. In this case, the speaker would make his standing-point at that time the starting-point of the retrograde line of time, at the terminal

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point of which the activity took place. Yet the expression in question might be explicable in another manner, and rather rest upon an ellipsis. [Most certainly.] Compare, for instance, 'It is ten years *since he died*,' and '*Ten years since*, he died,' and 'Waverley, or 't is sixty years *since*,' and we shall find it conceivable that with the rejection of *it is*, as with the omission of the event in question, the *since* which attached itself to the predicated activity was taken to determine the time adverbially. Thus *since* retains its original meaning, for which the predicated activity remains the point of departure." (Vol. ii., page 272.) *Since*, one of the oldest words in the language, has passed through various forms and assumed different relational significances, but always with unvarying adherence to the idea of the relation between the time at which it is used and a fixed point in past time. Its use in the sense of *ago* is entirely in the normal line of progression; and any other of its previous relational modifications might be objected to as well as this one. These remarks, however, are made only by way of illustration. My own taste is decidedly in favor of "long *ago;*" but like other writers whom I could name, and by comparison with whom I should be honored, I do not always use the word that I prefer.

An article in the editorial columns of the London Daily Telegraph can hardly be reckoned as part of my correspondence, but a consideration of it here may not be out of place. After a discussion and almost an acceptance of the theory as to the nature and the meaning of music presented in The Atlantic in October last, the London journalist comes to the rescue of Lord Beaconsfield, and defends his phrase, "the diapason of England's diplomacy," by pleading that *diapason* has two meanings: first, "the consonant of the octave which embraces all the sounds of the scale;" and second, "the rule or means by which makers of musical instruments adjust the bores of flutes, clarinets, organ pipes, and so forth." Now that *diapason* has these two meanings, or something very like them, every tolerably well-read student of the theory of music must know. But to ask the world to believe that Lord Beaconsfield, when he spoke of the diapason of England's diplomacy, had in mind the consonant of the octave, or used the word with any knowledge or even any suspicion of either of its technical meanings, is rather overtasking the credulity and even the gravity of the human race. Yet, as his lordship has a vein of subtle sarcasm, which he exhibits sometimes even at the cost of his political friends, it is possible that when speaking of England's late diplomacy he felt an adumbration of the second definition, and had a bore of some sort in his mind, and also, perhaps, an organ. I should have pleasure in agreeing with the most brilliant and most enterprising of London journals, even in its very pronounced admiration of Lord Beaconsfield, but this demand upon me is rather too much. Indeed, I cannot but suspect that his lordship's face, as he read the article that told him with what meaning he did really use the word (for doubtless he always reads the Telegraph), must have assumed an expression of impenetrable reserve and incomprehensible wisdom more sphinx-like than ever. And in fact, if the truth must be told, the word *diapason* applied to diplomacy in either of these senses is simply absurd, as any one may see. It is small shame to Benjamin D'Israeli that he did not know the difference between a diapason and a key-note; and the Earl of Beaconsfield may well afford to hold the terminology of music in as light regard as the Earl of Chesterfield did the vocation of a musician.

A respected correspondent, also in England, writes as to the word *clergyman* that he fears I have not kept to the question, "Does the American custom of calling all ministers of religion clergymen obtain generally in England?" The gist of his letter, which is too long to print, is that "although this alleged Americanism is to be occasionally met with in England, nevertheless it is an Americanism, and not pure and ancient

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English;" that to be a clergyman in the pure and ancient English sense of the term a man must be "episcopally ordained;" and that a dissenter cannot be a clergyman, — dissenters including "all out of the pale of the catholic church," that is, "Unitarians and the 201 other sects." The extreme "sacerdotalism" of this correspondent is manifest enough already; but it is still more strongly shown by his remark that "the Greek, Latin, and English churches differ very little from each other; therefore no distinction [between them in this respect] is necessary."

Now, in the first place, there is in America no custom of calling all ministers of religion clergymen. There are thousands of preachers and religious ministers here, men and women, who are not spoken of, or thought of, as being among the clergy. To receive the title of clergyman a man must be, in the words of Dr. Johnson's definition, *set apart* for ministration in holy things; and the setting apart must be by an organized religious body of such respectability that its actions are worthy of public consideration. The mode or ceremony of setting apart is not in question. Next, the point in dispute is not whether any particular use of the word *clergyman* obtains generally in England, but whether it originated in England or in the United States, and whether, if it originated in England, it has continued there in respectable use. In the latter case, it may be wrong in the opinion of a great many Englishmen; it may even be positively incorrect and abnormal; *but it cannot be an Americanism.* The question of origin is excluded from this discussion by the fact that the term was in use in England when there was only one religion there, the Roman Catholic, and before the English colonization of America. As to usage, of course, after the Reformation, the term was for a long time necessarily confined to priests of the established church, simply because there were no others in England to whom it could be applied. But Clarendon, writing more than two hundred years ago, applied it to the Scotch Presbyterian ministers: "Their strange condescension and submission to their ignorant and insolent *clergy*, who were to have great authority because they were to inflame all sorts of men upon the obligations of conscience." (History of the Rebellion, Book II., page 271, Oxford ed., 1839, *et aliunde.*) From that time, when there were no Americanisms, it has grown in use, except among the exclusive Anglican high-churchmen, until such examples of good English usage occur as those I presented before, to which I now add the following, although I have not yet found the sheaf of memorandums the loss of which I mentioned in my first discussion of the subject: —

"The *Congregational clergy* of New England were on the popular side, and took a prominent part in the struggle." (R. W. Dale, in The Nineteenth Century, October, 1878, page 719.)

"This was followed by a prayer offered by a *clergyman* [not an Episcopalian] who happened to be present." (The same, page 105.)

"She has been submitting, half unwillingly, to the addresses of an excellent *clergyman* [a Congregational minister afterwards called "the worthy pastor"], but that homely suitor has no chance against the fascinating stranger." (Pall Mall Gazette, October 12, 1878.)

"Nearly three fourths of these *Dissenters* are Presbyterians. . . . Their newspapers are liberal in tone, and their *clergy*, with a few insignificant exceptions, are liberal also." (London Spectator, November 16, 1878.)

"This is the first and perhaps one of the most important reasons why the *clerical profession*, both in the established church and *in other sects*, but especially in the established church, is apt to attract young men of amiable disposition." (The same, November 23, 1878.)

"Perhaps of all guests *clergymen* are the most difficult to assort successfully; and this is specially the case when their 'views' are closely akin. Among clerical instances of two right-hand gloves, that of a *Roman* and an *Anglican* bishop exercising authority in the same place forms perhaps the most amusing exam-

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ple."[1] (Saturday Review, November 7, 1877, page 608.)

Now whether it is right or proper to call any man a clergyman who has not been "episcopally ordained" I shall not here undertake to say, that is not the question. But that the calling of men "set apart for ministration in holy things" — by Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and other respectable organized religious bodies — clergymen is not an Americanism, either by origin or by usage, seems to me beyond dispute.

This same correspondent, at the close of his letter, says, "It was very good of you to address me as reverend; but I claim only to be," etc., etc. In the margin of the letter he writes with a reference to the phrase *claim to be*, "an Americanism." In this grave imputation upon the Englishhood of his own language he is quite wrong. The use of *claim* with the infinitive of a verb is American neither in origin nor in peculiar usage. It was known in England long, long before there could have been any Americanisms, and it has the sanction of the best modern usage. For example:—

"And a verie great porcion of the same laude and thanke doeth ladie Fortune *claime to have*, by whose conveighaunce oft' times we se thinges not without high counsaill & wisedome enterprised, to have a verie unluckie ende," etc. (Nicolas Udall's Translation of the Apophthegms of Erasmus, 1542, ed. 1564, preface.)

"The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and *claims*
To be high steward."
(Shakespeare, Henry VIII., Act. IV., Sc. 1.)

"I have disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who *claims to be* considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorized friend." (Lady Byron, February 19, 1830, Byron's Life by Moore, vol. vi. p. 280.)

"Ormin plainly *claims to have* completed his self-imposed task." (Craik, English Language and Literature, page 96.)

"If it be true that the defendant had not conceived the intention of coming forward and *claiming to be* Roger,"[2] etc. (Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Charge in Tichborne Trial.)

"Mr. Froude leaves out the fact on which the whole story turns, that William, while one of the king's knights, was also one of the archbishop's knights, and that the archbishops *claimed to* appoint clerks to all churches on lands held of the see." (Edward Freeman, in Contemporary Review, September, 1878, page 226.)

"In older times the larger right has been asserted to keep out diplomatic representatives who *claimed to be* something more than diplomatists." (Pall Mall, October 26, 1878.)

"And it appeared at length that the baroness *claimed to have been* brought over from Bavaria," etc. (Anthony Trollope, Popenjoy, chap. xxvii.)

"Littlehampton, again, by reason of its fine sands and its mild climate, *claims to be* a fashionable watering-place." (The Week, January, 1878.)

There is a use of *claim* in conjunction with *that* which is, I believe, an Americanism. For example, I read recently, in the police report of a New York newspaper, "The girl *claims that she met* three men," etc. This absurd and offensive use of the word is quite common in our newspapers, but it is very rarely found in writings of a higher class than police reports, sensational articles, the letter-gossiping and scandal-mongering correspondents, and the

[1] As to the application of the word *divine* to any other than an episcopally ordained clergyman, which has been pronounced not current in England, — a point to which I have before referred, — see the following passage in the same article, in which mere religious persons, females as well as males, are called divines.

"We have heard it said of two excellent persons that they ought to marry each other because they are so religious; but a male and a female *divine* are more likely to quarrel than an author and an authoress."

[2] Think of Sir Alexander Cockburn's being told that he had used an Americanism! Be there not prisons standing ready for them that are guilty of contempt of court?

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records of interviewers. But *claimed to be* is English normally and by long usage. The Americanism, if it must be recognized as one, is the use of *claim* for say or assert.

It is objected by one correspondent — an American, I believe — that the examples which I gave of the English use of *railroad* are from articles upon American affairs, and that the phrase might naturally and unconsciously have been adopted from American usage. The objection is futile, and of course does not apply to the use of *railroad* by Dr. Newman. The word is and has been used in the highest English quarters distinctively in regard to English railway affairs, and by English jurists, and frequently, thirty years ago, by the most eminent English writer of the past or hardly past generation.

— "it would be strange indeed were the completion of the most extensive and magnificent *railroad* in Great Britain to produce no feelings of national exultation," etc. (Thomas Roscoe, The London and Birmingham Railway with the Home and Country Scenes, etc., Preface, page i., Lond. 1837 (?).)

"But this gratifying fact — so satisfactory to the companies and proprietors of *railroads* who consult their real interests," etc. (The same, page iii.)

"The establishment of the Manchester and Liverpool line in this country at once determined the success of the *railroad* as the chief highway of the future." (Saturday Review, October 28, 1878.)

"But where there is no clause in the act requiring the *railroad* or canal proprietors to procure immunity from damage by purchasing the minerals, and authorizing them to make the purchase, the mine owner cannot work his mine so as to injure or destroy the *railroad* or canal." (Addison on Torts, chap. iii., sec. i., p. iii., ed. N. Y. 1876.)

— "in the shape of newspaper companies, bitumen companies, galvanized-iron companies, *railroad* companies," etc. (Thackeray, Paris Sketch Book, ed. Lond. 1869, page 184.)

— "and who ever had pleasure in a *railroad* journey?" (The same, page 284.)

— "and I would as lief have for companions the statues that lately took coach . . . as the most part of the people who now travel on the *railroad*." (The same, page 285.)

— "let us make a few moral and historical remarks upon the town of Versailles, where between *railroad* and *concon* we are surely arrived by this time." (The same, page 285.)

It is surely not worth while to waste more time and space in showing that *railroad* is not in any sense an Americanism; although, as I remarked in Words and their Uses, years ago, *railway* is more usual in England, and *railroad* in America.

Two correspondents, one unmistakably J. B., the other of doubtful nationality, are not convinced that *grain* for corn is not an Americanism. One objects that my citations were meagre, chiefly "names, not examples," and the other that the passages were "obsolete, and not examples of current English." Well, well! the following passages, particularly those from the writing of an English farmer of the day, will probably satisfy both my critics: —

"If any preacher would manifest the resurrection of Christ unto the senses, why doth he not teach them by the *grain* of the field that is risen out of the earth?" (Bishop Hooper, A Declaration of Christe and of his Office, 1547, chap. v., ed. 1843.)

"Mr. Macaulay gives a very graphic picture of an epidemic of housebreaking and robbery in the fourth volume of his recent history. After alluding to the scarcity of *grain*, he says," etc. (Charles Elam, A Physician's Problems, Lond. 1869, page 192.)

"I will say generally here that it does not answer the settler's purpose to grow any *grain* crop . . . beyond his own needs." (An English Farmer, in Frazer's Mag., November, 1878, page 624.)

"In the mean time, English settler, be careful about growing any *grain* for sale." (The same, page 624.)

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— "there being no *grain* there, only grass and potatoes." (The same, page 625.)

"If they deposit their eggs when they alight, and a warm winter succeeds, the young hoppers may afflict the young *grain*." (The same, page 626.)

"No machine has yet been invented which at once threshes the *grain* and shreds the straw as the bullocks like to have it done. Now, there is no other food for the bullocks except the straw; for 'to grow hay where I could grow *grain* was absurd.'" (Saturday Review, October 26, 1878.)

"The country between Bussorah and Bagdad is described as literally surfeited with *grain*, which is simply wasted in districts a little removed from the river. Not only is *it* allowed to rot in granaries or become a spoil to the rats, but in many parts *wheat* is used as fuel." (The Week, December 14, 1878.)

"Some *grain* must wither; why not thy little handful?"[1] (George Eliot, The Spanish Gipsy.)

But it is truly shameful that one should be called upon to show that the use of *grain* to mean corn is well recognized English, past and present; and it is almost ridiculous to do so. The word in that sense is found in Johnson, with illustrative passages; and in Latham's Johnson the following passage from Burke is given in illustration of the definition, "kind of grain." "As to the *other grains* it is to be observed, as the *wheat* ripened very late, the *barley* got the start of it and was ripe first." By-the-by, do my censors and correspondents ever consult English dictionaries? I confess that I do not, except on some such occasion as the present. But if I were to assume their task, or to undertake the compiling of a dictionary of Americanisms, I should deem it my duty to do so, lest I should set down as peculiarly American in origin or in usage words and phrases which form part of the vocabularies of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Burke, Byron, Thackeray, George Eliot, and the writers in London magazines and newspapers of the highest class.

It is objected by a correspondent, whom I suspect of having been stupefied by the mass of quotations in Recent Exemplications, etc., that as to *family* I give only my opinion, without citations in its support, and that the Latin *familia* certainly meant the household without regard to ties of blood. He still inclines to think, with the compiler of the Dictionary of Americanisms, that *family*, meaning wife and children, is an Americanism. Doubtless *familia* did mean the household without regard to kindred; but this I mentioned myself. (How strange it is, by the way, that some men, when they set out to censure you, will do so in the very teeth of your own utterances!) We are not, however, concerned with the meaning of the Latin original of the word *family*, but with the sense in which family is used by modern Englishmen. Now it so happens that a recent sad event has shown this usage with very exact discrimination. The death of the Princess Alice (Grand Duchess of Hesse) and her children of diphtheria, while all the servants and other attendants and attachés of the duke escaped, was of course made the occasion of much comment by the London press; and in these comments the princess and the children were called the duke's family, and the servants and other attendants his household.

"The illness of the Princess Alice is causing great alarm. The attack is a grave form of the diphtheria from which the *whole family* have been suffering, and which has already caused the death of one of her children." (London Spectator, December 14, 1878.)

"Bad drainage may be the cause of it; but it cannot be the only cause, for of the sixty persons forming the *household* of the Grand Duke of Hesse, no one outside *his own family* has yet been attacked. . . . It is possible that the milk supplied to the *children* was bad. . . . The circumstances ought to be most carefully inquired into, not only in the interests of the grand duke's *family*, but

[1] I quote this from memory, and the book is not at hand.

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of humanity in general." (The Week, December 21, 1878.)

"Meanwhile, too, she [the princess] had become the mother of a large *family*, five daughters and two sons." (London Times, December 16, 1878.)

"From the foregoing outline of the natural history of the malady it will be seen that the outbreak now under consideration presents no special or peculiar features, and that its limitation to the *members of the grand duke's family*, which may or may not continue," etc. (The same, December 17, 1878.)

I give a few other conclusive examples from current English publications: —

"On Admiral de Horsey's visit in the Shah, in September last, he found sixteen men, nineteen women, twenty-five boys, and thirty girls, — say a number equivalent to some sixteen *families* in all." (London Spectator, December 14, 1878.)

"For the very fact of a man's being a traveler is, between ourselves, by no means a good sign. Why does he not stop at home in the bosom of his family, or if he has no *family*, *acquire one?*"[1] (James Payn, Simpson of Bussora, Belgravia, October, 1878.)

"I want to know, can a young man or *a family* in London enjoy a few hours of inexpensive, out-of-door, popular music in the summer evenings? . . . But when by degrees the novelty of the thing had worn off, . . . when the shopkeeper found that he could safely bring out his *wife* and *family*, and for a few pence obtain seats and spend a cheerful hour or two, then," etc. (Contemporary Review, quoted in New York Times, November 10, 1878.)

"The king, who entertained a strong partiality for the homely style and dress of his Quaker subjects, at once accepted the invitation, and in company with his consort walked up into the first floor above the shop, where Barclay's *wife and family* were assembled to witness the glittering cavalcade." (The Week, December 21, 1878.)

I have other criticisms and queries and comments before me, but the waste-basket is the best place for them; for however it may be with my readers, I am aweary of this reiteration. I will mention, as I turn away from my censors, that it has occurred to me, as to that Americanism *Goody*, that I forgot to mention the old English song, —

> "Pray, *Goody*, please to moderate
> The rancour of your tongue."

Referring to my memorandums on the fly leaves of Pepys's Diary, I find this name for a "simple" woman in the following not very savory record: —

"This evening the girle that was brought to me to-day for so good a one, being cleansed of lice by my wife, and good, new clothes put on her back, she ran away from *Goody* Taylour that was shewing her the way to the *bake-house*, and we heard no more of her." (August 20, 1663.)

He tells us, too, that "My Lady Batten, walking through the dirty lane with new spicke and span white shoes, she dropped one of her *goloshes* in the dirt, where it stuck, at which she was horribly vexed, and I led her." (November 15, 1665.) Yet further. Some of my readers may remember that in my last article on this subject (Atlantic, January, 1879) I said as to *a good time* that I was "sure that there was precedent for the phrase in the books of English writers of repute in past generations," although I then cited no example. I now find a memorandum of a use of it by Pepys, plump and without mitigation, just as it might be used by Daisy Miller herself:

"Up betimes and to St. James's, thinking Mr. Coventry had lain there; but he do not but at Whitehall; so thither I went, and *had as good a time* as heart could wish." (March 7, 1666.)

Also, apropos of andirons and fire-dogs, it is not without interest that in one

[1] I observe that in this humorous sketch Mr. Payn falls into the general error of attributing the joke about changing a wife of forty for two twenties to Douglas Jerrold. It is quite possible that Jerrold may have uttered it, and finding himself credited with it assumed its paternity. But it belongs to a vastly greater and much better man than Jerrold, — Byron; although Byron, I believe, makes the age fifty instead of forty, and the change, of course, two twenty-fives. He had more admiration, because more knowledge, of the charms that may accumulate in forty years.

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of the London weekly papers cited above I found a queer, compromising mixture of the two terms, which, being novel, or at least unusual, is quite likely to be set forth, by some governess or some doctor of laws, as an Americanism: —

"The chairs are of various kinds, to suit various tastes; the fire-place open, spacious, and fitted with *dog-irons*," etc. (The Week, December 21, 1878.)

Another like combination is found in *hand-dog*, which Dr. Bartlett gives as an Americanism. It may be so; but I never met with it, or heard it. I suspect that like *dog-iron* it is the bungle or the whim of an individual. I also met with a phrase that as I read it seemed to me to be just the sort of phrase that I should find in the Dictionary of Americanisms, *candle-lighting*, as a time of the day.

"So many fairy tales are probably being told to children in the hours between early dusk and candle-lighting that older people may naturally ask themselves, Who were the first authors of the nursery lore of the world?" (Saturday Review, December 7, 1878.)

Sure enough, when I turned to the dictionary, there it was: "Candle-lighting. Time of, or near the time of, lighting candles, as 'at early candle-lighting;' sometimes we hear at early candle-light. New England." Yes, indeed, and Old England too, ever since the time when farthing rush-lights and tallow-dips came in; and even from then until now. It should seem that a little reflection would show an intelligent student of language that candle-lighting is a mark of time inevitable when clocks are few; and that even when clocks become common the charm of the hour, its associations, and the mobility of this little feasting time of memories sweet and sad, would preserve it surely in the living embalmment of folk-speech. Indeed, in spite of gas and electric light, you might almost as well attempt to grind *folk* itself out of English speech as "from early dusk to candle-lighting."[1]

I might feel that I owed my readers some apology for this recurrence to former subjects; but my purpose was not merely to confirm my position in certain particulars, or even to impress those particulars more strongly upon those whom I address. I hoped that it might thus appear that I am not apt to make assertions, or to give judgments, for which there are not good grounds; and that if I do not always support my assertions and my judgment by the production of proof, it is not because they rest upon conjecture or mere opinion, but sometimes because of present convenience, sometimes for the mere sake of saving room; at other times because, saying what I know is true, I think that its truth must be plain with no illustration, or with little, to any intelligent reader. As a general rule, I much prefer the least possible quotation, citation of authority, or annotation. In Words and their Uses I followed this rule, giving only what was needed in the way of mere illustration, and making no attempt at cumulative proof. But that book was one chiefly of opinion. These papers, on the contrary, refer to matter of fact, and I must generally support my assertions by sufficient evidence; indeed, the evidence is the important part of the discussion. When, however, my citations are few, my readers may rest assured that this is not because they are the limits of my knowledge on the point in question, unless I avow that to be the case. In science nothing is so unsafe — indeed, so unscientific — as to build a theory upon the observation of a few, and possibly disconnected, facts; and even in such discussions of language as the present, conclusions from few facts should be warily drawn. This I constantly remember, although I make no pretension to treat language scientifically, and have no desire to do so. Yet I likewise have in mind that one sort of fact has ten times the weight and meaning that a score of facts in regard to the

[1] It may be just worth while to mention that in three evenings' reading, last week, I met with seventeen instances of the use of *folk* or *folks* by British authors, or in London publications of repute, in the sense of "people or persons," which we are told was obsolete in Johnson's time, and is now made by British writers a mark of Yankeeism.

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same subject, but of another sort, may have. To end all this, let me say that I am glad of information, or of intelligent, honest criticism, from any quarter; but I venture to hint to some of my commentators and censors that in correcting me, or in giving me or others information upon the subjects about which I have written, it would be safe, I will not say courteous, to assume that I did not write without first having obtained some knowledge of my subject, and that a difference of opinion between us may be a fault in judgment, and is not necessarily one of ignorance, — on my part. The confidence which I ask from my readers I ask not because I know so much of my subject; on the contrary, no one knows quite so well as I do how much of it I have yet to learn. I only profess to know more of English than those who do not know so much as I do; but my censors, private and public, have hitherto shown themselves among the latter number. Of that of which I know nothing I shall say nothing; of that of which I know little I shall not say much. Hereafter, I shall take notice only of those criticisms the discussion of which may interest and possibly instruct my readers.

In the Dictionary of Americanisms, to which I now turn, a very large proportion of the words under the letter H may be dismissed without illustration, as improperly included in such a compilation.

Habitan, the first word, for example, is no more an Americanism than *ryot*, or *sepoy*, or *rajah*, which are daily spoken, written, and printed in England, are Orientalisms. The latter are simply the names of things peculiar to India; *habitan* is of their kind, and it would be and is used by British writers just as freely as by American, and in exactly the same way. With it must go *hammock*, *hackberry*, *hackee*, *hackmatack*, *harbor-police*, *hickory*, *higher law* (which is not even the name of a thing peculiar to America, but merely the expression of an opinion in very simple, every-day English), *hoe-cake*, *hominy*, *hopping-john*, *hurricane* (which went from the West Indies to England, and came thence to us), and also, I am inclined to think, *Hicksite*, not only because it is merely a name, but also because it is used in England just as it is here, and has been so used ever since the division in the Society of Friends, of which it is a sign. I know that many years ago I heard it so used by English Friends, themselves "orthodox," and of marked precision in speech.

The following words and phrases may also be passed by with the mere remark that they are so undeniably common in every respect to both countries that any comment upon them is needless: *half-cock*, *half-saved*, *handsome* (in the sense of generous), *handsomely* (carefully, thoroughly, well), *handle* (manage), *to hang up one's fiddle*, *hard pushed*, *hard run*, *hard up*, *harsel stuff* (household stuff, an example of advanced phonetic decay), *haw-haw* (laughter), *heap* (vulgar for much, a great deal), *hitch* (a check, an entanglement), *hither and yon*, *how fare you?* and *hipped* or *hypped* (said of hypochondriacs). Englishmen at all familiar with the general speech of their own country will be astonished at seeing these words in a compilation of so-called Americanisms. Besides these words and others like them, which I have passed by, there is a mass of cant and slang under H which is not only never used by American writers of respectable position, but never heard from the lips of people of even the middling condition as to position, breeding, and education, — stuff which would properly have place in an American "Grose," but nowhere else. Taking away all this, not much is left for remark and illustration.

Had have, as, Had we have known this. This is worthy of attention only as an example of its kind. It is merely bad English, or rather nonsense, the result of ignorance and a blundering use of language; although through contagion and thoughtlessness writers and speakers really not ignorant may use it. It may be heard daily in any part of England; but like much other mere bad English, it is set down as an Americanism. This perversion is partly due to a disposition

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to classify all things and put labels on them, which causes and fixes much error.

To hail from. I shall only say that I believe this phrase is purely English, and is British marine cant. Among my memorandums I find the following: —

"'I say, Tom,' said Frank, 'let us join, for the fun of the thing. Where do all these good ladies reside when they are at home? Do they all *hail from* London?'" (Doctor Kemp, ed. Lond., vol. i. p. 288.)

Hain't for *have not* goes with *had have.* It is simply bad English which, either with the *h* or without it, is rather commoner in England than it is here.

Hand, defined as an adept or proficient, is set forth as an Americanism. As well might it be so in its ordinary sense. Nor is it ever used to mean an adept or proficient. It is always qualified, and the distinctive meaning depends altogether upon the adjective joined with it, as a good hand or a bad hand at doing this or that. In this use it is merely, by metaphor, in place of *man* or *woman*, as when we say a factory hand, a farm hand; and it is as common in England, almost, as the words for which it stands.

Hand-glasses. The comment upon this phrase is a queer one. It is, "Eye-glasses, spectacles. Fancy hand-glasses are advertised for sale in New York." And so they are in London. Hand-glasses are not spectacles, but toilet glasses, held in the hand close to the face or opposite another looking-glass, that the side face or back of the head may by seen. They are in common use by ladies, and some of them are very "fancy."

Hang around. This phrase is an Americanism; but the Americanism consists in the use of *around* for *about*, as in "stand *around*," "went *around* with him," etc.; and this error having been set forth in its proper place, mere combinations of it are superfluous, and only serve to swell the volume of the dictionary, and to increase injuriously the apparent vocabulary of the "American language." The same objection applies to the presence of both "hard-shell Baptists" and "hard-shell democrats." *Hard-shell* is American slang, and this being once set forth and explained, its combinations are superfluous. Any party or sect, almost anything, may be hard-shell, as it may be good or bad, big or little.

Hat. I fear that the compiler of the dictionary is not very familiar with the phraseology of the sex. For even in his last edition he says, "Our Northern women have almost discarded the word *bonnet*, except in *sun-bonnet*, and use the word *hat* instead." The authoress of that charming novel The Gayworthys, who is a Northern woman describing Northern and indeed New England women, witnesses to the contrary: —

"I hate to be curious, Joanna, but would you mind tellin' me what they ask you for such a *bunnet* as that down to Selport?" (The Gayworthys, chap. viii.)

"Say and Joanna came down in their Sunday *bonnets*." (The same, chap. xxviii.)

The milliners' advertisements in the Boston, New York, and Philadelphia papers are filled with the word; and one "mammoth millinery establishment" in New York recently announced the opening of a "new bonnet room." Indeed, there is a subtle and mysterious, but all-important difference between the hat and the bonnet; and one or the other, I shall not venture to say which, is admissible on some occasions, but not on others. The difference is, I believe, either that the hat has strings and the bonnet has not, or that the bonnet has strings and the hat has not. Whichever it is, — and I would not presume to say, — the distinction is all-important. A female co-editor, or at least proof-reader, should be secured for the next edition of the dictionary.

Have, had, as, I have him, There you had him, "We had Floyd," "We had his artillery," and the like. This appears for the first time in the last edition, with an example taken from the war correspondence of the New York Tribune; why, it is hard to understand.

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"Had him" is a colloquial phrase common in England, just as it is here; and although colloquial phrases do not get into print, even in newspapers, so easily and so commonly there as they do here, I am sure that it might be found in English journals by any one who would take the trouble to look for it; and a bet might safely be made that it could be found in English novels.

Heft. Weight, ponderousness. This an Americanism! It is living English, centuries old. Here are two examples nearly three hundred years apart: —

"Poor little babe, full long in cradell left,
Where crown and scepter hurt him with the *heft*."
(Mirrour for Magistrates, 1587, II. 94. v. 15.)

"Public opinion was much divided, some holding that it would go hard with a man of his age and *heft*." (Tom Brown at Oxford, page 208.)

To heft, *hefted*, and *hefty* are in the same category with *heft*.

Help, for house servant, is a Northern Americanism; but applied to outdoor servants it is not. It may be often heard so used in England: just as Mr. Hughes uses it in the following passage, and in many others: —

"I found Murdock's ostler very drunk, but sober compared with that rascally *help* we had been fools enough to take with us." (Tom Brown at Oxford, page 63.)

Hern and *hisn*. These vulgarisms are in use in England among people exactly in the condition of life of those who use them here. They are to be found in Pegge's list of London vulgarisms. The latter even appears in an Ellesmere's epitaph on himself in Sir Arthur Helps's Realmah: —

"The Grand Maxim
Never Mind the Outside
Which has improved the art of building
Throughout the World
And which has tended to dignify and purify
All other departments in Human Life
Was *his'n*."
(Chap. xvii.)

What peculiarity, then, gives them a proper place in a dictionary of Americanisms?

High jinks, meaning "a great frolic," appears for the first time in the last edition of the dictionary. Why? It is of English origin, and is in common use in England after its kind. For example, see the following confession of an English burglar: —

"I have taken part in a very paying burglary, wherein the house was cleared of every valuable in it worth taking, while one of our set was at *high jinks* (he standing treat) with the servants downstairs, the family being out of town." (Pall Mall Budget, October 12, 1878.)

Ho, "a word used by teamsters to stop their teams." Does Mr. Bartlett really mean to imply that this word is not so used by English teamsters, and that it has not been so used by them from time immemorial? Hardly; and indeed he seems to confine his charge of Americanism to the use of the word, colloquially, figuratively, and jocosely, as a noun, thus: "he has no *ho* in him." But the word *ho* existing in English, such a use of it is open to all English-speaking persons, and is as English as can be, whether the person who happened first to use it was born in England, Canada, Australia, or "America." So it might be said that a man has "no let-up in him," or "no avast in him," and so forth. Gascoigne has this somewhat not worthy use of the word in connection with one, equally ancient, which has long passed out of ordinary ken: —

"But out, alas, his weake and weary sprite
Forbad his tongue in furder termes to go;
His thoughts said *Haight*, his sillie speache cried *Ho*."
(Dan Bartholomew of Bathe, Poems, 1575, ed. Roxburghe, page 136.)

Haight was used to urge, as *ho* was used to check. Now if *haight* were found in use here at all, it would be an Americanism of a certain kind, — an Americanism by survival; for Gascoigne's use of it as an imperative verb, although three hundred years old, is very late. And yet it is probable that in the "Hey come up" of the lower order of English drivers to their horses and donkeys, the first word is a remnant of *haight*, just as *ma'am* is a remnant of *madam*.

To hound appears for the first time in the fourth edition of the dictionary,

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apparently because an instance of its use has been met with in the New York Tribune. I remark upon it as an example of a word which could not be an Americanism. The use of a noun like *hound* as a verb is so inherently English that; no matter where it happened to be first used, it would be English, understood and recognized by every English-speaking person. Compare *to dog*, *to hawk*, *to ferret*, *to mouse*, *to rat*, etc.

House. This, we are told, is "used to form compounds, such as *meat-house*, *wash-house*, *milk-house*, where an Englishman would say, respectively, larder, laundry, dairy." Dear, dear! and this when he whom Mr. Samuel Weller calls the young grampus was sent to eat his dinner "in the *wash-'us*," because his hard breathing was too much for the nerves of the pretty housemaid! But perhaps both Mr. Dickens and Mr. Weller were Yankees. The truth is that *wash-house*, *brew-house*, *bake-house*, *fish-house*, *hen-house*, *ale-house*, and like compounds are much commoner in England than they are here.

Housen. This old plural of *house* is used by some — a very few — of the illiterate in the rural parts of New England, New York, and New Jersey. It is used much more frequently by the same sort of people in various rural parts of England. What, then, is its Americanism?

Huckleberry is merely *whortleberry* pronounced with the old English interchange of *k* and *t*. *Brickle* and *brittle* are the same word, and both spellings are sometimes found within a few lines of each other in old English books.

Hugger-mugger. The appearance of this word in a dictionary of Americanisms can be explained only by the use of the adage so interesting to schoolboys, *lucus a non lucendo*. It appears in every dictionary of the English language, from Bailey down, the compilers of which quote in illustration of it passages from Ascham, Udal, Bale, Spenser, North, Plutarch, Shakespeare, Harrington, Fuller, and Sir Roger L'Estrange, — which, by the way, is rather at variance with the "colloquial and low" applied to it in Webster's Dictionary. It is not a common word; but the reader of the literature of the Elizabethan period meets with it not unfrequently. It means hurried secrecy. Polonius was buried in *hugger-mugger*, as the king confesses. (Hamlet, Act. iv., Sc. 5.) Its etymology is uncertain, and its form very changing. In Golding's translation of Ovid, 1587, I met with it in this shape: —

> "But let Ulysses tell you his [acts] doone all in *hudther-mudther*,
> And whereunto thre onlie right is privie, and none other."
>
> (Fol. 160.)

It appears now and then in English literature of the present day; but the remarkable circumstance for us in connection with it is that in the writings of Americans it is almost (I believe quite) unknown. It appears for the first time in the last edition of the dictionary, with two examples of its use taken from the New York Tribune, the writer of which, I will venture to say, adopted it from English books in which he had met with it, and used it with a full consciousness of its rarity; but we may be sure that he hardly supposed that he was going to get for this old English word, still used in England, a place in the Dictionary of Americanisms.

Human. This word, used by Western backwoodsmen for human being, is one of those which are regarded as peculiarly American in origin and use. It is thus grouped with *guess*, *notion*, and a few others, upon which I have heretofore remarked. But it was known in English literature of the highest order long before there were, or could have been, any Americanisms. It appears again and again in Chapman's Homer, 1603: —

> "Mars, Mars, said he, thou plague of men, smear'd with the dust and blood
> Of *humans*, and their ruin'd walls, yet thinks thy godhead good
> To fright," etc
>
> (Iliad, Book V., l. 441.)

> "For such he was that with few lives his death could not be bought,
> Heaps of dead *humans*, by his rage, the funeral piles applied."
>
> (The same, Book IX., l. 513.)

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" Neptune replied, Saturnia, at no time let your care
Exceed your reason; 't is not fit. Where only *humans* are
We must not mix the hands of gods, our odds is too extreme."
(The same, Book XX., l. 129.)

. . . " Nine days they lay steep'd in their blood, her woe
Found no friend to afford them fire: Saturnius had turn'd
Humans to stones."
(The same, XXIV., l. 540.)

" Yet she in all abundance did bestow
Both wine, that makes the blood in *humans* grow,
And food," etc.
(Odyssey, Book VII., l. 413.)

" At least I did when youth and strength of hand
Made me thus confident, but now am worn
With woes and labours, as *a human* born
To bear all anguish."
(The same, Book VIII., l. 247.)

Nor did the word disappear from the literature of England with the Elizabethan period. Witness the elegant and edifying Thomas D'Urfey, Esquire:

" A Marrow-Pudding 'mongst our Race
You know 's the same thing as a Place
'Mongst *Humans*, by Court dunning."
(Pills to Purge Melancholy, Lond. 1719, vol. ii. p. 332.)

This appearance on our Western frontier of *human* as a noun is an interesting illustration of the way in which a word will crop out unexpectedly in one place in a language after having disappeared from another. In the former editions of the dictionary *human* was designated as Western; in the last, " sometimes Eastern " is added, — through misapprehension, I am sure. The word is never used eastward of the line of civilization, except jocosely and with a subaudition of reference to the frontiersman's use of it. For example, " Lean, lank men he looked upon as the most fortunate of *humans*, and envied their superior condition." (Round Table, May 21, 1864.) In all such cases there is a mild jest intended. To italicize the word or to quote it, or to emphasize it in speech, would mar the intention of the user. American speech and writing is full of such pitfalls for the ignorant and the unwary.

Hyst. This we are told is a " corruption of hoist " and means " a violent fall." Most of us suspected as much. But is it an Americanism? What then becomes of the old English saying, " An Irish *hyst*, — a peg lower " ?

Richard Grant White.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

One of the most exciting questions that one girl can ask of another is that concerning the number and manner of the offers of marriage she has received. Through such questionings a few general conclusions have been reached, namely, that every female human has one, every ordinarily agreeable female human has from two to four, every extraordinarily agreeable female human from four to eight; also, under rarely favoring conditions of wealth, beauty, *esprit*, etc., female humans may average twelve; under normal conditions beauty is a slight factor compared with manner. The following fragments of a conversation between three girls, who met together for the purpose of relating some of their experiences, may substantiate these averages: —

" We must begin," said Graceanna, pathetically. " You, Lou, were twenty-five first. Make your story ten minutes long at least, while I am consoling myself with this '*bonne bouche*.' A new piece of candy can be taken every ten minutes, allowing five minutes for consumption and five for rest. How many offers have you had? Why are you not married, Lou Parker? "

" Because I never had an offer."

The other girls gave a low whistle of

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astonishment, driven by this unexpected avowal into masculine demonstration. Lou blushed and looked extremely guilty, and the tears almost came, as she exclaimed, halting between the words, "I-really-could-not-help-it," and then animated by a sudden impulse of self-respect, added, "I don't think it is nice to have offers. I should not want any man to come near enough to me to love me, unless I loved him."

"How can you ever tell that you should like any one until he has told you, right up and down?" asked Maggie, the other friend.

"We both should feel it, if we did like each other; it would somehow betray itself. My husband must be my only lover."

"I don't believe you'll ever have one, and such lofty ideas make ordinary people seem wicked. I feel personally insulted. Why, I have had — Oh, beg pardon, it is not my turn."

"Yes, it is," said Lou, thankful for a chance of escape; "tell all you can."

"I have had two whole and two half ones. It seemed too bad to let two of the men make guys of themselves, because one was the brother of a friend at whose house I have capital times; so it would have been very inconvenient. And the other was a minister, and I thought if he got discouraged early, it might affect his preaching; now he takes so many texts from Solomon's Song that his sermons are poetical, and don't make people feel that they are miserable sinners. Individual love and universal love get mixed up in them, and you can't tell which is best; if you love an individual you are just as saintly as if you loved the Cosmos alone. So I told them both that I was prejudiced against marrying and hated love-making, and that when I liked a man I would let him know it plainly. 'Then you don't like me?' said my little minister. 'No, I don't,' I told him. And then we both laughed, and he looked as if he had saved himself from jumping off a precipice. The other — he is a real splendid man — looked me square in the eye, saying, in such a grave way, 'If you mean what you say, Miss Jones, I thank you.' 'I do,' said I, as solemnly as an old saint. But now I wish I had let it come to the point, because he is the best of the whole, and it is disgraceful to be twenty-five and not even engaged. He went out to India soon after, so I am sure he did like me." She drew a long breath, and took the biggest piece of candy.

"What did the other two do?" questioned the two girls eagerly.

"Oh, they were every-day kind of affairs. One was in walking: my gentleman plucked some white-weed and talked nonsense all the way about his peculiar nature, and how mine suited his; and pulled the flower to pieces, counting, 'Sie liebt mich, sie liebt mich nicht,' and held it to me as he came to the last petal. 'Nicht, nicht!' shouted I, and off I ran, and he after me, asking if I were in earnest, — saying he *liebte mich sehr.* I told him I was, and then he declared he would kill himself, and in six months he was engaged to some one else; and I found out that three months before that walk he had offered himself to two girls, to one two or three weeks after the first had refused him, and had told both that he should commit suicide. Another offer was by letter, and instead of keeping it as cordial for a despondent mood, I burnt it as a surety for a good time in the next world. If I am never married, the reason will not be want of offers."

"And if some one should come back from India?" asked Graceanna.

"Oh, I might indicate the state of my mind, if I had not grown too old to look sentimental. Now it is your turn."

"Well, this is fun, but I wish we had not made such a compact. For my part, I could not help it, — the offers, I mean. I was always surprised. I liked the men, too, but they would provoke me by saying they had misunderstood me, when of course they had, and very much. It made me feel like a naughty child, who don't know why she is naughty."

"Don't moralize," said Maggie. "How many? — that is the point."

"Ten. Four came the first winter I was in society; the men were fools to think I liked them, because I enjoyed

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polking with them, and every one has since married."

"You should never have seen them alone," said Lou, patronizingly.

"I did not see them alone on purpose," replied Graceanna, indignantly. "One of them I never spoke to except when other persons were present. One was a widower, and proposed six times after he had seen me, because he thought I would be a good disciplinarian unto his family. One offer was by postal card, and an answer requested by return mail. I lost a handsome opera-glass through another. I went with a party to the theatre, and my friend handed me an opera-glass, which was new, for it still bore the dealer's tag; and when I returned it, he whispered that as the same focus gave the same vision to both of us, would I not allow him to view all earthly objects through the same lens of mutual affection. That was so scientific and obscure that I said, 'What?' And he muttered, 'Take the giver with the gift.' There we had to remain, side by side, till the play was over, with our eyes fastened on the stage. Oh, I lost, too, a beautiful rosewood dressing-case, filled with perfume bottles and brushes and all sorts of things, because it was intended for mutual service. I sent it back to the fellow, with a case of razors for individual service. Father still teases me about my expensive present. I know some one who now has the dressing-case, for it was too valuable not to be used, and when I go to her house I always use with secret amusement their mutual clothes-brush.

"One man was nearly the most splendid person I ever knew. I did get so far as to state my requirements, because it is my fixed code that even if I am dead in love I won't say yes until my lover tells me his past life, has promised me an allowance, freedom to attend my own church, to be strong-minded and have just as many queer friends as I choose, to vote, and also some two or three things in regard to himself. He did promise me all I wanted for myself (should not I have been rich?) but he thought I ought to trust him for himself, and that it was not feminine to ask about his past life. So we parted, for neither of us would yield. Another gentleman I knew was determined to be married. He wrote three letters and sealed them, sending the first to me, that if a negative reply came back, he could mail the second without incurring the trouble of composition, when in an annoyed mood, and then told of it afterwards. Another gentleman imitated the Indian's custom, by sending me, not a cord of real wood, but a bon-bon imitation of one; requesting that the warmth of the same fire provided by this would-be wood might cheer us both. The other affairs were simple in speech, but manly, just like those you read of in novels, and I can't bear to think of them. I am so sorry, — that is all."

"I know another one you will have to-night," said Lou. Graceanna searched eagerly for the bottom piece of candy, whilst Maggie cast sundry winks and inquiring glances at the speaker, who quickly bethought herself how to make a sudden detour from her assertion by asking why a kiss was like a sermon. "Because it demands an introduction, two heads, and a personal application."

"Well," said Lou, laughing, "let us draw some generalizations from our personal confessions; and first, I wish to say that self-conscious girls are to blame for having offers. But those who never think about themselves, for instance, like you two, and who do not think about men as men, but treat them naturally, as they would any one else, and are always jolly, cannot avoid offers, and are no more blameworthy than for having girl friends. Yet I wish you had not received so many. If you only cared more for culture and poor people it would not have happened."

— Why is it that an American in England is instantly recognized as such, not by the natives only, but by his traveling fellow-citizens as well? On the Continent it is not always so, for I sat with some Britons one whole week at a *table d'hôte* in the Rhœtian Alps and passed for a German who "could no English;" and one day a British cad

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assaulted the Yankee consul at Barcelona with a grin of frantic delight, saying, "Thank 'Eaven! 'Ere's an Englishman!" To which the American replied, in a tone that froze the genial current of his expansion, "Thank Heaven! Here is n't." But on the inviolate island, through every disguise of dress, every travesty of voice, your American nationality betrays itself, and even silence is no protection. My first surprise was one bright morning, years ago, when I left my hotel in Liverpool for a stroll through the streets. I had hardly gone a block when an enterprising newsboy rushed up and said, "'Ave a morning paper, sir? List of passengers by the Russia. Find yer name in the paper!" I went pensively back to the tavern, and started for London by the next train. In the course of years I learned the uselessness of attempting to deceive the natives, but still thought it might be possible to elude the recognition of my own countrymen. But this endeavor was equally vain. Last summer I was looking at the pottery in the British Museum. My clothes had been made in Regent Street. My hat I had bought in Piccadilly, and my shoes in Burlington Arcade. My hair had been cut in Portland Place the day before. I carried in my hand a French Baedeker. I was enjoying the majolicas in a cosmopolitan peace of mind, when suddenly I was aware of a dark shadow looming above me. I looked up (for I am mean of stature) and saw an uncouth figure which seemed as if it might have come from the Wabash Bottom without change of cars or linen. He smiled and held out his hand, and said, "You 're an American, ain't ye?" I was a countryman of Washington, and could not deny it; but how did he know it? I asked him, and he laughed: "*I* dunno. How 'd ye know *I* was?" Here my veracity failed me, and I made him proud and happy by telling him I thought he was an Italian.

I ask again, Why is it? I think I never made a mistake in my life between an Englishman and an American, and I have met many of them in many lands. Yet I find it very difficult to formulate to myself the differences between them. There is scarcely any difference in dress among gentlemen nowadays all over the world. The speech of a Bostonian — *qui se respecte* — is almost more English than the Englishman's. But though I have taken young Americans for Frenchmen, for Germans, for Italians, and for Spaniards, I never yet mistook one for an Englishman, nor an Englishman for an American. Even our accent in speaking foreign languages is different from the English. I called once on a friend in Paris, and after a short colloquy with the domestic at the door, departed without leaving my name. When my friend returned, his servant tried to describe the visitor. Was he French? No. English? Oh, no. American? Crois pas. German? Certainly not. At last he said, "He made upon me the effect of a Hungarian." I am, as you see, stating a riddle I have no intention of trying to solve. My question is, Why are we, English in blood, in language, in dress, in institutions, less like Englishmen than any other civilized race on the globe, while we differ from them in ways too subtle to be defined? It is useless to talk about "type." I saw in an illustrated paper the other day, side by side, portraits of Mr. Schuyler and Mr. Baring, secretaries of the American and the British legations at Constantinople. Baring was of the so-called American type, that is, he was thin and dark, with longish hair and drooping mustache. Schuyler was of the so-called English type, with a robust figure, full beard, and thick, short hair. But no one could mistake the nationality of the men. Schuyler was an American, and Baring an Englishman, *jusqu'au bout des ongles;* though the American looked more thoroughly the man of the world, as he is.

I fancy some recreant cynic lying in wait to say at this point that I am a vulgar-looking American, and that I must not generalize from my individual experience. But if I am, the vast majority of all peoples are vulgar; and why should a vulgar American never, by any chance, be mistaken for a vulgar Englishman, when he is caught in an English

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street with English clothes, holding his tongue in the English manner? And do not hasten to say that the matter is without importance, for it is a subject of palpitating interest to ex-presidents on their travels, and defaulting cashiers. Shall they not take their ease in their inn, without the risk of getting into the newspapers or into jail?

— What one of your contributors in the October installment of the Club talk says about the incident of the cream, in That Husband of Mine, suggests to me the thought that domestic touches in books are upon the whole the most beautiful as well as most popular part of the work, or at least the part that most conduces to the survival of the work. However, it requires a skillful hand to touch the subject of every-day life rightly, and to rescue it from the commonplace, while still leaving it natural. In short, in literary as well as in artistic portrait painting, we need a master-hand. The flood of Sunday-school and "goody" literature, which stands on the level of the common, wooden, staring style of cheap portraiture, is an example of what may become of the tenderest home idyl in "professional" hands. I can remember but a few touches in prominent works of art which illustrate my meaning, but they will serve the purpose well, as almost all occur in novels confessedly of the highest kind. Who can forget those in Middlemarch: the naïve reproach implied in Celia's exclamation that Dorothea actually did not care to see the baby washed, and that the ceremony did not have any comforting or sedative power over her; and the mild self-denial of the little old maid who secreted her lumps of sugar at tea for her *protégés*, the street children? In Mrs. Stowe's Minister's Wooing, the fussiness and kindliness of the little dressmaker, Miss Prissy, is delicately and truly portrayed; and one sympathizes with her in her solicitude about the minister's frilled shirts, and her desire to make him one in the rare leisure moments she possesses, all the more because her awe of the "blessed" man as a minister is so overwhelming. Again, when the lover has come home, Virginie, the French friend of Mary Scudder, has a really womanly inspiration, and upsets and breaks a water-pitcher in the room above that where the mother is standing guard over Jim and Mary, knowing that no "housekeeper's instincts are proof against the crash of breaking china." In Mrs. Oliphant's Salem Chapel there is the minute and nervous care of Susan's mother about the lamp, and her pathetic anxiety to keep her daughter's disappearance a secret from the servant by a forlorn attempt to speak naturally to her son, who, man-like, is impatient and open, and gives the poor soul neither comfort nor support, though his grief is really deeper and his sense of injury sterner than hers. In a novel of Anthony Trollope's, — I forget which, — there is related an incident in the former life of a successful judge, living comfortably and luxuriously in one of the ample, respectable, old-fashioned squares in the east of London, whose former pinched circumstances were a contrast to this phase. In the old days of shabby lodgings and uncertain practice, his wife always contrived to skim off the daily pint of milk a tablespoonful of cream for his morning cup, triumphantly reserving the skim-milk for her own; and no one, perhaps, who has not lived on a similar level can realize her intense enjoyment of this trivial arrangement. There is a scene in Trollope's Last Chronicles of Barsetshire which also appeals to the heart of every woman, and indeed to that of any home-loving person, — the smuggling-in of a basket of eatables into the kitchen of the poor and starving but scholarly clergyman, whose wife is almost hysterical with her efforts to divert his attention, and at the same time thank her benefactress, while the children peep round the doors in their night-clothes, wondering if the "lady had any sugar-plums in her muff." I have not given this verbatim, but such is the spirit. Mrs. Whitney has some similar touches in her works, but the "whole thing" is too domestic in her novels for any figure to stand out as one remembers certain figures doing in some of the

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Dutch *genre* paintings. In the few French books I have read, domesticity rather *poses*, or strikes an attitude, and so wholly loses its value as an element in literature, though in the unique work of Eugénie de Guérin's journal the very reverse is true, and one finds one's self subdued by the mingled charm and dignity of the conduct so unconsciously pictured in all its details. Her reading Plutarch by the kitchen fire, on a day when the servants have gone to a local parish *fête*, and she is watching the roasting of a joint, is an inimitable scene, and no amount of versified poetry draws the reader so near to her very self. And I think much the same is true of authors, and others whose biographies we have in this century multiplied almost beyond reason, but whom we certainly appreciate better in the light of their real lives than in that of their works. The fact that every human life is more wonderful than any imagined story becomes also a reason or an excuse for the minor portraits of comparatively obscure men, — a class of works with which we have lately become familiar. Unless intolerably ill written, such monographs have the interest of home life, and show us one more phase of human existence in its secret workings. It *is* of interest to know how average men live, as well as to scan the thoughts of exceptional men; indeed, one need scarcely apologize for the curiosity, but what is to be regretted is that biographers are unluckily apt to pass a plane of conventionality over every individuality, not likely to exalt their subject in the eyes of the public, often sacrificing truth, and always disappointing the reader.

— When Mark Twain wrote his inimitable story of the rich uncle who ruined himself and his family by making huge collections of everything he could think of, from stuffed whales to echoes, he gave a very fair slap at those monomaniacs who have the rage of making collections for collection's sake. In most cases the collecting mania is as innocent a form of idiocy as any other; it can hurt nothing but the collector's own pocket; in some cases, indeed, it may have the beneficial effect of partially filling the vacuum in his skull. But there is one sort of collector who does real harm: the man who insanely collects valuable stringed instruments, Stradivarius or Amati violins and violas, 'cellos and basses, and then lets them lie in their cases in shameful inanition. Now, a valuable Stradivarius is not only a rarity, but it is an instrument which the art of music absolutely needs. The world cannot afford to have such a gem lie idle; its value as an authentic specimen of a famous maker's craft is incomparably less than its intrinsic value as a musical instrument. To take it out of the reach of fine artists, and place it on the shelf in a mere collection, is to commit larceny upon music. It properly belongs to the art of music, and should be honestly devoted to its service. The man who can keep such an instrument in his house merely for the pleasure of looking at it, and of knowing that he owns it, must have a queer conscience. Other collectors are very proper butts for ridicule. The violin collector rises to the sublime height of distinct immorality, and is not a fit subject for anything short of unsparing execration.

— There was getting to be an apprehension — I might say almost an anxiety — in the public mind that and lest there was to be no more about Avis in the Contributors' Club; this was happily relieved by the February number. Now I am so constituted that, having once had it, I find it difficult to get on without this *rara* Avis. And yet none of your contributors seem to know exactly what it is that so fatally attracts them. It is nothing more nor less than the creation, or discovery, of a *new sex*, or a no sex, answering to the new pronoun "um" that is proposed when you want to say "he" or "she" and can't. This discovery seems to me of the first importance. When the women novelists came into literature we were promised a true revelation of the sex, that has always been misunderstood and misrepresented by men; we were to see woman not only as she is, but in the ideal, "as she ought

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to be." And more has been done than was promised. There is Avis; if it is of any sex, it is of one unknown hitherto: clearly not a man; clearly a protest against being a woman; something, in the phraseology of the day, between a *nuance* and an odor, say a cold, passionate opal, "tinct" with an aspiration. And then we have, in another sexless novel, Hetty of the Strange Story, a being with all the glow and passion of a Saddle Rock oyster, who runs away from her husband, and endeavors to lure him into committing bigamy. This is the second of a new kind. It is a being that no man would have invented. I cannot but regard this discovery of the new sex as psychologically and physiologically profoundly important; it is not to be confounded with the sexual mystification of the dress-reform, or the right of women to chop wood. I await with the liveliest curiosity the next of the No-Sex Series.

— The writer of the paper on Saving versus Spending, in the December Atlantic, cannot expect, although avowedly a layman, that he should not be measured by scientific standards. He may use any term he sees fit, but it is just to expect that the term should express a definite idea. That the word "saving" conveys to him, in several instances, the idea known to economists as hoarding is clear, not only from his belief (page 692) that the simplest way in which saving can promote future spending is "by the accumulation and storage for future use of food, clothing, etc.," but also from his saying (page 691) that "saving and economy . . . will increase rather than diminish the amount of unsalable articles and the number of the unemployed." This means a hoarding of capital, or a withdrawal from the labor market. To economists saving is abstinence from personal consumption, with the purpose or result of again employing the savings in production. Nor is the writer any more precise in stating what he calls the economist's means of saving for future spending, "productive consumption" (which is, scientifically, what is consumed by laborers while engaged in production). The term, in the sense in which he uses it, is unknown to modern political economy; but very possibly he may use it to express another idea. He defines it (page 692) as "employing labor, not directly in the creation of articles for immediate use, but in the *creation of articles which will be the cause and means of further production, as in the making of tools and machinery,*" etc. Then he instances plows, factories, railways, and steamships. But the author's idea of productive consumption is not the same on the same page; and the argument of his whole paper rests upon it. Compare the above with this, in the next column (page 692): "The only rational object of productive consumption is the *creation of articles of ordinary or unproductive consumption.*" The articles of ordinary consumption, *ergo*, are tools, machinery, factories, and steamships! Is it not right to call the attention of ordinary consumers to what they are digesting? But the writer, when using the term productive consumption, seems to have in mind the economist's idea of fixed capital, which is the turning of circulating capital into more or less permanent instruments. The parties in the suit are now hoarding versus spending, and the plea of the defendant's counsel, which will bring a smile to the economist's face, is that the extent to which permanent instruments, as factories and steamships, can be created is limited by the amount of unproductive consumption (whatever that may mean).

But the writer probably meant to assert that if the rich will buy articles for personal consumption, labor will gain thereby, and be given, more than in any other way, increased employment. This is the fallacy that demand for goods is demand for labor. Suppose $100,000, all the capital of one of the Madeira Islands, wholly engaged in wine-making, and every inhabitant employed. Imagine A to have annually spent $10,000 in this island for wine. This quantity of wine which A bought was produced, I will say, by $7000 of capital and the labor of fifty men. A's $10,000 in wealth gives him a purchasing power over this

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product of $7000 of capital and labor of fifty men, — even if it were not wine. And, by continuing this expenditure, the writer would have us believe that A did the most to employ labor. It is not true. Suppose A comes to the island, bringing forty men. These forty cannot find employment, because that which can employ them (capital) is wholly engaged in making wine. As we saw, A had a control over the product of $7000 of capital and the labor of fifty men. Suppose A agreed to give the forty new men, on condition that they catch and cure fish for him, his power (his $10,000 of wealth) over the above capital and labor: A, no longer spending for wine the $7000 of capital and labor of fifty men, is withdrawn from wine-making; but, at the demand of the forty fishermen, who now command their products, the engine of production is set to giving the forty men provisions, clothes, etc., or whatever they wish to buy with the $10,000 of wages which A has given them. Thus, A not only possesses the cured fish, but also has kept the fifty former wine-makers at work, — although at different work, — and has given employment to forty more, employing two sets of laborers instead of one. Capital distributed among human beings for services gives employment to a far greater number than when used to buy goods which disappear at consumption. Demand for goods is not demand for labor.

Space is wanting here to point out as great a fallacy in the statement that if the rich should "restrict themselves to absolute necessities, the unproductive and . . . the productive consumption of the world would be greatly reduced."

Moreover, our present trouble comes from an ill-assorted production, and from not only a loss of capital, but also the timidity of capital. Capital (or hats, shoes, clothes, houses, etc.) is that which employs labor. From the expectation of large profits a stream of capital, even from foreign countries, poured into certain industries, such as manufactures and building railways, during and since the war. When the panic came, and we thought of paying for what we were buying, it was found that our means of producing some things were in excess of the demand. But the suddenness of the discovery brought the loss of that capital which had been sunk where it could not be immediately transferred to other industries, as that sunk in railway embankments. And when capitalists had seen those industries in which men had really been making great gains change to sources of ruin and loss, how could they believe that other industries which held out no attractions would turn out as well? What is to be done? Give confidence to timid capital, and help it into the proper channels. Then favor every increase of capital, and do not urge its destruction by spending on personal consumption. The more capital in existence, the more labor can be employed in satisfying our infinite wants.

— To read the silly criticisms which have been printed, and the far sillier ones which are every day uttered in regard to Mr. James's Daisy Miller would almost convince us that we are as provincial as ever in our sensitiveness to foreign opinion. It is actually regarded as a species of unpardonable incivism for Mr. James, because he lives in London, to describe an under-bred American family traveling in Europe. The fact that he has done so with a touch of marvelous delicacy and truth, that he has produced not so much a picture as a photograph, is held by many to be an aggravating circumstance. Only the most shiveringly sensitive of our shoddy population are bold enough to deny the truth of this wonderful little sketch. To those best acquainted with Mr. James's manner (and I believe I have read every word he has printed) Daisy Miller was positively startling in its straightforward simplicity and what I can only call *authenticity*. It could not have been written — I am almost ready to say it cannot be appreciated — except by one who has lived so long abroad as to be able to look at his own people with the eyes of a foreigner. All poor Daisy's crimes are purely conventional. She is innocent and good at heart, susceptible of praise and blame; she does not wish

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even to surprise, much less outrage, the stiffest of her censors. In short, the things she does with such dire effect at Vevay and at Rome would never for an instant be remarked or criticised in Schenectady. They would provoke no comment in Buffalo or Cleveland; they would be a matter of course in Richmond and Louisville. One of the most successful touches in the story is that where Daisy, astonished at being cut by American ladies, honestly avows her disbelief in their disapproval. "I should not think you would let them be so unkind!" she cries to Winterbourne, conscious of her innocence, and bewildered at the cruelty of a sophisticated world. Yet with such exquisite art is this study managed that the innocence and loveliness of Miss Miller are hardly admitted as extenuating circumstances in her reprehensible course of conduct. She is represented, by a chronicler who loves and admires her, as bringing ruin upon herself and a certain degree of discredit upon her countrywomen, through eccentricities of behavior for which she cannot justly be held responsible. Her conduct is without blemish, according to the rural American standard, and she knows no other. It is the merest ignorance or affectation, on the part of the anglicized Americans of Boston or New York, to deny this. A few dozens, perhaps a few hundreds, of families in America have accepted the European theory of the necessity of surveillance for young ladies, but it is idle to say it has ever been accepted by the country at large. In every city of the nation young girls of good family, good breeding, and perfect innocence of heart and mind, receive their male acquaintances *en tête-à-tête*, and go to parties and concerts with them, unchaperoned. Of course, I do not mean that Daisy Miller belongs to that category; her astonishing mother at once designates her as pertaining to one distinctly inferior. Who has not met them abroad? From the first word uttered by Miss Daisy to her rampant young brother in the garden at Vevay, "Well, I guess you 'd better be quiet," you recognize her, and recall her under a dozen different names and forms. She went to dine with you one day at Sceaux, and climbed, with the fearless innocence of a bird, into the great chestnut-tree. She challenged you to take her to Schönbrunn, and amazed your Austrian acquaintances whom you met there, and who knew you were not married. At Naples, one evening — *Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni;* it is not worth while to continue the enumeration. It makes you feel melancholy to think she is doing the same acts of innocent recklessness with men as young and as happy, and what the French call as unenterprising, as you were once.

As to the usefulness of this little book, it seems to me as indubitable as its literary excellence. It is too long a question to discuss in this place, whether the freedom of American girls at home is beneficial or sinister in its results. But there is no question whatever as to the effect of their ignorance or defiance of conventionalities abroad. An innocent flirtation with a Frenchman or Italian tarnishes a reputation forever. All the waters of the Mediterranean cannot wash clean the name of a young lady who makes a rendezvous and takes a walk with a fascinating chance acquaintance. We need only refer to the darker miseries which often result from these reckless intimacies. A charming young girl, traveling with a simple-minded mother, a few years ago, in a European capital, married a branded convict who had introduced himself to them, calling himself, of course, a count. In short, an American girl, like Daisy Miller, accompanied by a woman like Daisy's mother, brought up in the simplicity of provincial life in the United States, has no more chance of going through Europe unscathed in her feelings and her character than an idiot millionaire has of amusing himself economically in Wall Street. This lesson is taught in Mr. James's story, — and never was necessary medicine administered in a form more delightful and unobtrusive.

The intimacy with the courier is a fact of daily observation on the Con-

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tinent. A gentleman of my acquaintance, inquiring the other day for a courier he had employed some years before, was told that he was spoiled for any reasonable service by having been so much with American families, and that one family, after their tour in Europe was ended, had taken him home to South Boston as their guest, and had given a party for him!

— Rev. Joseph Cook lately brought together, in a lecture on Natural and Starvation Wages, some valuable facts, obtained by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, as to the receipts and expenditures of poor families. From these he has drawn some good inferences, but has left undrawn some conclusions so obvious that it is rather hard to see how he escaped them. Nothing ever printed would more astound the poorer classes of any European nation than the standard of living that is here classed under the general head of starvation. Take, for instance, the shoe-maker's family described by Mr. Cook, — we are quoting from the Boston Daily Advertiser of December 25, 1878, — whose annual earnings are $552, and whose expenditures are $622. As this is the poorest American-born family he describes, and as it is expressly stated that "this family is very economical," we may take it as constituting a typical instance of frugal industry. Yet, when he gives the daily bill of fare of this household, we find that its members have tea or coffee thrice a day, meat sometimes twice, butter twice, cake twice, and pie or pudding once. They have also "buckwheat or griddle cakes occasionally for breakfast." Would it be possible to find on the continent of Europe a mechanic's family that would not regard this as luxurious living? Yet the lecturer seems to recognize it as a natural and fitting bill of fare for a household earning $1.50 per day; and when they run in debt to keep up this standard of diet, it seems to be considered that it is society which sins.

More striking yet is another instance given in the same lecture. In another American shoe-maker's family the father earns $480, a son of sixteen earns $230, and a son of fourteen earns $180, making in all $890. They live within their earnings, spending $822.15; but observe how they do it. "In Massachusetts the law requires children to be in school up to a certain age; and this family, for instance, would lose $180 by keeping that son under fifteen at school all the while. But if you take out the earnings of that son, this family will fall into debt. Which shall it do, — send the son to school, or incur debt?" It does not seem to occur to the lecturer that there is any other alternative. Yet when he gives the bill of fare of this household, we find that they too have meat twice or thrice a day, tea or coffee thrice, butter twice, cake twice, and pie or pudding once. For mere provisions, to say nothing of fuel and labor in the kitchen, they spend $450.65. For aught that appears, they could comply with the law, and send their fourteen-year-old boy to school the greater part of the year, for their surplus income ($67.85) plus what could be saved, without injury to health, by a family of five, on tea, coffee, hot biscuit, cake, and pie. Many a well-to-do family makes greater sacrifices than this for the sake of physiological laws alone; nay, I have known families to make these sacrifices by way of economy, in order to save money for relieving the distresses of just such households as Mr. Cook describes. This lecturer often pleads in manly fashion for "the old-fashioned virtues;" let him not forget to plead for the peculiarly old-fashioned virtue of living within one's means.

— I cannot call myself a professional author. I have published two books: one of them quite successful, the other one reasonably so. It may be added that within the last three years I have uttered through the leading American magazines a number of poems and prose papers which have attracted rather flattering attention; but as yet I have never dared risk my bread and butter on literary cruising. What I have done has been at odd leisure hours between the calls of a lucrative and most exacting profession. The idea of a poem, nebu-

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lous, distant, and wavering, will sometimes haunt me for days and even weeks before I find time to test its approachability and manageability. I have lost many promising stories by losing the plot or idea in the clash, turmoil, and worry of business affairs. I have often wondered how professional literators go about their work. Do they go doggedly to their desks, sit down, and feel around in their brains for something (as one sometimes rummages by night in a trunk without a candle), taking up this, that, and the other, until the eligible idea is found?

It is easy to understand how, now and then, happy plots for stories or subjects for poems may be suddenly generated in the brain of the alert amateur; but the question is, How does your steady grinder at the literary mill keep on hand a stock of raw materials? As soon as one poem is finished, has he a batch of assorted matter upon which he perfunctorily falls to work building another? How does he go about complying with the editorial order: "Write us a story of five thousand words for the Dilatory Magazine. MS. must reach us by the 25th inst."? Some of the members of the Contributors' Club have already favored us with very interesting confessions. As for me, I should relish some insight into the methods of composition and the literary habits of men and women who have made prose and poetry, and traded them for butter and shoes, ribbons and mutton, coal and cough medicine. I am curious to know how the professional operates when, seeing in mid-winter his wood-pile nearly gone or his coal-bin just empty, it becomes necessary to make a beautiful poem or a striking story. Has he nothing to do but sit down by a heap of white paper and fall to grinding?

— Is it at all probable that the poets of the world have destroyed their best poems instead of publishing them? I sometimes suspect that this question might be answered affirmatively. Your true artist is, from his very nature, excessively self-criticising. He understands, and no doubt often too keenly appreciates, the value of minute shades of expression, having been taught by experience that his combinations and ideal delineations frequently present to others a far different form from the one he intended to offer, and which he readily sees therein himself. Many a time I have condemned as worthless a bit of verse into which I had tried to set a pretty conceit or a striking thought; but sometimes, after many days, coming upon these castaways, I have found them exactly what I had intended them to be, and on submitting them to the magazine editors they have been quickly accepted. Quite as many times, too, I have sent away from my desk to these editors poems which seemed to me clearly conceived and nicely executed. After a while they were returned with the seal of critical disapproval upon them, and at once I could see their utter want of idea proper. I had mistaken the power of my phraseology or words. The outlines were too dim, the filling-up too vague. The poems looked to me like an exquisite portrait so nearly faded out that none but the artist himself could see the shadowy face and the almost invisible outlines of shoulders and bust.

— Dropping into the village drug shop the other evening, I found my neighbor the minister playing on the violin. It was a cracked old fiddle, and his touch was none of the lightest; even the deaf gold-fish in the aquarium dashed wildly about, enraged at the execrable noise. But I was startled at the change in the musician himself. He is a lean, bigoted old man, who knows the Bible letter by letter, but the Bible is only a code of laws to him, — laws more inexorable than Draco's. Yet his music had transformed him; the jingling old tunes had brought a smile to his lips, a tender light to his face. He nodded, glanced cheerfully about with kindling eyes; it had made him, in short, human, which his religion had failed to do.

"I did not know that he was a musician," I said to the druggist, Hurter, when the clergyman had gone out. Hurter is a shrewd, garrulous old fellow, busy from morning until night with his gallipots and gilded jars, whose only

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recreation is to study the broken hints of human histories that pass before him on the other side of the counter. He pasted the label on a box of pills, tied it up, and then pushed back his goggles.

"Yes, he plays," he said, leaning leisurely on the counter on his elbows. "Music is his led horse. What do I mean? Well, I was in the army, you know, — a brigadier-general of volunteers. We staff officers who could afford it all had our led horses, which we kept for an engagement or parade. We had each our steady old hack that carried us through every day's march, as a matter of course. We thought nothing of him. Our pride and affection belonged to the frisky beast that we mounted but seldom, and scarcely knew how to manage. Now, my notion is this," emphasizing his point by tapping the grain weight on the scales: "every man jogs along through life with some trade or business which carries him safely through. But Lord bless you, ten chances to one, he cares nothing for *that!* All his pride lies in some little gift or talent which he fancies he possesses, and can use only on high holy-days. There is Boggs, the broker; everybody knows what a dry, sapless wretch he is when his business is money. But take him as a fisherman, and he is an incomparable good fellow, — genial, enthusiastic, hearty. He is prouder of a string of trout that he has caught than of his half a million of dollars; and he will give the trout away, and he never parted with a penny. Yes, take my word for it, a man is his real, best self only when he can leave his old hack, and get to caracoling on his led horse."

Hurter was called off just then to weigh out some tannin, and could not finish the opening out of his idea. But I remembered one or two instances which tended to confirm his theory. There is a famous poet in Boston, who, they tell me, is never so happy as when he has his work-bench and box of tools before him. Joseph Jefferson is happiest when he can forget Nick Vedder and Gretchen at his easel. I know a great jurist, of sound scholarship and keen judgment, whose one ambition is to be a man of fashion, and to caper in a ball-room nimbly as Mercutio; and a surgeon, of national reputation, who values the magazine love-stories he writes more than all his professional learning or skill. It is not every man, however, who can have this gallant horse led about for his occasional riding. Sometimes the horse is dead, but it is no less dear. I have not a doubt that every man who reads The Atlantic to-day feels the keenest regret of his life for the something he might have been and never was. He has a poor enough opinion, very likely, of the grocer, or shoe-maker, or sugar dealer which he is. But for the artist or author or statesman which was lost to the world! — ah, there is where the pain comes in, and the divine satisfaction along with it, too! This undeveloped talent which we hug to our souls through our life, this fine ability invisible to everybody but ourselves, is only, I suppose, the shadow of a shadow, — Nature's kind provision to feed and keep up our self-conceit in the miserable downfalls of life.

The hack is useful in its way, believe me, but the led horse is the more necessary beast of the two for all of us.

— It would be a difficult task to find the origin, this side of the Solar Myth, of all the melodies of Mother Goose, just as it would not be easy to settle the precise text. Still, there can be but little doubt that many of the rhymes are no more than such verses of old songs as fastened themselves in the memory of the nurses of restless children. Doubtless many of the songs have disappeared forever; there are others, however, that may be found in various collections. A few of those which have already been traced by Mr. J. O. Wallinds it may be worth while to note. The familiar lines beginning, "Three children sliding on the ice," come from a poem of twenty-one stanzas, sung to the tune of Chevy Chace, called Three Children Sliding on the Thames, wherein we read, —

> "All on the Tenth of January,
> To Wonder of much People;
> 'T was Frozen o'er that well 't would bear,
> Almost a Country Steeple."

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This extract would seem to indicate the year 1684 as the date of the tragedy, for on the 9th of January in that year Evelyn speaks in his Diary of crossing the Thames on the ice. The next stanza reads as follows: —

"Three Children Sliding thereabout,
Upon a place too Thin;
That so at last it did fall out,
That they did all fall In."

The rest of the poem as it is known to us in the familiar version runs thus in the original: —

"Ye Parents all that Children have,
And ye that have none yet;
Preserve your children from the Grave,
And teach them at Home to sit.

"For had these at a Sermon been,
Or else upon Dry Ground;
Why then it would never have been seen,
If that they had been Drown'd."

The remaining stanzas possibly deserve copying: —

"Even as a Huntsman ties his Dogs,
For fear they should go from him;
So tie your Children with Severities Clog,
Untie 'em, and you 'll undo 'em.

"God Bless our Noble Parliament,
And rid them from all Fears;
God Bless th' Commons of this Land,
And God Bless some o' th' Peers."

"One misty, moisty morning when cloudy was the weather," etc., is a fragment of a song called The Wiltshire Wedding, which begins thus: —

"All in a misty Morning,
Cloudy was the Weather,
I meeting with an old Man,
was cloathed all in Leather,
With ne'er a Shirt unto his Back,
but wool unto his Skin;
With how do you do? and how do you do?
and how do you do agen?"

It goes on, the stanzas having been run together in our modern version: —

"The Rustick was a Thresher,
and on his way he hy'd,
And with a Leather Bottle,
fast Buckl'd by his side:
And with a Cap of Woolen,
which covered Cheek and Chin
With how do you do?" etc.

The poem then describes the bard's brief courtship of

"A maid,
Was going then a Milking,
A Milking Sir, she said,"

and their speedy marriage. Again,

"Tom, he was a piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young;
But all the tunes that he could play
Was 'Over the hills and far away,'" etc.,

is a modification of part of Jockey's Lamentation, a really pretty song, of which these are the first two stanzas: —

"Jockey met with Jenny fair
Betwixt the dawning and the Day,
And Jockey now is full of Care,
For Jenny stole his Heart away:
Altho' she promised to be true,
Yet she, alas, has prov'd unkind,
That which do make poor Jenny rue,
For Jenny 's fickle as the Wind:
And *'T is o'er the Hills, and far away,*
'T is o'er the Hills, and far away,
'T is o'er the Hills, and far away,
The Wind has blown my Plad away.

"Jockey was a bonny Lad,
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now poor Jockey is run mad,
For Jenny causes his Despair;
Jockey was a Piper's Son,
And fell in love while he was young;
But all the tunes that he could play,
Was *'T is o'er the Hills, and far away,*" etc.

It may be, although this is doubtful, that "A Frog he would a-wooing go" is taken from a Ditty on a high Amour at St. James's, which opens in this way: —

"Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
Dwelling near St. James's house,
Cockey mi Chari she;
Rode to make his Court one day,
In the merry month of May,
When the Sun Shon bright and gay,
Twiddle corne Tweedle twee."

At any rate, these few examples may serve to indicate what sort of research awaits the future editor of Mother Goose, and it would not be hard to add considerably to this brief selection, which is made from but a single collection of old English songs.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Tyler's History of American Literature [1] has externally all the appearance of a serious work. It is in two volumes, octavo, bound and lettered on the back, and stands by itself with apparent ease. There seems to be no difficulty in one's putting it on his shelf beside A History of French Literature, say, and finding it look just as serene and dignified. And yet, — and yet the incredulous reader, especially after noting the dates on the back and seeing that the two volumes bring the history of that literature only as far as 1765, is half disposed to leave the volumes unopened, lest they should prove to be backgammon boards or lunch-boxes. To take an interest in American literature previous to 1765 seems to him very like the Marchioness's delectation over orange-peel and water, requiring a very hard make-believe.

Nevertheless the stoutest incredulity must give way before the evident sincerity of the writer, and long before the first volume is finished he who came to scoff remains to pray for a third and fourth volume. It is not enough to say that Mr. Tyler is sincere; it is his positive enthusiasm which takes his readers captive, and it is the same element, we suspect, which enabled him to give to his subject that unwearied devotion which has transformed a possible solemn duty, respectably accomplished, into a labor of love, unquestionably successful. For certainly such a history might easily have been made dull, and we should all have said that the fault was in the subject; now we are almost persuaded by Mr. Tyler to say that the success is due to the inherent charm of the subject; but we stop short of such a bold assertion, and give the credit where it belongs, to a writer who has touched the apparently leafless boughs of our early literature and made them green and fruitful and pleasant to the eye.

The most conspicuous merit in these volumes is the ability with which the author has made the writings of our first century and a half a vivid exponent of the life which was gathering in the nation. Literature as an art could better be studied through the masterpieces of other nations, but literature as an expression of intellectual life finds abundant material in the exercises of the young colonies. Mr. Tyler has a clear and just conception of this office in literature, and his work is a consistent study of forces which in our earlier days produced results of inestimable value in any analysis of our national life. "There is but one thing," he forcibly says to the reader at the outset, — "there is but one thing more interesting than the intellectual history of a man, and that is the intellectual history of a nation." He brings thus to his task a belief in the nation, and a conception of the nation as a moral organism capable of growth, which makes it possible for him to discover tendencies and lines of development in what otherwise would have seemed mere fragments and desultory bits of literature. The book is in this respect, whether consciously or not, built upon a belief which has already been nobly presented in Mr. Mulford's The Nation. The reader who recognizes the value of Mr. Mulford's book will be the quickest to perceive the cohesive strength of Mr. Tyler's history.

The plan of the work, as well in what it excludes as in what it includes, can best be stated by Mr. Tyler himself in his preface: "It is my purpose to write the history of American literature from the earliest English settlements in this country down to the present time. . . . Unity and completeness have been aimed at in the present volumes, which, together, may be described as a history of the rise of American literature at the several isolated colonial centres, where at first each had its peculiar literary accent; of the growth of this sporadic colonial literature in copiousness, range, flexibility, in elegance and force, and especially in tendency toward a common national accent; until, finally, in 1765, after all the years of our minority and of our filial obedience had been lived, the scattered voices of the thirteen colonies were for the first time brought together and blended in one great and resolute utterance, — an utterance expressive of criticism upon the parental control wielded over us by England, of dissent from that, control, and at last of resistance to it; an utterance which meant, among other things, that the thirteen colonies were no longer

[1] *A History of American Literature.* I. 1607-1676; II. 1677-1765. By Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

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thirteen colonies, but a single nation only, with all its great hopes and great fears in common, with its ideas, its determinations, its literature, in common, likewise. . . . I have not undertaken to give an indiscriminate dictionary of all Americans who ever wrote anything, or a complete bibliographical account of all American books that were ever written. It is our literary history only that I have undertaken to give, — that is, the history of those writings in the English language, produced by Americans, which have some noteworthy value as literature, and some real significance in the literary unfolding of the American mind."

In the execution of this plan Mr. Tyler has first thoroughly mastered his material, and then, ordering it in a natural method, has presented it to the reader in a form wholly his own, and every way suited to the subject. The work of our early writers has not been taken on trust, but everywhere there is evidence of patient, attentive reading; and if Mr. Tyler has now and then found our early books more lively than we had supposed, why, his readers can hardly blame him severely, since he has thus cajoled them into an admiration which their own efforts would have made fatiguing. We rub our eyes a little, and wonder if the extracts he gives us quite justify the somewhat highly colored terms which he applies; but it is easier to yield to his warm enthusiasm, and be borne along to the next stage. The skill with which illustrative passages are woven into the text is admirable, and the books touched upon really seem to exhibit themselves, so deftly do they open before us at their best pages and disclose their brightest thoughts. Mr. Tyler's method is to outline the subject directly before him in its historic relations, and then proceed with vignettes of the writers belonging to a group. Such personal incidents as help to explain the man are given, his work is placed, and here and there a passage read aloud to us as the sketch goes on. With an unflagging interest each successive name is presented by the host, as if it were the one most worth considering, and by happy, sometimes epigrammatic, phrases the literary character is hit off, rather than painfully analyzed and dismembered. These felicitous touches abound in the book: "the science of God and man as seen through the dun goggles of John Calvin;" Nathaniel Ward "was one of those unhappy persons with the brain of a radical and the temperament of a conservative;" "most readers nowadays, who may find themselves by chance near this huge book [George Fox digged out of his Burrows] will gaze down into it for a moment as into some vast tank into which have poured the drippings of a furious religious combat in the olden time, — theological nicknames, blunt-headed words of pious abuse, devout scurrilities, the rancid vocabulary of Puritan billingsgate, that diction of hearty and expressive dislike which Roger Williams himself pleasantly described as 'sharp Scripture language;'" Samuel Sewall "rises into this rhythmical and triumphant passage, which in its quaint melody of learned phrase, and in a gentle humor that lurks and loses itself in the stiff folds of its own solemnity, has a suggestion of the quality of Sir Thomas Browne;" the almanac, "the very quack, clown, pack-horse, and pariah of modern literature;" "We see a person whose intellectual endowments were quite remarkable, but inflated and perverted by egotism; himself imposed upon by his own moral affectations; completely surrendered to spiritual artifice; stretched, every instant of his life, on the rack of ostentatious exertion, intellectual and religious, — and all this partly for vanity's sake, partly for conscience' sake, in deference to a dreadful system of ascetic and pharisaic formalism, in which his nature was hopelessly enmeshed." This last quotation is from the admirable chapter on "the literary behemoth of New England in our colonial era," Cotton Mather, and illustrates as well as any short passage can Mr. Tyler's faculty for packing his judgment into a sentence, at the risk of a little excess of picturesque phrase. It would be easy to pick out a good many happy hits, but after all the impression made upon the reader is not, as might be supposed, of ambitious smartness. The characterizations are clever, but they serve oftener as the gathering up of the writer's judgment after he has given abundant illustration, than as rough-and-ready sketches. Indeed, the thoroughness with which the work is done is apparent in those marks of a good workman which give one a grateful sense of finish in composition, — the footnote references and the appeal to the best authorities. We do not feel it necessary always to agree with Mr. Tyler; as we have intimated, his enthusiasm and devotion, while they do not impair his sense of justice, have led him to bear on harder in his praise sometimes than a cooler retrospect deems quite fair in the larger measures of literature. He does not make geese swans, but

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he does not suffer us to overlook such native beauty of plumage as his geese may have, half hidden from the unsympathetic eye.

In taking account, also, of the forces at work in New England literature, there was a capital chance for a fresh chapter, which he seems to have overlooked; we mean that almost unbroken series of election sermons, forming, by virtue of the succession, a class by themselves, and illustrating well that theological oversight of government which was significant in our New England history, and has not yet disappeared. We miss, too, an account of John Davenport, who was entitled to more than the brief mention given to him. William Strachey's Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia was worth noting under that writer's name, and Anthony Thacher's Narrative is too fine a piece of English to be left out of the reckoning. We should have called more attention, in fact, to the pure style which marks much of the writing of the early Puritans, and it would be no great stretch of prerogative to take into a history of our literature the tender letters of John Winthrop, as preserved for us in his descendant's life of him. Among the accessories of literature, also, a capital chapter might have been made by Mr. Tyler — and no one would have done it better — out of the libraries and bookstores of the early days.

But it is only because we have so much that we want a little more. It is hardly likely that this work will be done again, so well has the field now been covered. Mr. Tyler's own interested and hearty speech has so been mingled with the literary deeds of our fathers that it will be difficult to make a study of their work without taking him along as a guide; a more generous and catholic companion it would be impossible to find.

— The introductory account of her work, which Mrs. Stowe gives in the new edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin,[1] is a literary history whose frankness and simplicity will appeal to every one. But only the exterior causes, the mechanical occasion, of any work of genius can be given even by the author, and Mrs. Stowe can but tell us that the accumulated facts of hearsay and observation concerning slavery weighed upon her heart, till one day, as she sat at the communion-table in church, the final scene of the book so vividly presented itself to her that she could scarcely keep back her tears and sobs, and she hastened home to put it in writing. The mysterious force beneath the sudden impulse she humbly believes to have been the divine love and justice moving her to self-devotion in a holy cause; and indeed, as one reads the wonderful book now, it seems less a work of art than of spirit. The art is most admirable: it is very true and very high, — the highest that can be known to fiction; but it has fearful lapses, in which the jarring and grating of the bare facts set the teeth on edge: there are false colors in character; there are errors of taste; but there is never any lapse of its wise humanity, never any flickering of its clear light, never any error of heart or of purpose.

That a book so generous to the South should have roused that section to such fury is sufficient evidence of its truth and of the Southern consciousness of guilt; but Mrs. Stowe tells us that this fury amazed her, and that it was the indignation of the abolitionists she had dreaded, because she feared that she had softened the tints in her picture of slavery too much. Its effect upon the world at large she finds indescribable; she can only touch here and there upon a few typical facts, and the best representation of this is the interesting bibliography of Mr. Bullen, showing how the book was translated into Armenian, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Hungarian, Illyrian, Polish, Portuguese, Romaic, Russian, Serviau, Spanish, Swedish, Wallachian, and Welsh. Thirty-five editions were published in English; there were thirteen French translations and two dramatizations; thirteen German versions; in Spanish six; in Welsh three; in Russian three; in Italian, Polish, Dutch, Servian, and Wallachian, each two. It was reviewed in all the critical periodicals of the world. Yet these figures, striking as they are, faintly indicate its unparalleled popularity, — a renown that will probably forever remain unique. Wherever there was a mind to think and a heart to feel, it appealed with a depth and a force which none but those who remember slavery as an actuality can understand. Mrs. Stowe gives a few of the innumerable letters she received in response to it. One of these is from Dickens, who was "charmed" — an odd

[1] *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New Edition, with Illustrations, and a Bibliography of the Work by George Bullen, Esq., F. S. A., Keeper of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum. Together with an Introductory Account of the Work. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

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word to use — by her book, and recognized its power, but thought she tried to prove too much for the negroes as a race; another is a note, discreditably brief, cold, and dry, from Macaulay; there is a generous and fervent thanksgiving from Kingsley; and there are letters from Lord Carlisle and the Earl of Shaftesbury, noble, humble, and devout, which are the best of the English letters given. There is one from Jenny Lind, and one from Fredrika Bremer; and Mrs. Stowe reproduces the preface for one of the French versions by George Sand, an exceedingly just and sympathetic criticism of the work. The world was touched to kindred by a fiction which was truer than any history ever written, and which was so simple in mood, of such unconscious art, that it impressed the reader not as a narration of alien experience, but as a fact of his own knowledge. Perhaps the sweetest and most touching testimony to its influence is given by Mrs. Leonowens, concerning a lady of the Siamese court, who freed her slaves after reading the book, and thereafter, to express her sympathy and affection for the author, always called herself Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Almost a generation has passed since the fame of this book filled the world. The fame is a little dimmed, but the book is as great as ever, its hold upon the reader is as intense. But with his abhorrence of slavery, which it rouses in all its old fervor, is mixed a profound gratitude that all that guilt and suffering are now past. It is a book which we can commend to two classes of polite despairers: to those who lament that we have no American novel, and to those who sorrow over our present political corruption and decay. Here is an American novel as great in its way as Longfellow's Evangeline or Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, and probably greater, upon the whole, than any other novel of our time. This ought to comfort the down-hearted friend of our literature, and our political doubter may reflect, upon reading it, that whatever be our present sin and shame, they are virtue and honor compared with the degradation in which we lay when slavery had so perverted the national mind and heart that the one no longer found it wrong, and the other no longer felt it bad. We may be in an evil way, but are not in so evil a way as that; and whatever adversity may be in store for us, we can never again suffer the prosperity of a free state based upon slavery. We may be a fraud, but we are no longer an open lie.

— The poetry of Mrs. Whitman,[1] now first collected at the close of her long and beautiful and honored life, reflects in some measure the poetic moods of the different generations which she outlived. It seems to us that she cannot honestly be called a woman of genius; but she had all the keen sympathy and the quick impressibility of genius, and whatever she wrote has the charm of a graceful mind, a ready feeling, and a generous womanly nature. Her work often frankly confesses its literary inspiration, which is most direct in the poems responding to the dark genius of Poe, to which she was drawn not only by æsthetic sympathy, but by her love for the man. A number of pieces in the present volume relate to that unhappy passion; but they are not of the best, as he was certainly not the best of her masters. She here and there finds her own voice, and is then at her best, as in the descriptive piece, A Still Day in Autumn, with which her book opens. The few poems about the war are of good quality; and the sonnets on slavery addressed to Mrs. Browning thrill with a genuine emotion. But after the descriptive pieces we find the following, upon the whole, the most impressive. It is a real cry from the soul of a woman, — a cry of rejection and reproach, which utters the sense of every spirit unsatisfied by the half-facts of skeptical knowledge: —

"SCIENCE."

"The words 'vital force,' 'instinct,' 'soul,' are only expressions of our ignorance." — BUCHNER.

WHILE the dull Fates sit nodding at their loom,
Benumbed and drowsy with its ceaseless boom,
I hear, as in a dream, the monody
Of life's tumultuous, ever-ebbing sea;
The iron tramp of armies hurrying by
Forever and forever but to die;
The tragedies of time, the dreary years,
The frantic carnival of hopes and fears,
The wild waltz-music wailing through the gloom,
The slow death-agonies, the yawning tomb,
The loved ones lost forever to our sight,
In the wide waste of chaos and old night;
Earth's long, long dream of martyrdom and pain;
No God in heaven to rend the welded chain
Of endless evolution!
Is this *all?*
And mole-eyed "Science," gloating over bones,
The skulls of monkeys and the Age of Stones,
Blinks at the golden lamps that light the hall
Of dusty death, and answers: "It is all."

But Mrs. Whitman's poems seem generally written from an impulse which, however genuine, is not strong enough to carry them to any vivid or deep effect. We find

[1] *Poems.* By SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

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ourselves beginning them, but not always reading them through. They are full of bright and charming fancies, and they are often peculiarly fortunate in phrase; and it should be enough that we get from them a sense of her own character, — serenely loving, pure, and high. An interesting and very fitting memoir introduces the collection of her poems.

— Mr. McKnight's book of sonnets[1] is not one that will lend itself readily to the perusal of the reader who wishes to be amused, or sensuously moved. These sonnets deal in a high seriousness with very solemn questions. They are addressed to the reader's conscience, his moods of self-blame and of aspiration, and every word is of a strenuous earnestness, that asks little help of imagery or rhetoric. Here is one that exemplifies the manner and matter of most, though we ought to say that it is one of the best for clearness and directness: —

"But little harm thy error works to thee,
Though it continue long, unless, indeed,
Through self-deception to it thou accede.
Of that beware! Thy lasting hurt 't will be.
For if in willfulness thou yield the key
That opes the soul for Truth to enter in
Unto her enemy, how can she win
Thenceforth an entrance? Oh, watch jealously
If veiled desire persuasively entreat
Thy reason for the form of an assent
To give some fair or subtile argument
Admittance into Truth's peculiar seat!
Lest treason to the truth, within thy soul,
Deliver it to falsehood's hard control."

One may say that this is old truth, and often discovered before; and one may say as much of very many things in Mr. McKnight's sonnet; but whatever form presents the truth anew gives it fresh effect, and enforces its claim with authentic power. We therefore wish Mr. McKnight's book well, and we can commend it sincerely to thoughtful and meditative people as a volume which they can hardly open anywhere without the pleasure that comes from the expression of a gentle, courageous, and lucid mind.

— We do not think Mr. Gilder has given us in his present volume[2] anything quite so good as the best in his New Day; but he has rid himself of much, though not all, of the mysticism which darkened that. The opening ode, "I am the spirit of the morning sea," is the finest poem here; it is bright and glad; it is really what it calls itself in that first line, and it has some passages of vivid descriptive effect, like —

. . . "when the moon
Fills the white air with silence like a tune,"

which paints that kind of night to the soul and to the eye; but of the closing ode, which gives its name to the book, we make nothing. There is A Midsummer Song, very pretty and very musical indeed; and there are some good sonnets, among which this one about the sonnet we find exceedingly well thought and faultlessly said: —

"What is a sonnet? 'T is a pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'T is the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two edged-sword, a star, a song, — ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
A sea this is, — beware who ventureth!
For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
Deep as mid-ocean to sheer mountain walls."

— The time is past, fortunately, when one feels the obligations of prophecy in regard to any new poet; and nothing is more out of fashion than to hail precocious verses as the earnest of great future performance. We are able, therefore, to like the sweet and simple poems of the Goodale children,[3] for the proper childish charm that is in them, and need not burden ourselves with praise of what they are to do hereafter. They are two little girls, one of fifteen and the other of twelve years, whose lives have been spent on a farm in the Berkshire hills, and who sing of the seasons, of the birds, and of the flowers, the things they have known and loved, from an impulse that seems quite their own, and not borrowed from their reading. Their poems have grace and tenderness, and are surprisingly good in their technique. They cannot, of course, add to the reader's stock of ideas and emotions; and he can say, if he chooses, that there is more than enough in the volume to show their range and quality; but he cannot very well help being touched and pleased with them. There are pretty and naïve passages, here and there, where the child triumphs over the poet,

[1] *Life and Death.* Sonnets by GEORGE MCKNIGHT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

[2] *The Poet and his Master, and other Poems.* By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

[3] *Apple-Blossoms.* Verses of Two Children. By ELAINE GOODALE and DORA READ GOODALE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

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which will more especially go to fathers' and mothers' hearts; and the younger of the two minstrels has a spirit of fun in her, akin to that in the book of Miss Lucy Bull, of Hartford. She has, also, a peculiarly fine sense of harmony in her verse, which has a freer and more joyous movement than her elder sister's. But we do not mean to suggest any invidious comparison, or to do other than accept as graciously as they are offered these really lovely and appealingly pretty little bursts of song.

— A Masque of Poets[1] is a much more considerable and interesting volume than would ever be believed without reading it. Invited poetry is not apt to be radiantly inspired, and there is something puerile in the idea of "speaking a piece" in the dark, and requesting your audience to guess your name, akin to performing in those mild household games where the company are asked to divine a whole person from an exhibited eye or finger. For our own part, moreover, we confess to a strong sympathy with good old Joseph de Maistre in his skepticism about things excessively premeditated. It will be remembered that when he learned that the infant American republic had resolved to build itself a capital city on the Potomac, and call its name Washington, he prophesied immediately and roundly that no such city would ever be built, or if it were it would not be on the Potomac, or if there it would not be called Washington. Nevertheless the city, as we know, was built, after a certain ambitious and unequal fashion; and the poets have masqueraded, — some of them, — and much of their poetizing is really excellent. There are a half dozen spirited ballads, most of them national in theme, of which Running the Blockade is the best. There are twice as many more or less melodious little love songs, — two or three of which are fairly exquisite. There is a fine Swinburnian study called The Marshes of Glynn, in which the poet has almost bettered, in some passages, his master's instruction; while the novelette in verse, with which the volume closes, is an admirable specimen of its class, — with a good plot, much wit, some feeling, and capital versification in the style and metre of Don Juan.

The reader is politely requested to return to the publishers of the Masque his guesses about the authorship of the different poems; but from this we beg to be excused. The only pleasure which any well-regulated mind can derive from a conundrum consists in having it answered the instant after it is propounded, and, since we cannot have that, we must be content with such delectation as the poems themselves can afford. Here is — to our thinking — the sweetest of the love songs, on which the reader may, if he will, exercise his curiosity: —

THE WANDERER.

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling, —
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling
He fain would lie, as he lay before;
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling, —
The old, old Love which we knew of yore!

Ah, who shall help us from over-spelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden Lore!
E'en as we doubt, in our heart once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling!

— Among the greater minds of our day, not one has been so mocked and misapprehended by lesser minds as Matthew Arnold. He has also the misfortune to excite sharp animosity in some minds of unusual acumen, like Mr. Mallock's. But if anybody doubts the reality, or would closely limit the extent, of his influence, let him re-read carefully the earlier poems of his recently published complete edition,[2] and note the number of short passages and single thoughts — crystalline in the quaint sobriety of their expression, sometimes, as Shakespeare's own — which have already passed into frequent and almost proverbial use among thoughtful men: "Who saw life steadily and saw it whole." "France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme." "Fate gave what chance shall not control, *his sad lucidity of soul.*"

"Each moment in its race,
Crowd as we will its neutral space,
Is but a quiet watershed,
Whence equally the seas of life and death are fed.

"Not milder is the general lot,
Because our spirits have forgot,
In action's dizzying eddy whirled,
The something which infects the world."

Nearly all these familiar lines date thirty years back, or thereabouts, and have thus made good their verity through one generation of time. The low but earnest voice has found hearing and answer; the fas-

[1] *A Masque of Poets.* No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

[2] *Poems.* By Matthew Arnold. New and Complete Edition. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

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tidious thinker has had a silent following; and though the least of that little sect shall not presume to say "fit audience, though few," we may freely congratulate the world upon this minor point, — that in a time of tawdry and tasteless verbal fashions, one poet has successfully preserved the tradition of a high simplicity of speech. On purely literary ground, this is his great achievement. We have seen sported by contemporary writers, both in prose and verse, one mode of expression as overcharged with meaningless ornament as the gowns of the second empire, — a modè which Ruskin and Swinburne have made imposing, and almost every writer else revolting, — and another precisely and affectedly archaic, which has been charming in Mr. William Morris, and in his imitators generally absurd; but, since Landor's death, we have looked to Arnold alone for those pure and severe graces of diction over which time and fashion possess absolutely no power. Even in his measures, Mr. Arnold is usually rigidly simple; although he now and then makes masterly use of some of the more difficult graces of English versification, especially that marshaling of a few long syllables — virtually monosyllabic feet — at the end of a stanza, which always gives majesty to the movement of a strain, and seems a privilege peculiar to the non-Latin tongues. For example: —

> "The sandy spits, the shore-locked lakes,
> Melt into open, moonlit sea;
> The soft Mediterranean breaks
> *At my feet, free.*"

And again: —

> "Thin, thin, the pleasant human voices grow,
> And faint the city gleams;
> Rare the lone pastoral huts. Marvel not thou!
> The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
> But to the stars and the cold lunar beams;
> Alone the sun arises, and alone
> *Spring the great streams.*"

Which last stanza is good for much beside its sound.

Matthew Arnold is so decidedly a didactic poet that the question will not long be waived whether, on the whole, his thought has been on a level with his style; his moral and spiritual with his literary teaching. A clamorous chorus of those who read him little will at once return, for the benefit of those who do not read him at all, an emphatic *no*. They will denounce his habitual pensiveness as pitiable and unmanly, his piercing, probing skepticism as far likelier to kill than cure the soul submitted to its action; they will find his temper haughty, his smiles bitter, his charity small. And let it be owned at once that, to the superficial reader of his poems, there seems some ground for such a criticism. But the more patient and intimate student who, lured by a certain matchless candor even in Mr. Arnold's most sombre utterances, goes on to penetrate the full depth of his meaning finds there no fierceness save that of an agonized search for truth, no bitterness except in the passing pangs inevitably born of the reiterated disappointment of high and strenuous endeavor. The poet knows external nature so perfectly, his discernment of the phenomenal is so exquisitely clear, how should he rest without an equally trustworthy vision of the real? The whole body of his verse breathes the spirit of the Psalmist's cry: "Lord, thou desirest truth *in the inward parts!*" He has been called an apostle of doubt; yet certitude has been his passion, if sometimes a hopeless one.

Of the lesser and more secular passions, and especially of that one which gives all its fire and color to so large a proportion of human poetry, the traces are slight indeed in Arnold's lofty lines, — whether in the mild, pellucid rhymes to Marguerite, or the yet more reserved but always reverent appeals to Fausta. But he will dive into the deepest seas, and thread the blackest caverns, ere he will relinquish the discovery, if such may be, of a sound basis for spiritual hope. Only for those who mimic a faith which they have ceased to feel, who prophesy deceits and cry peace when there is none, he has no tolerance. To disingenuousness he cannot be kind, and he scorns to disguise his scorn of spiritual sycophancy: —

> "For the world cries, Your faith is now
> But a dead time's exploded dream;
> My melancholy, sciolists say,
> Is a past mode, an outworn theme, —
> As if the world had ever had
> A faith, or sciolists been sad!"
>
> "Nay, look closer into man!
> Tell me, can you find indeed
> Nothing sure, no moral plan
> Clear prescribed, without your creed?
>
> "No, I nothing can perceive!
> Without that, all 's dark for men.
> That, or nothing, I believe, —
> For God's sake, believe it, then!"
>
> "They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
> Better men fared thus before thee;
> Fired their ringing shot, and passed,
> Hotly charged, — and sank at last.
>
> "Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
> Let the victors when they come,

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When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!"

The Pis-Aller and the lyric of forlorn hope, from which our last quotations come, mark the utmost bitterness of the poet's darkest hour. He recovers presently, seldom to lose again the tone of sad and steadfast suavity most habitual to him; natural to him also in common with some of the world's choicest spirits, — Marcus Aurelius, Virgil, à Kempis, Sainte-Beuve, — but which in the English language can hardly find grander expression than in some of the stanzas of the Grande Chartreuse, as this:—

"Our fathers watered with their tears
The sea of time whereon we sail;
Their voices were in all men's ears,
Who came within their puissant hail
Still the same ocean round us raves,
But we stand mute and watch the waves."

Matthew Arnold's whole symphony of verse is certainly a minor one, yet his compass of tone is wonderfully wide, and among his manifold modulations there are echoes of the best poetry of every age of the world. Goethe himself wrote nothing more unaffectedly Greek than the dramatic fragments in the present volume, and the songs of the Strayed Reveller and Callicles. In his treatment of Arthurian legend he is barely eclipsed by Tennyson. Before Jordan or Morris, he wrung from the Scandinavian mythology in his Balder Dead some part of the mystery of its unfathomable human tenderness. There are such Virgilian and Horatian touches in Sohrab and Rustum and Oberman as carry us straight back to the last years of Rome and the first of our era; and the whole of the consummate lines in Switzerland, beginning, "Yes, in the sea of life enisled," are but a development of that memorable passage in the "Christian strain forlorn," so saturated with the tears of generations of mankind, "Nor think it hard that thou shouldst be forsaken of a friend, as knowing that we must all at the end be separated from one another."

And in attempting to measure Mr. Arnold's moral force, it is quite necessary to insist upon the variety and authenticity of his purely poetical achievements, because no man of our generation can be held to have won, in early middle life, a better right than he to indue his laurels, fold his hands, and sit down upon the slopes of Parnassus as a professional poet. And yet poetry is with him a long-past mode of expression, flung away as a thing to be forgotten by one who would press forward to work lying before. The dainty-seeming singer, still haunted by his old dream of ultimate truth, has fought for years in the arid arena of theological strife, and given and taken heavy blows, only to stand up wounded at the last, and simply confess before the world that the adventure of wresting their secrets from the heavens is vain. But his wounds were far from mortal, and his tireless activity has taken yet another turn. Now we have him back again among the simple "humanities," in the quiet garb of his limpid prose, and reasoning only of the lesser things which may be surely known; yet true to the undeviating purpose of his life, pleading for the highest standard and the most unflinching devotion, and repeating in these narrower precincts the old watchwords of his most audacious days, — *simplicity*, *sincerity*, "Truth *in the inward parts*."

Let no petulant freaks or constitutional languors of manner blind us to the fact that this is the outline of a brave, constant, and disinterested mental career. Certain excellent persons will never be let from drawing grievous comparisons between Matthew Arnold and his father, — that positive, effective, beaming, fructifying spirit, which brought help to so many youthful souls during its too brief earthly day. The contrast in the temper of the men is doubtless wide, and how tenderly and hopelessly the younger worships the elder's memory, and with what touching humility the son celebrates the father's greatness where he himself is small, and his victories where he has been worsted, may be read of all men in the beautiful lines, written fifteen years after Thomas Arnold's death, and entitled Rugby Chapel.

Yet we are unable to rid ourselves of a fancy that to the departed soul it may all look otherwise. Good soldiership vindicates itself as well in the retreat as in the charge, though less exultantly; and there is room for late and lonely gleanings where the full sheaves have been gathered in. There may be a law in the world of spirits whereby doubt follows assurance no less inevitably than twilight follows daylight, or the refluent succeeds the advancing wave, — a law correspondent with that which ordains that when a gallant oak is laid low in the natural forest, earth shall not grow in its place another oak, but a more flexile creature, and fill the spaces which once resounded to the oak's great wrestlings against

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the storm with the tremulous and mournful murmur only of the dark, aspiring pine.

— Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have lately published, in excellent form, two books of permanent value: Boswell's Life of Johnson,[1] and Johnson's lives of six principal English poets.[2] We do not see why the former of these should not become the generally accepted edition of Boswell's work. The connoisseur, the student of the period, the man who values himself upon his gentlemanly library, will always want the book complete; but for those who wish merely to know Johnson and his friends, this is certainly sufficient. Nothing of that most wholesome and human presence is perceptibly lost, nor is any figure lacking in that great and charming company of which it was the centre. Whoever has prepared this edition may pride himself upon having performed his task very satisfactorily, and upon having obliged a large and intelligent class of readers.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is the editor of the selected lives, which he prefaces with a characteristically admirable essay, pointing out in extremely interesting terms their singular worth as an expression of the period in which modern English prose was forming, and in which poetry and the criticism of poetry were necessarily less fine and less satisfactory than the poetry that came before and since, and the criticism that has come since. If Johnson was unable to appreciate poetic poets like Milton, and, in degree, Gray, as well as he appreciated prosaic poets like Dryden, Swift, Addison, and Pope, that was because he was the true prophet of an age of prose; and, forewarned of this, the reader gets the great good of his thoroughly literary mood and mind, and escapes the harm of his secular disqualification. The purely historical passages are written with unsurpassed splendor and vigor, and one can skip the critical passages if one likes; though there is much that is instructive, and very much that is amusing, in even the æsthetic limitations of the eighteenth century. Mr. Arnold has introduced the six lives with the sketch of Johnson's own life, written by Macaulay for the Encyclopædia Britannica, and the American publishers have done well to add to them Macaulay's and Carlyle's famous reviews of Croker's Boswell. The result is a range and variety of English criticism not to be elsewhere found in the same compass: the delicate, subtle, conscious sense of beauty and goodness of Arnold; the hard and somewhat vulgar brilliancy but thorough knowledge of Macaulay; the antic fashion and the prophetic insight of Carlyle; and, above all, the profound good sense marred by violent prejudice, and the clear morality unmarred by anything, of Johnson himself. It is a great book.

— In the life of Bernard Palissy,[3] which was disclosed to the world, at least to the Anglo-Saxon world, only twenty-five years ago by Professor Morley, literature became possessed of a character, which, if it had been invented instead of discovered, would have made the writer immortal. An experience so full and pathetic; a mental stature so robust and masterful; a moral embodiment so consistent with itself, so loyal to its conditions of life, so modest yet dignified and fearless in its attitude, — and all this set in the midst of the terrible and picturesque accessories of the sixteenth century in France, — constitute a figure of romance in which nature may claim that she has conquered art with her own weapons; for art can add nothing to it, can subtract nothing from it, without destroying its perfect symmetry. It is already ideal; all the elements needed for dramatic effect are present, and the coolest and most imaginative chronicler has but to use the materials at hand, and set them down in honest order, barely, without any decorations of rhetoric or gauds of imagination, to find that he has pictured a hero indeed. The invention of Cervantes could not have conceived the like. A Huguenot Don Quixote, who vanquished his windmill, who in all his situations was a true knight never dismayed; a gaunt, grave figure, contending without rest against innumerable obstacles, battling with giants, carried by force of will to final success in all his undertakings, and dying in the Bastile, a martyr for his faith, eighty years old, — this is the paladin of the later chivalry; not a potter merely, nor merely, as he modestly termed himself, "worker in earth and

[1] *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D.* Including the Tour to the Hebrides. By JAMES BOSWELL. The original Text, relieved from Passages of obsolete Interest. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

[2] *Johnson's chief Lives of the Poets.* Being those of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Gray. And Macaulay's Life of Johnson. With a Preface by MATTHEW ARNOLD. To which are appended Macaulay's and Boswell's Essays on Life of Johnson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

[3] *The Life of Bernard Palissy of Saintes.* By HENRY MORLEY. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

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inventor of rustic figurines," but chemist, painter, physician, sanitary engineer, naturalist, and philosopher, in all these capacities wise beyond his time, and learned beyond the doctors. "My only book," said he, "has been the sky and the earth, which are open to all, and to all it is given to know and to read this beautiful book." His revelations were not accepted in his time by the alchemic doctors who occupied the high places of science, but it has been reserved for later days to justify his conclusions and to wonder at his wisdom.

This interesting figure, spared from the massacre of St. Bartholomew, solely because the secrets of his art resided in him alone, and because he was indispensable to the civilization of his epoch, is to most of us only dimly known as the artist who discovered for France what Luca della Robbia discovered for Italy, — the white enamel by which pottery, compact of various clays and modeled in forms of art, became the faïence of the Renaissance. His only apparent bequest to posterity consists in certain traditions of a ware in which such creatures as lizards, beetles, butterflies, lobsters, tortoises, and crabs are seen in their natural shapes and vivid colors, forming a composition with leafage and rich decorations upon vases and plates exquisitely modeled. His more monumental and less familiar achievements were the decorations in painted and enameled tiles which he prepared for the Chapel of the Château d'Ecouen, and the Passion of our Lord, which he represented in pottery with sixteen pictures set up in the sacristy. Much of this more architectural work is lost, but of the details furnished for Catherine of Medicis, and for the châteaux of Nesle, Reux, and others, there remain a few precious statuettes, groups, vases, cups, plates, corbels, and rustic basins, — some decorated with fruit, shells, fishes, and reptiles, and others presenting, in delicate bas-relief, subjects from mythology and holy writ. His colors were bright tints of yellow, blue, or gray; he used also green, violet, and rich autumnal browns, but rarely, if ever, red or orange.

The story of the sixteen weary years of poverty and privation, amidst which he experimented incessantly with his enamels, failing ever, but ever rekindled by the divine spark, and renewing his fruitless search; tearing up his floors, stripping his roof, and destroying his furniture to keep alive his furnace fires; enduring the bitter complaints of his household and the taunts of his neighbors; laboring without sympathy or companionship; misunderstood, distrusted, till at last, with no reassuring burst of success, but by processes of gradual revelation, he finally solved the difficulties of the art, and became famous, — this story is familiar enough, but acquires new interest and detail in Professor Morley's historical setting. Amidst the dark scenery of feuds, intrigues, and massacres, religious persecutions and royal follies, this solitary figure is revealed to us, passing through crowded avenues of art, science, and literature, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," obtaining his late reward only after three centuries of oblivion. The more unfamiliar part of his career is his invitation addressed to the learned doctors of France to come to his workshop in the Tuileries, there to discuss with him his discoveries in geology, metallurgy, and natural history; the sessions of the little academy thus curiously improvised, and the publication in his own quaint manner of the results of his researches, are among the treasures of history.

The new edition of Palissy the Potter is somewhat condensed from the first editions, and presents in a crown octavo volume of 320 pages, somewhat too closely printed, a form of biography rather more accessible to the general public. We cannot but regret, however, that in a work so full of diligent research no acknowledgment of authorities is given, except where, in referring to the quarto edition of the works of Palissy, by MM. Farejas de St. Fond and Gobet, published in 1777, he controverts their arguments that in the curious contemporary dissertation on the Ignorance of Doctors they had discovered the lost first book of Palissy.

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THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL: CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

MR. HASSARD TO MR. COOK.

NEW YORK, *January* 23, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. COOK, — I think everybody who knew the late Archbishop Hughes will be surprised and pained to find him described in The Atlantic Monthly as a crafty and unscrupulous priest; craft is about the last variety of wickedness I should think of charging upon that pugnacious and transparent Irishman. We Catholics are surprised, too, — and I may say disheartened, — to find that the oft-exposed falsehood about the archbishop's "jockeying" the city out of the land on which the new cathedral stands, by inducing the common council to sell it to him for a dollar, is repeated over your signature. I know you would not willingly do injustice to any one, and the fact that you have been misled into making this statement shows how difficult it is to stop a lie when it has once started.

The Catholics did not obtain the cathedral ground from the city, either for a dollar, or for any other price. The city sold the land to some private individual so long ago as the end of the last century, obtaining £405 for it, which I suppose must have been about the market value at that time. After passing through various hands, it was sold under foreclosure of mortgage in 1829, and bought for $5500 by Francis Cooper, who transferred it, for the same price, to the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral and the trustees of St. Peter's Church. This is the way the Catholics obtained it; and they doubtless paid full price for what, fifty years ago, was a lot of land in the country. They intended to make a burying-ground of it, but this plan was not carried out.

In 1852, under a decree of the supreme court, made in a friendly partition suit between the two churches, the half share of St. Peter's in the property was sold at public auction, and the cathedral trustees became the purchasers, at $59,500 for the half. St. Peter's was then bankrupt, and the money was paid to its creditors.

Thus you see that the trustees of the Cathedral obtained this land by open purchase at fair valuation. How, then, did the story of a sale by the city for one dollar originate? Probably from one of the following transactions: (1.) Anciently the land was chargeable with a quit-rent of four bushels of wheat; this was commuted at the time of the last transfer (1852) by the payment of $83.32. Of course the charge had long been in desuetude, and the purpose of the commutation was only to remove a possible defect in the title. (2.) The surveys upon which the deeds of the land were based had been made before the streets were laid out, and when Fiftieth and Fifty-First streets were opened it became necessary to rectify the boundaries. For this purpose the cathedral conveyed to the city a gore on Fifty-First Street, running from a point on Fifth Avenue to a width of about four feet and a half on Fourth Avenue, and the city conveyed to the cathedral a similar gore on Fiftieth Street.

It is a mistake to say that the Catholics are "taxed" by their church for the building of this cathedral, or that it is built wholly by the contributions of the poor. Far be it from me to take from the poor any credit for their liberal and purely voluntary payments into the building fund; but in point of fact a large share of the expense has been borne by the rich. Before Archbishop Hughes began the work he received more than one hundred subscriptions of one thousand dollars each. Very considerable gifts have since been made by wealthy Catholics. All the windows are individual gifts. Apart from these offerings which the prosperous make out of their abundance, the funds are derived from an annual collection in all the churches. That is taken up in boxes like any other Sunday collection, in which nobody knows whether his neighbor gives a penny or a dollar.

Your remark that our servants are obliged to give half their wages to the church I suppose is only a figure of speech. They are not obliged to give *anything* to the church, and certainly they don't give a half of their earnings, nor a quarter, nor a tenth, nor any larger proportion than Protestants give to their churches.

Very truly, my dear Mr. Cook, your friend and servant, JNO. R. G. HASSARD.

II.

MR. COOK TO MR. HASSARD.

NEW YORK, *January* 27, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. HASSARD, — Your letter of the 23d inst. makes clear the fact that I was mistaken in my statement that the late Archbishop Hughes obtained from the common council the land on which the new catbedral is built for the sum of one dollar. Not only is there no evidence whatever in support of that statement; there is the best of evidence that not one word of it is true, and I can only hope that the present printing of your letter in the pages of the same magazine that contained my original statement may call the public attention so strongly to the facts in the case that this fiction about the cathedral site will never be repeated in any respectable quarter.

The story has been so widely believed in New York, is so seldom contradicted in conversation, is, in short, so much a matter of every-day faith, that, for my part, I no more thought it necessary to look up the authorities for the statement before I made it than I should have done had I been going to remark that Columbus discovered America. I have heard the story a hundred times. I never once heard it contradicted. Yet I am assured that the story has been publicly contradicted; that the facts as you state them have been printed several times in our New York newspapers. A courteous writer in the New York World tells me that if I had read that newspaper of such and such a date I might have spared the public some fine writing. Well, I not only did not have the pleasure of reading the World on that day, but the receipt of your letter gave me the first intimation I had that the facts are not as I have stated them in my article in The Atlantic.

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Nevertheless, the truth of the matter being thus clearly established, there remains the curious fact, not yet accounted for, that such a lie should have apparently grown out of nothing, and should have got itself planted so securely that no denial seems to have force, thus far, to root it up. I will not be of their party who believe that any considerable number of people tell lies out of pure malice. There may be a few who do so, but the majority of men and women would be sorry to know that they were giving currency to a falsehood, and would stop doing wrong when once they were warned. Believing this, I have looked into the present matter for myself, to see if I could find out the likely origin of such a fable as you have exposed, and I think I have laid my hand on the very pulse of the machine.

Your explanation of the way in which the story of the sale of the cathedral site for the sum of one dollar may have originated does not seem to me sufficient. For it is made by you to grow out of facts that could hardly have become known to the general public, which only takes in large and simple statements. A piece of land, belonging to private parties, is put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder, and there is an end of the transaction. The public does not concern itself with gores and gussets, and commutations of quit-rents. There must be some simpler, more every-day explanation of such a story as this about the cathedral lot, and I believe you will agree with me that it grew quite naturally out of the following facts: —

The cathedral is built on a plot of land lying between Fifty-First and Fiftieth Streets on the north and south, and between Fifth Avenue and Third Avenue on the west and east. You have shown how the Catholics became the possessors of this tract so far back as 1829. Now at the time this purchase was made the streets in that part of the city existed only on the map of the commissioners; they were not laid out. Fifty-First Street between Fifth Avenue and Third Avenue was not completed until 1857, though it had been begun in 1853. This street therefore did not exist when, in 1846, the mayor, aldermen, and common council of New York gave to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum Society of New York city, of which society John Hughes was president, a deed, with "a covenant for quiet enjoyment," for certain premises described therein as bounded north and south by Fifty-Second and Fifty-First streets, west by Fifth Avenue, and extending easterly from Fifth Avenue four hundred and twenty feet, being a tract of between two and three acres, and containing thirty-six city lots. This deed, of which a copy made by my order is now before me, is dated August 1, 1846, and is recorded in Book "A" of deeds in the comptroller's office, at page 271.

Further, in the Book of Special Leases in the comptroller's office, at page 134, is recorded a lease, of which a copy is also before me, bearing the same date as the deed just mentioned, by which the same city officers lease to the same society the premises bounded north and south by Fifty-Second and Fifty-First streets, east by Fourth Avenue, and west by the tract described in the before-mentioned deed, the same to be held during the pleasure of the party of the first part and their successors for the yearly rent of one dollar. This second lot is two hundred feet by three hundred and seventy-five feet (200×375), and contains thirty city lots. But, as it was not held by a tenure sufficiently strong, the common council, eleven years later (October 21, 1857), ordered the comptroller to lease the plot to the society "so long as it shall be occupied for the use of the asylum" at the yearly rent of one dollar. The lease, of which a copy is also before me, is dated December 31, 1857.

When, now, these facts are remembered: that for twenty-eight years, 1829–1857, after the cathedral plot was purchased, it was not separated from the orphan asylum plot by any street, but that the two made to the public eye only one continuous tract; that the purchase of the cathedral plot, being a private transaction, would be known to only a few persons outside the Catholic congregation, whereas the transactions by which the city officials gave away thirty-six city lots for the sum of one dollar, and leased in perpetuity thirty more for a yearly payment of the same sum, created no little stir at the time, and made no mean part of the text on which Dr. Leonard Bacon, in Putnam's Magazine for July and December, 1869, founded his fierce, but not too fierce, denunciation of the spoliation the city was undergoing, — when these facts are remembered, it will not be difficult to understand how the story of the cathedral site was set on foot, and how it has kept its hold on the public belief. The taxpayers of New York knew that they had been tricked out of a large and valuable tract of land, and they are not to be too hardly judged for having mistaken one block of land for another immediately adjacent, and not at that time separated from it by any actually existing street.

From a point of view outside of any sect or party, I cannot see any defense or excuse for the transaction I have described. The men who were at the head of the city government at the time had no right to give away or to lease in perpetuity, for the benefit of any body of men, secular or religious lands that belonged to the whole people. Nor could the bargain have been proposed and consummated except by crafty and unscrupulous men. That was a dark day for our city politics, and I am much mistaken in your character if you do not agree with me that it was a time in the history of the Catholic church in this city which its best friends must prefer not to have dragged into the light. I am, my dear sir, Very truly yours,

CLARENCE COOK.

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